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# THE PORTFOLIO

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# THE PORTFOLIO

*AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL*

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON:
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1883

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# THE PORTFOLIO.

## A SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ.

PAINTED BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. ENGRAVED BY LUMB STOCKS, R.A.

WE suppose that the reference to Velasquez concerns the scheme of colour and the style of handling in the original picture, for nothing could be more English than the charming little girl whose portrait we have before us. The painter's reference to the great Spanish master is a graceful compliment to the memory of an illustrious predecessor. The more recent manner of Millais has been in some degree an approach to that of Velasquez, though the particular way in which Velasquez painted flesh and hair is his own, and, we believe, inimitable. The English master has his own worth, also, of a different order; and though, like every educated artist, he must have studied the work of others, the best sources of his inspiration have been nature and the personal ideal which every real artist has in the depths of his own mind.

The engraving by Mr. Lumb Stocks is the third which has appeared in pursuance of our desire that the PORTFOLIO should not be confined to etching. We have, indeed, already issued reproductions of line engravings by old masters, but we have not hitherto given examples of living men. It is commonly said just now, by those whose business leads them to note the changes of public taste, that the increased popularity of etching has produced a corresponding decline in the popularity of the burin. It is believed that we ourselves are responsible in some degree for this change of fashion; but our conscience is at ease on the matter, as we have never desired anything but justice for every kind of engraving. A plate of this quality, however produced, is an admirable work of art, to which, as it seems to us, no genuine lover of the fine arts can remain indifferent.

## PARIS.

### I.—*Introduction.*

NATIONALITY affects our estimates of everything, but most especially does it affect our estimate of great cities. There is no city in the world that does not stand in some peculiar relation to our own nationality; and even those cities that seem quite outside of it are still seen through it, as through an atmosphere coloured by our national prejudices or obscured by our national varieties of ignorance.

Again, not only does nationality affect our estimates, but our own individual idiosyncrasy affects them to a degree which unthinking persons never even suspect. We come to every city with our own peculiar constitution, which no amount of education can ever alter fundamentally, and we test everything in the place by its relation to our own mental and even physical needs. We may try to be impartial, to get at some sort of abstract truth that has nothing to do with ourselves, but it is not of any real use. There is a certain relation between human beings and places which determines, in a wonderfully short time, to what degree we are capable of making ourselves at home in them—how much of each place belongs to us by reason of the obscure natural affinities.

Before entering upon this great subject, Paris, I think it will not be a waste of space, or a useless employment of the reader's time, if I show in what way our estimate of that city is likely to be affected by our national and our personal peculiarities.

First, as to nationality. Englishmen admire Paris, they speak of it as a beautiful city, even a delightful city; but there is one point on which a Frenchman's estimate of Paris usually differs from that of an Englishman. I am not alluding to the Frenchman's patriotic affection for the place; that, of course, an Englishman cannot have, and can only realise by the help of powerful sympathies and a lively imagination. I am alluding to a difference in the impression made by the place itself on the mind of a French and an English visitor. The Englishman thinks that Paris is pretty, the Frenchman thinks that it is sublime. The Englishman admits that it is an important city, though only of moderate dimensions; the Frenchman believes it to be an immensity, and uses such words as 'huge' and

'gigantic' with reference to it, as we do with reference to London. Victor Hugo compares Paris with the ocean, and affirms that the transition from one to the other does not in any way exalt one's ideas of the infinite. '*Aucun milieu n'est plus vaste,*' he says, very willingly leaving the much larger British capital out of consideration. For him Paris is everywhere, like the air, because it is ever present in his thoughts. '*On regarde la mer, et on voit Paris.*'

We Englishmen, always remembering London and more or less consciously referring every city to that, are very liable to a certain form of positive error with regard to Paris against which, if we care for truth, it is well to put ourselves on our guard. Most things in Paris seem to us on rather a small scale. The river seems but a little river, as we so easily forget its length and the distance of Paris from the sea; and most of the buildings that Englishmen care to visit are near enough to their usual haunts to produce the impression that the town itself is small. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Opera, and the *Palais de l'Industrie*, are included within that conveniently central space which to the Englishman is Paris. Even the very elegance of the place is against it, insomuch as it produces an impression of slightness. A great deal of very substantial building has been done in Paris at all times, and especially since the accession of Napoleon III.; yet how little this substantial quality of Parisian building is appreciated by the ordinary English visitor! I remember making some remark to an Englishman on the good fortune of the Parisians in possessing such excellent stone, and on their liberal use of it, and on its happy adaptability to the purpose of the carver. The only answer I got was a laugh at my own simplicity. 'That white stuff is not stone at all, it's only stucco!' This observer had seen hundreds of carvers chiselling that stone, yet he went back to London complacently believing that all its ornaments were cast. Here you have a striking example of patriotic error; the stone of a foreign city believed to be stucco because stucco is a flimsy material, and because it was not agreeable to recognise, in foreign work, the qualities of soundness and truth. Even in this mistake may be traced the pre-disposing influence of London. Stucco has been used in very large quantities in London, and the stone employed there in public buildings, though of various kinds, is never of the kind most extensively employed in Paris.

TRANSEPT OF NOTRE DAME.

It is unnecessary to dwell any longer upon what Mr. Herbert Spencer would call 'the patriotic bias.' French people bring the same bias with them into England, and write accounts of London with astounding inaccuracy. In one of the most recent of these there occurred a description of the House of Lords, giving no idea whatever of its architecture, and stating that it was not bigger than an ordinary council-room in a provincial French *mairie*.* Many things in London are as heartily despised by intelligent Englishmen as they can possibly be by foreigners, but the foreigner shows his own patriotic bias by dwelling upon them and by slighting

* I am inclined to think that the Frenchman's notions of size had been upset by passing through Westminster Hall, but the patriotic bias in his account of the Houses of Parliament was shown by his omission of architectural appreciation, and by his extreme readiness to describe what he supposed to be eccentricities or defects.

allusions to what is really good and noble in London; for example, when he passes by St. Paul's as a feeble imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, or speaks of the Law Courts as a medley of Gothic details, without doing justice to the originality of either Wren or Street. A French critic is usually so horrified by London smoke and by the ugliness of our ordinary houses that he becomes incapable of perceiving beauty even where it really exists, and confounds all things together in undiscriminating, unsparing condemnation.

From these influences of nationality I do not hope to be wholly free, though at the same time I am neither conscious of any patriotic bias against the capital of France nor of any anti-patriotic bias in its favour. I have been very familiarly acquainted with Paris for twenty-seven years, and know both its beauties and its defects. The only strong national prejudice against it which I still retain is a rooted prejudice in favour of the old English system of living in separate houses as against the French system of living on flats.

THE HÔTEL DE CLUNY.

It may seem at first sight that this has very little to do with the artistic aspects of Paris, which will be the subject of the present series of papers, but, in truth, the connexion between them is very close. The magnificence of modern Parisian streets is almost entirely due to the flat system; the apparent meanness of English towns is due to our separate houses. I am quite aware of this, and I know at the same time that where land is expensive, as it must be in every great city, the flat system is the one which allows the widest and most spacious streets and gives the most air and sunshine to the inhabitants. Still, whilst admitting the convenience of the arrangement, its reasonableness, and the architectural grandeur of the combinations that result from it, I am Englishman enough to prefer, in my heart of hearts, a quiet English house with a ground-floor and one upper storey, or two at the very utmost, to the most imposing and pretentious pile of towering '*appartements*' that the skill of a French architect ever devised or the wealth of an American colony ever rented. I revisited the north of England towards the close of 1882, and remember thinking, at Burnley, that one of the clean little houses that are now built there for workpeople, each with its own independent entrance and ready access to the street, would be pleasanter to live in than an expensive *appartement au quatrième* on one of the finest *boulevards* of Paris. This, no doubt, is an English prejudice, but one cannot denationalise oneself altogether.

With regard to personal as distinct from national prejudices, the only important one that I am conscious of is a strong dislike to such extension of size in towns as that which makes them rather regions covered with houses than creations complete in themselves. A city of small size (what a Londoner would call insignificant), well situated in beautiful scenery, with ready access to the country from all its streets, and itself so constructed that its principal edifices compose happily with the landscape, and adorn it, this is my ideal of a town,—an ideal not so far from a possible reality, but that there are actually some existing little cities in France and Italy that respond to it. The complete opposite of this ideal is London, which is not a town, but a spreading and gathering of population, like irregular fungoid growths joining to-

gether by their edges till a great space is ultimately covered by them, whilst there seems to be no reason why they should not spread indefinitely on every side. There is nothing, on the outskirts of London, of that pretty, sudden contrast between town and country which gives such charm to both when the real green country, with its refreshment of rural peace, comes close up to the grey walls of the city, and shades them with its trees and adorns them with its flowers, when the citizen can be at his business in the heart of the

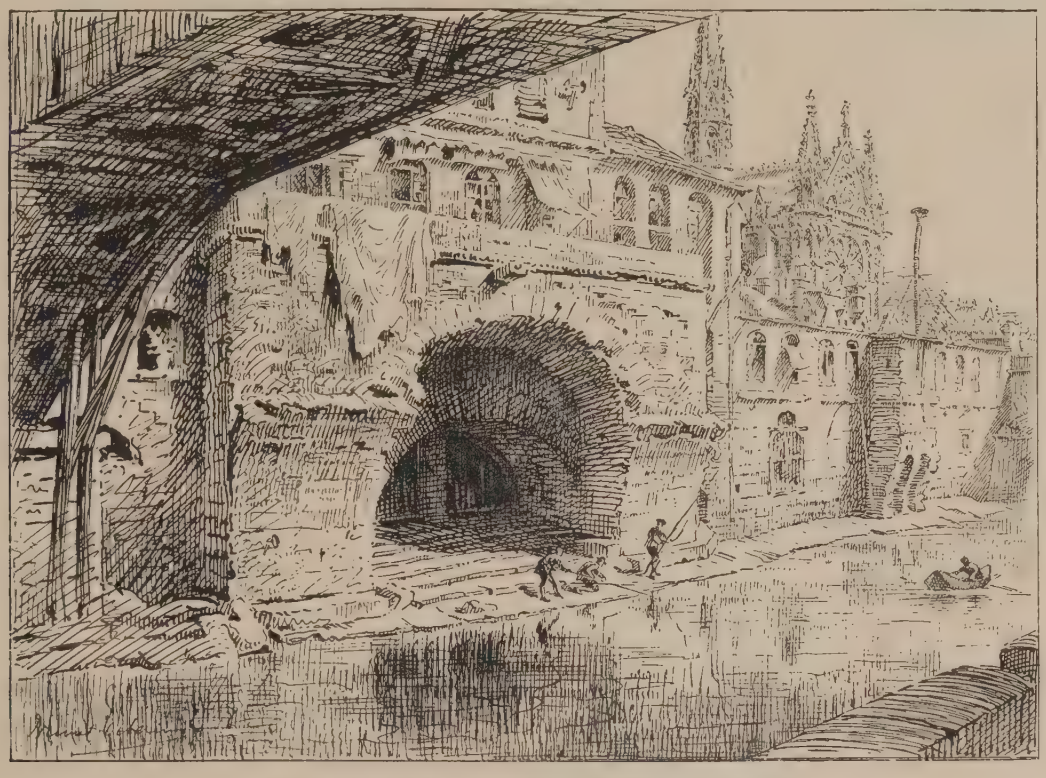
OLD HOUSE WITH TOURELLE.

city at sunset and in the quiet fields before the gold has faded from the evening sky. That time is past for Paris as for London, but some names of places still remain to recall rural associations. *St. Germain-des-Prés*, now close to a noisy boulevard, was once an abbey-church amongst meadows; *Notre Dame des Champs* was really Our Lady of the Fields; and the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, a new street in little fields. Primroses may once have been found in the *Impasse des Primevères* and vines in the *Impasse des Vignes*. The country came close up to the smaller Paris of the middle ages, and round about it there were fortresses, monasteries, and villages, islanded in a sea of pasturage, corn, and vines. Wall after wall was found to be too narrow a boundary, till M. Thiers built the present fortifications, which the municipal council, with the consent of the military authorities, are already disposed to demolish, except the detached forts. This continual expansion of Paris beyond its boundaries, this continual invasion of the surrounding country, has given to the city that ill-defined zone of cheap and hasty construction which surrounds every growing town. There is no longer a complete Paris, that can be easily seen at once. Giffard's captive balloon gave the means of seeing the present Paris, which presented the appearance of a vast basin covered with houses that died away into the surrounding country, and were divided by a many-bridged river, but the balloon was wrecked by a tempest, and now it is only the adventurous free aeronauts who, as they drift about in the upper air at the wind's will, can see the great city of the Seine.

It is a convenience to divide history into epochs, which we select to mark the accomplishment of great changes, but this habit of arbitrary division conveys in one way a false impression to the mind. The changes seem complete when we speak inaccurately and generally, but if we look carefully and strictly into the matter we shall find that every age has left its peculiar work unfinished, and has left it to be continued by the next age, which, in its own turn, has begun something else, and left that to be carried on by its successor. There appears to be no such thing as finality in the history of a great city, and, indeed, we may conclude from what has been actually done by past generations, that there is no incentive to important public works so powerful as the continual appeal of half-executed projects. The stones of many a building call as loudly as if they could really speak; they call not only for care in their preservation, but for additions to make them look less forlorn. Sometimes too much is done, mistakes are committed that need correction, and new mistakes are made in trying to rectify old ones, or a certain thing is built that would have been complete in itself if it could only have been let alone, but it was not big enough for subsequent practical needs, and so additions were made which destroyed its proportion, as if the wings of an eagle were fastened to a sparrow-hawk. Only a very few buildings, either in Paris or any other modern city, have possessed the virtue of unity.

We ourselves have witnessed one of the most complete transformations of Paris. We have seen the Paris of Louis-Philippe transformed into that of Napoleon the Third; but even this, the greatest change ever operated in so short a time, had been prepared for, as I shall demonstrate when we reach that portion of our subject, by architectural tendencies and practical necessities which had been seen and felt much earlier. A much more absolute distinction exists between Gothic Paris and the Paris of the Renaissance. There, indeed, was a radical change, right and necessary as preparing the way for modern life, but at the same time exceedingly destructive and not by any means generally favourable to grace or beauty in its beginnings. It would be easy to

describe the Paris of Louis XI. in very eloquent language, by the simple process of bringing every beauty into brilliant relief and hiding every defect, and it would be not less easy to make it appear that the Paris of Louis XIV. was a heavy and expensive mistake; but we shall have no controversial purpose to answer in these papers. The course of events by which a beautiful and convenient modern city has replaced a picturesque mediaeval one, is full of interest to the student, but need not awaken in him any very deep sentiment of regret, unless it be for this or that particular building which he knows to have once stood where omnibuses are now running on the Boulevard, or cafés display their vulgar luxury close by. This is the way in which our loss is most effectually brought home to us. There is the Hôtel de Cluny, for example, which has been preserved almost by miracle down to the present time, and is now made as safe for the future, by legislative protection, as any human work well can be. Go through that admirable dwelling, so charming in its variety, without any violation of harmony, so unostentatious and yet so beautiful, so well adapted to the needs of honourable and peaceful human life, and then calculate how many furlongs of monotonous modern houses in the Rue de Rivoli might possibly be accepted as an equivalent for it. The Hôtel de Cluny is the best of the old houses now remaining, almost the only important one that is still anything better than a fragment; but historical students go from site to site, where the best of the old dwellings used to be, and then, finding nothing equivalent in their places, they lament what seems to them a blank, uncompensated loss. The loss is seldom compensated for on the spot, or in anything of the same kind; but there is a broader and more general compensation in the grandeur of the modern city. If Paris had been treated somewhat tenderly, as Bourges has been, if the mediaeval houses had been generally preserved, and consequently the mediaeval streets, the houses keeping their external appearance and being adapted to modern requirements by internal alterations only, then indeed the city would have been a pleasant place for the investigations of the artist and the archaeologist; but communication would have been so difficult that the life-blood of a great and populous modern city could never have circulated through such narrow and frequently constricted arteries. Nor has the destruction been quite absolutely complete. Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle have been preserved at least as well as Westminster Abbey and the Temple Church, whilst the tower of St. Jacques is left standing, when the church itself is gone. The less important remains of the Middle Ages, a small house or a *tourelle* here and there, were rapidly disappearing in Méryon's time, and with few exceptions have vanished utterly since.



THE OLD MAISON DIEU, AND NORTH TRANSEPT OF NOTRE DAME.

In Victor Hugo's 'Notre Dame de Paris,' written in 1830, after a long and brilliant description of Paris in the Middle Ages, there comes a prediction of evil

omen which has happily not been realised. 'Our fathers,' he says, 'had a Paris of stone; our sons will have a Paris of plaster.'

'The Paris of the present day (1830) has no general character. It is a collection of specimens of different ages, and the finest have disappeared. The capital increases only in houses—and what houses! At this rate there will be a new Paris every fifty years. And then the historical significance of its architecture is effaced daily. Buildings of importance become rarer and rarer, and it seems as if we could see them gradually sinking—drowned in the flood of houses. Our fathers had a Paris of stone; our sons will have a Paris of plaster.'

This city of plaster might have filled the whole space within the fortifications to-day if the railways had not brought stone so easily from a distance, but by a happy coincidence the colossal building enterprises of Napoleon III. were not undertaken before the principal lines of railway had been constructed, and, by their means, not stone only, but vast quantities of wood and other materials, were brought readily to hand. At the same time the feeling, which an enemy calls vanity and a friend self-respect led the sovereign and the municipal authorities of that time to desire that the new Paris should be a credit to them, one of the principal glories of what was intended to be a very brilliant reign. The consequence has been the reverse of what Victor Hugo feared. The Paris of plaster was the capital of Charles X. and of Louis Philippe. Miles and miles of new streets were driven through dense clusters of houses so slight and poor in construction that they only kept themselves from falling by leaning against each other, whilst they did not possess the slightest architectural merit. In the new streets the houses were built of stone, and the work was done to endure. Of this new stone Paris we shall have much to say in the future course of these chapters. The greatest fault of it is a certain monotony, but this was especially the fault of the first attempts in the new style.

During the later years of Napoleon III., and since his time, there has been more variety in Parisian street architecture, though it is true that the variety is often rather in the invention of detail than in the conception of edifices. There are immense quantities of good ornamental sculpture, by no means slavish in the copying of set types, but full of delicate fancy, and really of our own time, though deriving its origin from the best French Renaissance. In a word, there is really a living street architecture in Paris in which clever architects employ ingenious artists and highly trained craftsmen to work upon the best materials. What remains true in Victor Hugo's criticism is that the great height of these modern houses, and their enormous quantity, make public buildings seem as if they were drowned amongst them. All the churches in Paris, not excepting Notre Dame, have been diminished by gigantic modern housebuilding; just as a great injury has been done to the National Gallery, in London, notwithstanding its very favourable site, by the neighbourhood of the Grand Hotel. We remember the time when the Nelson Column used to appear unnecessarily high, but it is not an inch too high at present; and we all know what a deplorable effect has been produced upon the towers of Westminster Abbey by the tall new houses in their neighbourhood. So the greater decorative enrichments of modern buildings have often made an older edifice look poor, as Westminster Hall was externally annihilated by the panelled walls of the new palace, and the old Tuileries made to look poverty-stricken beside the massive ornaments of the new *Pavillon de Flore*. Hence it is a most dangerous time for the public buildings in any city when the people are beginning to take a delight in lofty houses and palatial hotels. Nor is this danger confined to cities only; an old building, of moderate dimensions, even in the country, may be reduced to nothing by a large new one erected near enough to it for comparison. They tell me that a great hotel has been set up very near Kilchurn Castle. The only tolerable thing near the moderately sized castles of the Highlands is a lowly thatched cottage, with green moss on its roof, and blue peat-reek rising through a hole in it.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## THE NEW FOREST.

'THE true history of a forest is rather an account of its trees and its flowers than an historical narrative.' Like many other things which Mr. Wise has said in his valued and valuable book, this is so true a thought that it deserved a little more care in the expression. To one who is wearied with men and books not the least among the joys of nature is the sense of escape from dates and dynasties into the limitless calm of 'once upon a time,' and the vague and dreamy consciousness of 'long, long ago.' What are the epochs and transitions of architecture compared to these sequences of geology, whose unperceived and steadfast motion is more restful than repose itself? What the scanty glimpses of order in the records of man's wilfulness and caprice compared to the ceaseless and silent process of involuntary sacrifice in grass and tree, and bird and beast? Here, amid 'the silence that is in the lonely woods,' we can possess our souls in patience and be happy at a reasonably pace.

'La route du devoir,' says George Sand, 'est longue, rigide et n'a d'horizon que la mort—Marchons

donc, et sans menager nos pieds! Mais si, dans ces circonstances rares et bienfaisantes, où le repos peut être inoffensif, et l'isolement sans remords, un vert sentier s'offre sous nos pas, mettons à profit quelques heures de solitude et de contemplation.'

Few, indeed, have had a deeper or more sympathetic knowledge of forest scenery and forest life than she who, thinking only of the walled seclusion of a garden, wrote these quiet-breathing words.

It is true the New Forest neither is, nor ever was, a vast and sombre stretch of unbroken wood. True, also, that it has not produced or preserved a type of life and character everywhere recognised, or a minstrelsy echoing in uncongenial haunts the sentiments and sounds of woodland life. Yet there is in its scenery, its atmosphere, and its people, quite enough of local colouring and distinctive note to give to this wide and varied district an interest and a fascination of its own; and when all due allowance is made for memory and association, the feeling of familiar affection which, when Southampton is passed, succeeds to the weary indifference of the belated traveller on the South Western, is still the witness of a boundary overstepped and a new region entered.

THE GREAT HUNTLEY WOODS.

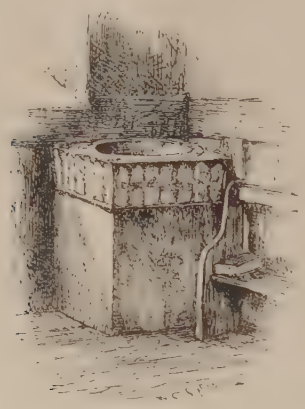
To preserve or to renew this charm is, perhaps, the true purpose of Mr. Wise's book. It is not, and does not claim to be, of the number of the great local histories in which the genealogist and the antiquary find their happiness. It is a pleasant record of warm feelings and genuine impressions gathered about familiar facts and names, and expressed with little art, but not a little directness and effect. The book is an old friend, and none the less welcome for some new features with which it reappears. Mr. Heywood Sumner has felt and rendered the spell of the New Forest much as it has been felt and rendered by Mr. Wise; and if he has expressed himself with more art, he has not come behind in directness and suggestive power. The original woodcuts from drawings by Mr. Walter Crane are excellent in themselves, but perhaps less perfectly in harmony with the text. Their delicate and finished workmanship supplies a want which the text, even in its reissue, leaves unsatisfied. For in this, like the early editions, slips, not of style alone, but even of grammar, are painfully numerous. Some corrections Mr. Wise claims to have made. Why did he leave such a sentence, among others, as this on page 101:—'It is certainly, too, something more than singular that when the banished Anselm should visit Hugh Abbot of Cuny, that the Abbot should tell him that during the past night he had seen William'? etc. The book is too good, and, in spite of its tricky, realistic, wooden binding, much too pretty to appear again and again with such obvious blemishes unremoved.

I have said that the interest of the New Forest is primarily not human, but rustic, sylvan, natural. Yet we may, if we will, think at Ringwood of Stillingfleet, who was educated at the Grammar School; of Alice Lisle, and her home of Moyle's Court hard by; at Beaulieu, of Perkin Warbeck; at Mudeford, of Scott, and the writing of 'Marmion,' and of Coleridge lodging there in the winter of 1816; at Burton, of Southey; at Boldre, of Caroline Bowles; at Brockenhurst, of Mrs. Gaskell; and almost everywhere of the two Williams — the bastard and the red,— or of Charles II. making grants of timber to the ladies of his court. Properly speaking, however, the history of the New Forest—in the sense disclaimed by Mr. Wise—has but two chapters. The one tells of its making by William I., the other of the death within its glades of William II. A more perfect 'motive' for a tragedy of the classic type it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Wise's charitable view of the conduct of the Conqueror in this matter has not been adopted by his most recent historian. In Mr. Freeman's pages the guilt of the father is the fit prelude to the still grosser wickedness and more awful end of the son. Perhaps the Nemesis would have been more strictly Greek if William Rufus had been as innocent as he was infamous. With this exception all the elements of the tragedy are complete. The majestic sweep of destiny scorning the limits of a single generation, the warnings, the heaven-sent blindness, the supernatural

background, the hideous depth of wickedness, the fall from insolent supremacy to death, desertion, and obloquy.

In spite of inferences from 'Domesday,' and from Norman remains in the churches of Milford and Brockenhurst, we must believe that churches and villages were destroyed to make sport for a king; and that the voices of priests and people went up not in vain against this irresistible oppressor.

Though the five volumes of Mr. Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' and the two of his 'William Rufus,' are not poems, but very solid histories, they derive from the working out of this tragic motive a sort of undesigned and natural unity. A few passages strung



NORMAN FONT IN BROCKENHURST CHURCH.

together will illustrate this, and at the same time exhibit the one great human interest of the New Forest:—

'In the days of Edward and the kings before him it had been a flourishing land, full of the habitations of men, and thick set with churches, where the worship of God was duly paid.'

'At the bidding of William, the fruitful land became a wilderness.'

'Up to a certain stage every scheme of his brain prospered, every stroke of his hand was crowned with victory. At length he reached the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness; all foes within and without his realm were laid helpless at his feet. Then came the crisis of his fate. From the invasion of England William had gone on to the hanging of Northumberland; from the hanging of Northumberland he had gone on to the judicial murder of Waltheof and to the desolation of Hampshire for his own pleasure. To speculations beyond his range the historian can say neither yea nor nay. It is enough that at the moment of Waltheof's death William had reached the summit of his power, and that after the death of Waltheof, the historian of his reign has only to pass with a swifter course through the dreary years of his later life to the days of his awful death and his more awful burial.'

Thus much from the 'Norman Conquest.'

The problem of how such a soil as that of the Forest could ever have supported a large population and a score or more of churches, does, I confess, present difficulties to my own mind; but, after all, it is only a question of degree, and the sin of Esau—the sportsman's idolatry of sport, and indifference to higher things—did, beyond all question, lie at William's door. The persistency of this instinct is indeed among the most remarkable examples of 'survival.' From the days when the question whether men should feed on beasts or beasts on men seemed really doubtful, the duty and necessity of hunting has survived, and will probably long survive in the form of a passion indulged by those who can afford it, and admired and flattered by those who only wish they could. Few, very few of us, can make fighting the business of our lives, and the warrior instinct lives on among crushing disadvantages; but blood we may still have, and toil and risk and hardship in its shedding. Let us, at least, beware how we separate them. At present, if there is not much risk in New Forest sport, there is abundance of toil; and he must be a keen and stalwart sportsman who would get money's worth for a license to shoot there. But it is time to say a word of William Rufus and the final episode in the tragedy. From the many and various versions of the story, we seem to gather something like the following brief outline:—One Lammas Day, Thursday, 2nd August, after hideous dreams and solemn warnings, the king, who was so cruel, so lustful, and so remorseless, was hunting in the Forest that his father had made. At night, dreaming of being bled, he had seen a crimson fountain spring up from the wound and cover the face of heaven, and his heart had failed him, and he had ordered his servants to stay near him. But with the morning light his fears had vanished. The abbot who sent to warn him seemed an idle impostor, and extra food and wine the true remedy for his depression. At sunset the king finds himself alone with his friend and boon companion, Walter Tyrel, to whom he had that morning given two out of a handful of new arrows brought to him by a smith. A stag appears, Rufus cries, 'Shoot, devil, or it shall be the worse for you.' And Tyrel shoots, and the king falls. 'On Lammas Day,' says the chronicle, 'was the King William in hunting from his own men with an arrow off-shot, then to Winchester brought and in the Bishopric buried.' Beyond that, as Mr. Freeman says, we cannot go with certainty. It has been urged, as the one possible plea for William Rufus, that because he was something of a freethinker, his memory has been blackened by the priests. But if the evidence of his portentous wickedness were not already sufficient, there would remain the singular fact that he suffered after death what Mr. Freeman has called a sort of 'excommunication by popular acclaim.' A crowd 'of all orders, ranks, and sexes,' meets the humble waggon dripping with royal blood, and follows the body to Winchester. There, beneath the central tower of the Minster, he is

buried, but 'no bell is rung, no mass said, no offerings made for the soul which is deemed to have passed beyond the reach even of eternal mercy.' 'Thus unwept, unprayed for, a by-word, an astonishment and a hissing, the Red King lay beneath the pavement of the Minster of St. Swithun. A few years later the tower under which he lay crumbled and fell. Men said that it fell because so foul a corpse lay beneath it.' This superstition, like the details of William's personal defects, may be taken as illustrating, if not proving, the horror and detestation in which his memory was held. Short, thick-set, ill-shaped, stammering, with eyes of two different colours, and face and hair of one, men described him as they thought of him or pictured what he must have been. The deaths by misadventure in the same forest of a brother and a nephew of Rufus are almost forgotten in his own, or serve only to heighten its gloom and repeat with poetical effect its note of vengeance and retribution.

ARCHES OF THE CHAPTER-HOUSE AT BEAULIEU.

Such, in briefest outline, is the tragedy of the New Forest, grim and ghastly enough, it will be owned, to account for the legends of spirits and powers of evil in which the country-side abounds. Yet to most of us the Forest is far from a gloomy place, and even Rufus' Stone and the Avon at Tyrel'sford recall only pleasant thoughts of picnics and long summer drives, or, best of all, perhaps, whole days in the saddle among the autumn woods and the wild stretches of purple moor. The villages which are scattered around and within the Conqueror's realm of devastation are mostly so pretty and homelike that the lonely miles by which they are approached seem only to add to their charm, and the green cricket-fields of Lyndhurst, or Ringwood, or Fordingbridge, seldom idle in the summer months, have each their wholesome memories of companionship and open air.

THE VALLEY OF THE AVON FROM CASTLEHILL.

At the first of these places is Sir Frederick Leighton's well-known fresco of the parable of the Virgins, in speaking of which Mr. Wise repeats in the present edition of the book the remarks which were applicable when only the beginnings of the design were visible. This stage, however, has long since been left behind, and a work at once characteristic and unconventional may be studied by the curious in ecclesiastical decoration. It is certain at least that neither Mr. Gambier Parry nor Messrs. Clayton and Bell have aimed at a like ideal. But it is not within church walls, even though they be as full of interest as those of the metamorphosed and promoted 'Fraterhouse' of Beaulieu that the New Forest is to be studied. From Lyndhurst it is but a little way into the heart of the silence, where, though the splendid immemorial oaks of Sherwood Forest may be missed, yet oaks there are, with a character of their own, short-trunked, and gnarled and twisted, and beeches in magnificent and graceful abundance, with a dark undergrowth of holly. Of the streams which are ready to be our guides to the hidden beauties of the woods Mr. Wise speaks with warm and merited affection, but I do not remember that he does justice

to the large shallow pools lying smooth or dimpled in the loneliest haunts of open moor, with cattle grouped in and about them as if disowned or forgotten by men, and in the distance a broken wall of foliage, purple green.

Perhaps as we turn from such a scene to seek the track that answers for a road, there is a sound of horse-hoofs on the soft heather, and over the nearest mound will come a scurrying herd of ragged ponies, driven by two mounted dealers or farmers who gallop like sheep-dogs after the stragglers. Such a procession it must be owned is not of every-day occurrence, but every day you may see the ponies grouped at intervals with tails apparently turned almost to a common centre, and heads raised now and then to sniff the air. Often enough, too, a couple of these ponies may be seen in thoughtful and business-like fashion biting each other's backs just where the most ewe-necked of them cannot bite his own. It has been observed that the interchange of this good office is not promiscuous, but is the test and seal of intimacy, only friend being invited or allowed to bite the back of friend.

VIEW IN BUSHEY BRATLEY.

One peculiar charm of the New Forest must not be forgotten. Stretching from the foot of breezy Wiltshire downs southwards to the sea, it has, in addition to its inland character, a coast line and salt-water life, and traditions of smuggling. From the old camp high up at Badbury Rings, four miles beyond Wimborne, you may look diagonally across the swelling miles of wood to glimpses of the Needles and the Isle of Wight.

At Christchurch is the meeting of the Avon and the Stour beneath the walls which Flambard, the wicked minion of the monster Rufus, had partly raised before he went to preside over the see of Durham. At Leap the little brackish Beaulieu river widens out between its banks of mud to meet the Solent. This, probably, was the way of escape which Perkin Warbeck was planning at the Cistercian Monastery while 500 soldiers hemmed him in. But Beaulieu reminds us of King John, and we have had enough, for the present, of wicked kings. They are gone, and only the forest and the streams remain with the ruins of holy places built to expiate their sins.

If a man, familiar with Oxford, were suddenly carried blindfold into the midst of Cambridge, and then set free to look about him, he would almost instantly be aware that the medley of buildings, public and domestic, secular and religious, was at the same time like and unlike those to which he had been accustomed. Even a short street or a corner of a building would probably be enough to give him a feeling of strangeness, the feeling of a well-known presence changed and twisted in a dream.

And so I think would it be with him who should fall asleep in the 'Dukeries' or on a Yorkshire moor, and wake in one of the woods or heaths of the New Forest. If he were a man of science he would know precisely what and whence the difference was; if he were a Ruskin, a Kingsley, or a Blackmore, he would, with more or less abundance and fitness of words, be able to describe it. But though he were none of these he would be dimly conscious of it, in the scent of south-coast breezes and the hues and forms and changing lights about him.

In spite, however, of its distinctive character and peculiar charm, this Forest is a place with which it is very possible to be disappointed. Beautiful as it is in many parts—at Mark Ash, for instance, or Bushey Bratley, or Great Huntley Woods—you may yet walk miles elsewhere without feeling any thrill of admiration. I remember to have wandered westward from Brockenhurst half one lovely winter day with an observant friend, and got from him no sign of approval till we stood on the Knole by Sopley Church and saw the flooden Avon redden and St. Catherine's Hill grow purple as the sun went down.

After all, the Forest, like Mr. Wise's book, may well endure a word of criticism from one who has found, and hopes again to find, in both much of the innocent charm of green pathways and quiet nooks.

W. Chambers Lefroy.

# TWO STUDIES OF HEADS.

BY E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

THESE are simply studies, and we are not aware that any imaginative significance is to be properly attached to them; but it is evident that the ideas of life and cheerfulness belong more especially to one of the two, whilst the other is far less animated and infinitely more grave. Thus they are studies of expression quite as much as of form. Both are undeniably very fine drawings; the smaller one especially is as good as a fine drawing by an old master.

*Apropos* of these studies, we have a word to say in connexion with art education. Every intelligent reader will see at the first glance that both these studies have been done by an accomplished and a learned artist. They tell us so much about their author as plainly as a printed biography, and yet at the same time they are by no means painfully laborious. The cheerful-looking face was probably done in rather a long sitting, the grave face in a short one. With that reasonable expenditure of time an artist can give proof of his skill and evidence of his knowledge. Why, then, it may be asked, should the

young students who are contending for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy spend weeks and months* in stippling one drawing from a statue? Suppose that Mr. Poynter had spent a month in stippling the cheerful face before us, would such an investment of time and labour have proved him to be a better artist than this drawing proves him to be? Is not his knowledge just as evident from this drawing as it would have been from a thing stippled like a miniature? And if it is certain that a drawing over which no time has been wasted can show the knowledge of a great artist, surely one executed in the same time will sufficiently display the inferior knowledge of a beginner. Besides, as it seems to us, the Academicians who examine the work of candidates for admission to the schools are just as much interested in seeing their ignorance as their knowledge, and it is not desirable that their ignorance should be elaborately disguised by a toilsome process. And only consider the waste of time in preparing these painful studies—precious years of youth which might be employed in educating the mind!

* We have heard of four months being spent on finishing a candidate's drawing, till human eyesight could go no farther in the neat arrangement of thousands upon thousands of little specks of stipple.

## THE NEW LAW COURTS.

IN estimating both the practical and the artistic value of any building, there are two questions which require to be decided at the outset: Firstly, is it suited to the purposes for which it is intended? Secondly, is it fitted to the site in which it is placed? In applying these two questions to the greatest public building of the latter half of this century, one cannot fail to be struck by the difficulties which must have presented themselves to the mind of its architect when he had first to consider how to design a building suited at once to the practical requirements of the legal profession and the public, and the artistic demands of a public work of the first rank, on so restricted a site in a narrow and congested street. How much more easy would the problem have been had the neighbouring site on the Thames Embankment, between the Temple and Somerset House, been chosen! With ample space, free access of light and air, a broad thoroughfare, and a noble river in front, a building might well have been achieved free from all such imperfections as have yet been charged against the present work.

For such a site, indeed, the present building would not have been well suited, and in one sense, perhaps, it is fortunate that the worse site was chosen. For it may well be questioned if the genius of Mr. Street was not better fitted to deal with a building of which the chief beauty must of necessity be in its details, than to have carried out one which, being all seen at once, should certainly have possessed in a high degree that majesty of proportion and harmony of design which would have been thrown away on the Strand site. If, therefore, we regret that instead of a building on a grand scale and of a noble and impressive exterior, such, for instance, as the new Palais de Justice at Brussels, we have one which in its broken and irregular façade seems rather a group of collegiate

buildings, making up in picturesqueness what it wants in grandeur, let us be careful to remember that the blame does not rest on the shoulders of the great architect now dead. Strangely enough, too, the responsibility does not rest with the Government of the day. The change of site to the Embankment was proposed by Lord Sherbrooke, but defeated by the parsimony of Parliament and the selfishness of the Lincoln's Inn lawyers. How picturesque Mr. Street's work is may be judged, not only by such glimpses of the fronts as may be obtained from the narrow streets and courts surrounding it, but especially by a more general view from almost the only point from which it can be obtained—Waterloo Bridge. The sketch given above, as well as the perspective drawings of the Strand and other fronts which have appeared in the illustrated papers, are, by an artistic license, taken from impossible points of view. From the bridge it is only the tower and flèche, roofs, gables, and turrets, which are seen above the roofs of the surrounding buildings; but if one imagines what would have been the effect of a large unbroken façade—such, for instance, as that of Somerset House, beautiful as it is in its own appropriate position—on the confined site occupied by the Law Courts, when viewed either from the neighbouring streets or from a more distant point, the justification of the architect from any charge of want of grandeur in his work will be complete, and our question as to the suitability of the building to its site, so far as the general characteristics of its design are concerned, will be answered.

A larger experience, which time alone can give, of the working of the internal arrangements, will be required before we can fully decide as to the suitability of the building to its uses and purposes. But here, too, it is most probable that defects caused by the nature of the site will be charged against the building itself. Like the Law, of which it is to be the home, the general principles on which its plan is based appear to be clear and admirable, though in some, at any rate, of its details, it, too, may in practice prove somewhat intricate and difficult.

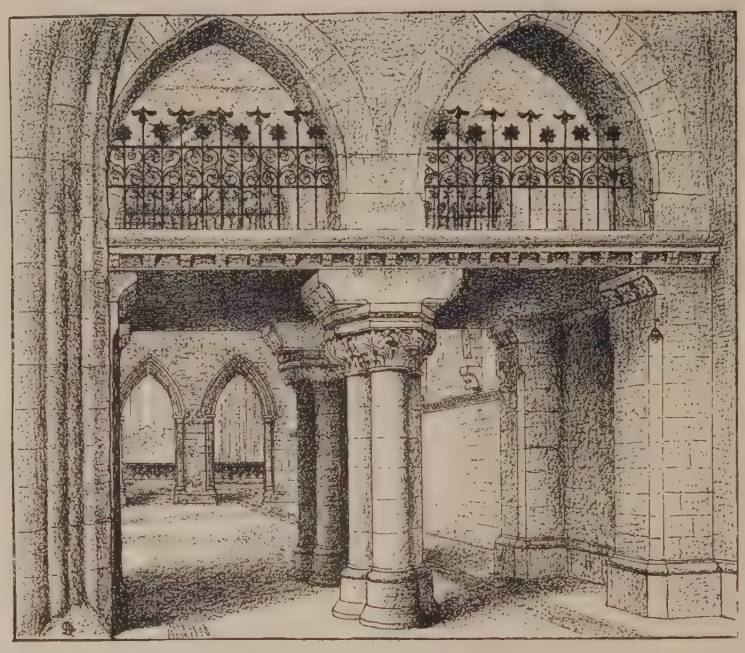
Round the great Central Hall are grouped the Courts. A corridor on a high level, approached by staircases in the octagonal towers that flank the principal entrance in the Strand, and with balconies or galleries opening into each of the Courts, gives accommodation for the mere sight-seeing public, who can thus indulge their curiosity; and the lovers of that strange form of forensic and judicial humour which seems so often, according to the newspaper reports, to raise an inexplicable laugh at an unintelligible jest, may pass from court to court without disturbing at all the business going on in the body of it. Beneath this, and on a level with the floor of the Courts, is another corridor encircling the Great Hall, and intended for the accommodation of counsel and solicitors; while at the back of the Courts, and forming an outer circle, is the judges' corridor—behind this again are the judges' rooms and their clerks' offices.

THE DOORWAY OF THE CENTRAL HALL.

The vaulted staircases forming the approaches to

the Courts from the Central Hall are extremely beautiful in design. The Courts themselves are admirably arranged and well lighted, and their oak fittings are of very varied and appropriate character. In size they vary considerably to suit the nature of the work for which each is intended. It seems doubtful, however, if it will be possible to keep people who have no actual business in Court to the galleries intended for the public; which, indeed, hardly afford sufficient accommodation for this purpose. The corridors are rather dark in places, but contain a great deal of very interesting and beautiful detail. The judges' rooms are well lighted and comfortable, and have appropriate furniture designed by Mr. Street. In both these respects they offer a very pleasing contrast to the rooms intended for jurymen. The jurymen in waiting are provided with galleries opening into the side of the Court, and railed in with ironwork of very charming design. From these galleries staircases descend to dark and dreary dungeons below the level of the Court, where jurymen in waiting and juries who will not agree are to be incarcerated.

The grand Central Hall, of the artistic character of which it is purposed to treat more fully later on, is admirably suited to its practical uses. It is well lighted, convenient of access, and from its central position forms an excellent meeting-place and promenade; whilst it is also splendidly fitted for such great ceremonials as that of the recent opening of the Courts by the Queen.

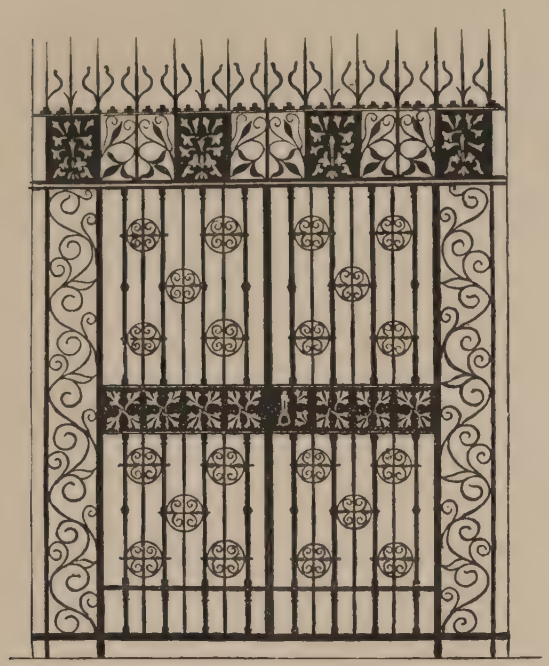


BRIDGE FORMING PART OF THE JUDGES' CORRIDOR.

On the whole, then, after making allowance for the restricted area and other difficulties of the site which have necessitated some crowding and prevented some portions from being so well lighted as might have been wished, there is good reason for hoping that the plan of the building will be found to be generally suited to the purposes for which it is to be used. Of its character as a work of architectural fine art, it may be said that no work of modern times has done more to prove that architecture as an art is not dead amongst us. To those who are ever craving for some new thing in art and to those whose prejudices will not permit them to recognise any merit in what they consider to be the style of the dark ages, and only fitted for the dark ages, it is doubtless in vain to

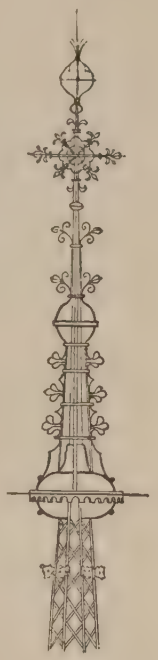
OAK PANEL IN ONE OF THE COURTS.

talk. We have lately been assured that the Gothic Revival is on its last legs, that it is already superseded for secular purposes, and that for ecclesiastical work it is only holding office until its successor shall have been appointed. But those who urge these



GATE IN CAREY STREET.

views do not appear to recognise the fact that for large buildings of a monumental character there are, speaking broadly, of necessity only two great styles of architecture, Gothic and Classic, available. The particular modifications or corruptions of either of these, which may be fashionable with the followers of a clever man or clever school of men—however quaint and pretty they may be for works of minor importance—will not be at all likely to supersede these styles in works on a grand scale, such as that we are considering. The revivers of the various styles, or no styles, which range from the Cinquecento to the Georgian era, and which a 'most thinking people' have been taught to believe to be all 'Queen Anne' in style, would probably themselves recognise that for a great public work such as this it was preferable to adopt an academic and scholarly treatment of a real architectural style. For the reasons given above, arising out of the nature of the site, Gothic as capable of greater variety, picturesqueness, and adaptability to circumstances, appears to be preferable to Italian, while it also harmonises better with all the historical associations of English Law.



FINIAL OF FLÈCHE.

In the hands of, perhaps, the greatest master of Gothic art that its revival has produced, a building, possessing in a high degree all those characteristics of noble Gothic work which Pugin and Ruskin have taught us to love, has been created. By his untiring enthusiasm in his work, which has perhaps cost us his life, by his unswerving adherence to the true principles of old work, while giving, by the vigour of his intellect, an unmistakable personal character to his own, the architect has raised for himself a glorious monument, and left us a splendid legacy. It is intended, in a second article, to consider more fully the artistic characteristics of this noble work, and to give as illustrations some further specimens of the many beautiful designs of details made by Mr. Street.

HENRY COWELL BOYES.

## MONUMENT OF PHILIPPE POT.

AT Dijon, in the Museum of the Comte de Vèsvrotte, is preserved a remarkable monument to a remarkable man—Philippe Pot, Lord of La Roche-Nolay, Morny-sur-Viche, and Saint Romain, Knight of the Golden Fleece, High Chamberlain of Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, sometime Governor of French Flanders, Grand Seneschal of Burgundy under Louis XI. and Charles VIII., who died in the year of grace 1494, aged sixty-six years, in good fame with Church and State. This monument was raised to his memory by the Cistercians of Citeaux, out of gratitude for benefits conferred on their convent by him and his family; and in the great Abbey Church, where more than sixty princes and princesses of the ducal house of Burgundy lie buried, this tomb of Sire Philippe Pot was seen by the learned Benedictine brothers, Edmond Marténe and Ursin Durand, in the year 1710—although during the civil wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries no little destruction had already been wrought there. From the perils of the Revolution of 1789 the monument was preserved through the good offices of the Count Richard de Vèsvrotte, father of the present possessor.

In the small chamber where the monument is now set up, it is difficult to judge of its full effect. The light enters by a low window at one end, falls dimly on the serene face of the recumbent knight, and renders doubly weird the aspect of the eight monks, whose shoulders are bent to the burden of

the funeral slab, and their heads shrouded by deep weepers fastened to the drawn cowls. The figures of these monks are set forward, and their heads all turned one way, as though they were pacing onward with the body of the knight, who lies armed on his marble bier. At their sides each bears, hung from a shoulder-band beneath the hood, a scutcheon of the noble family alliances of the Dead. Were there ample space about the monument this appearance of movement in the supporting figures would be yet more remarkable; even in the confined area of the chamber it is one of the first points in the design that strikes you. The scale of the recumbent effigy is full life, the draped monks are a little below it, but not much; they have the effect of life size, and the bowed attitude of course takes from the height. So far as I know, this is the only instance in a mediaeval monument of the *pleureurs*, or *deuils*, being thus represented as mourning bier-bearers, or in the act, not only of standing to support, but of actually carrying forward, the body of the dead. The spectator who looks beneath those overhanging cowls is startled by the faces that meet his gaze, with such careful and living portraiture has the sculptor modelled them; and the hand which protrudes from the heavy folds of the gown to grasp or sustain the scutcheon, is in each one characteristic of the shrouded form, modelled tenderly in wrinkle or firm flesh as the case may be. The knight himself—Messire Phelippe Pot, as he is styled in documents of the time—is a goodly personage to look upon. The open helmet shows his face—one to be remembered, as uncommon in type, especially for those rough if luxurious days—a long, beardless face with high cheek-bones, yet soft in the contours; a long nose, with good but rather wide nostrils: and a mouth of singular sweetness, small for the face, closing in a quiet, firm line; the whole countenance serene but rather sad. Such a head, taken with a body of full growth and having the proportions of manly strength, indicates at once a man of mark; and when one turns to the pages of history, it is interesting to find that the records of the noble knight, scant as they may be, correspond fitly to the lineaments of his marble effigy.

Philippe Pot was born in the year 1428, when France, between the rival claims of the rightful king, Charles VII., and the partisans of the minor, Henry VI. of England, was tortured by internal faction and foreign invasion; and Duke Philippe of Burgundy had begun to vacillate in the alliance with the English enemy, left him as a heritage by his father, Jean sans Peur, together with the task of avenging the murder of that father by French hands. Regnier Pot, father of Philippe, had been chamberlain of Jean sans Peur, and, according to some records, ambassador to England; and the splendours and tumults of the Burgundian Court were the training-ground for the young men from La Rochepot. Philippe Pot, moreover, was godson to Duke Philippe le Bon. The title 'Rochepot' was a popular turn of the family name taken from the Castle of La Roche, built by Alexander of Burgundy, Prince of Morea, in the thirteenth century, on a precipitous rock near Beaune; and acquired of Louis of Savoy, Prince of Morea, by Regnier Pot, together with the surrounding rich domain. The castle, under command of a Sire Pot, easily became the Rochepot; and thus it figures in the chronicles of the period, and gives the name to the district. Regnier strongly walled and fortified his castle, and dug an extraordinarily deep well in the rock on which it stands, to supply the garrison in case of siege. During the infancy of Philippe had been enacted that tragic drama wherein the brave shepherdess of Domrémy won treachery and death as the reward of saving king and country from dishonour. Philippe Pot's master took a bad part in all that matter, and helped to sell Jean to the enemy; it was not until four years later that he got tired of playing fast and loose with the English, and of pursuing a phantom revenge; and joining the victorious camp of Charles, kept true to him through the brilliant campaigns in Normandy and Guyenne, which ended in reducing the sovereignty of the English king over France to the mock title of 'King of Calais.'

There must have been plenty of practice in arms for the young Burgundian nobles under a duke who was always fighting outside the borders of his dominion, if he cultivated the arts of peace within it; and splendid jousts and tournaments were the fashion of the day. Philippe Pot acquired a great repute for valour, and also for a chivalrous worship of the Holy Virgin, in honour of whom he wore the device '*Tant Elle vaut.*' For this special devotion he had the name of the Knight of our Lady; and Holy Church claims him as a hero-saint. Indeed, the tradition of his prowess and his piety forms the subject of dramatic performances in French boys' schools, especially in his native land of Burgundy, to the present day.

The legend tells how Sire Philippe led the flower of the Burgundian army to the siege of Constantinople, and was so terrible at the onslaught; how he won the title of the Chevalier de la Mort; that the Sultan took him prisoner, and made every effort to convert so worthy a foe to the Moslem faith: how all attempts to shake the constancy of Messire Philippe having proved vain, he was condemned to single combat with a lion, an ordeal to which he cheerfully submitted, and, calling on the aid of our Lady, felled the fierce beast with one blow. Finally, how the Sultan, struck with admiration at such invincible courage, gave the knight his liberty, who, through many perils, and in guise of a beggar, found his way home to

MONUMENT OF PHILIPPE POT.

Burgundy, was received with rejoicing, and ended by marrying a fair bride at the church of Notre Dame at Dijon, amid wedding festivities worthy of the knight who owned the richest vineyards in all France.

So runs the legend: but, unluckily, stern history does not bear out the facts; neither is there one word about the invasion of Constantinople, or single combat with a lion, in the long French inscription in Gothic characters that runs round the slab on which the Sire de la Roche reposes. There is no need, however, to fall back upon legend, for the presence of Philippe Pot comes forward in characteristic fashion in the history of Burgundy and France. The first occasion is at the famous *Volée des Faisans*, in the year 1453. This was a magnificent festival which Duke Philippe gave for the purpose of inciting his knights to join the Holy War against the Grand Turk. Some real or feigned attempt to arouse the Christians had been made in 1451, when the Duke had made an appeal to the kings of Aragon and France, and had preached the crusade to the Burgundian chivalry at a great chapter of the Golden Fleece. Now, Constantinople was in the hands of the Infidel, all kinds of horrors had taken place there, and the Turk had sent an insulting letter of defiance to the Pontiff at Rome, who, in his despair, turned to the Duke of Burgundy. So Duke Philippe held a feast at Lille, which was so magnificent that it took three months to make the preparations. There were banquets, with *entremets*, pantomimes, performances with music, dramatic shows, and jousts. To describe the great banquet, held after a tournament given by the Duke of Cleves, taxes the pen of the chronicler. Tables, on which the centrepieces consisted of 'a church with windows, organ, bells, and singers, whose voices accompanied the organ,' or 'the Castle of Lusignan,' all complete, or a pasty, which held twenty-eight musicians, are among the items; and at the buffet, laden with plate, a live lion was chained to a column, with the device, '*Ne touchez point à ma Dame.*' Duke Philippe appeared for the first time out of mourning for his murdered father, sumptuous in black and grey, adorned with a million crowns' worth of jewels, while the knights in mantles of scarlet and fur of vair gave colour to the picture. At a certain point of the feast, after divers entries of mounted trumpeters, preceding a show of boars and other strange beasts, and a dramatic performance of the story of the 'Toison d'Or and Jason,' there came round a giant dressed like a Turk, who had an elephant with a battlemented castle on his back, and inside the castle was a lady representing the persecuted Church, who wept and made piteous appeal for help. Then followed two noble maidens—Isabella of Bourbon, and Madlle. d'Estampes—in symbolic robes, and Toison, the herald, who bore a live pheasant be-jewelled, on which the knights should swear their oaths, as was the custom.

So the Duke vowed first 'to God, the very glorious Virgin Mary, the ladies, and to the pheasant,' to do all that he promised in a billet, which the herald read aloud: such as to give his person for the defence of the Christian faith and the defeat of the Turk; to lead the Crusade himself, if the king should be hindered therefrom, and to do his devoir in such fashion that all the world should see God was his strength. Further, if the Grand Turk would meet him face to face, he, Duke Philippe, would do him single combat, relying on God and *la Vierge très douce.*

After this all the knights took the vow, adding special clauses of their own, and very odd some of these additions were: one swore he would not go to bed on Saturday till the enemy was conquered; another, that he would eat nothing that had been killed on Friday until he had come hand to hand with the enemy and seized the banner of the Turk with his own hand; another, that he would drink no wine until he had drawn the blood of an infidel, and would stay two years in the crusade, if he had to stay by himself, till Constantinople was retaken. Then Philippe Pot, who was five-and-twenty about that time, swore he would never sit down to table on Thursdays, and would, in this holy enterprise, wear no armour of defence on his right arm, whereat the Duke interposed, and said this would never do, for he must go sufficiently and well armed. There was very great enthusiasm, in the midst of which came more symbolical ladies representing all the virtues, and the vows of the knights were solemnly accepted, and after that the Virtues danced with the knights; and, finally, the Duc de Charolais (Charles le Temeraire), who was victor in the morning's jousts, was crowned and kissed by the great ladies, Isabelle of Bourbon and Madlle. d'Estampes.

After all this fervour, sad to relate, some of the principal actors took to disagreements about their private affairs, while the Duke went off to confer with the Emperor at Ratisbon, taking only Simon de Launay and Philippe Pot with him. But nothing further came of it all for the present. Some years after, another effort was made to rouse the Christian nations, and there was a great preaching of the Crusade by Brother Louis, of the Cordeliers of Bologna, accompanied by divers Eastern ambassadors whom he had brought back with him from his travels. But just then King Charles died, and the Dauphin Louis, who had been six years in refuge at the court of Burgundy, had to attend to his regal office, and found no time for crusading. In 1465, however, Duke Philippe renewed his vows, and again tried to stir Louis XI. to pious concurrence, but the King of France persuaded him that his first duty was to drive the English out of France.

Philippe, however, strove to quiet his conscience by sending out an army of 2000 men, under the Bastard of Burgundy, Antoine, an expedition that proved terribly disastrous. The Pope gave rendezvous at Ancona, but when the soldiers and pilgrims got there they found no pay, no food, no help, and no vessels. The Burgundian fleet lay at Marseilles waiting for the Pope's orders, who was in fact dying, and gave none. In this dilemma the Duke Philippe called a council, whereat it was debated whether the Bastard and the army should be recalled. Then again Philippe Pot, he being now grown in years and gravity, appears on the scene, and gives the prudent advice to 'wait a little, and do nothing rashly.' 'M. le Bâtard,' he says, will not like to return from his honourable enterprise, having accomplished nothing; the old Pope is dead 'voici un nouveau Pape, ce sera un nouveau monde, un nouveau dessin, et selon le nouveau temps, il conviendra peutêtre que nous aurons un nouvel avis;' 'il faut que M. le Bâtard attends pour voir comment les choses tourneront, et ne tire nulle part plus avant sans savoir si ce serait avec fruit et honneur.' The counsel of Philippe Pot was held sound, and it was decided to take the army and artillery to Avignon and wait there.

By this time we see the fire of the Burgundian noble was tempered with prudence, and even the turn of his phrases indicates that diplomatic wisdom which led to his being employed, at various times, to conduct no less difficult affairs than the negotiations for Charles the Bold's three marriages. After Duke Philippe died in 1467, Charles testified the fullest confidence in Philippe Pot, and assured to him all his former offices, 'l'y laissa tous les offices dont il le trouva en possession.' Both for diplomacy and arms, the service of Charles the Bold, in his struggles with Louis XI., his ambitious thirst for aggrandisement, his leagues and his wars, must have offered play enough. But how fully the Knight of La Rochepot took part in all his master's plotting and fighting does not appear. What does appear is that after the tragic death of Charles under the walls of Nancy, when the Flemish subjects of his heiress, Mary of Burgundy, would come to no terms with King Louis, who had seized her French towns under pretence of protecting her, Philippe Pot was so far identified with French interests, that Mary treated him as an enemy, and had him driven from the town of Lille, of which he was Captain, so that he had to retire to Tournay.

Philippe's brother, Guy Pot, appears to have attached himself to King Louis even before Duke Charles's death; and Philippe himself seems soon to have made terms, being probably invited to do so by the politic Louis, who knew whom it was wise to propitiate. The fact is, says Barante, that all the great Burgundian nobles did the best they could for their interests, and took oath to the King to keep their possessions. However, Mary of Burgundy called a chapter of the Golden Fleece, and deposed the knights who had forsaken her, Philippe Pot among them; but Louis XI. afterwards reinstated him in the order, investing him with his own collar as a special honour.

The last prominent appearance of Philippe Pot was at the famous meeting of the States General, convoked to consider the deplorable condition of the kingdom and to order public affairs, held at Tours after the death of Louis XI., in the great hall of the Archbishop's Palace, February 1484. The young King, Charles VIII., was enthroned on a central dais raised four feet from the ground, with the chief officers of the crown, the cardinals and princes of the blood, with attendant nobles on either hand and below him. Fronting them sat the deputies, ranged on two semicircular seats, some two hundred and fifty in number. After the representatives of the States had been received by the King, they were invited by the Chancellor, on the part of his majesty, without fear of consequences, to state all the abuses of which complaint might justly be made. After that, subdivisions into bureaux were arranged for the consideration of the various topics, and business commenced.

The question in due time came forward of the guardianship of the young king, on which jealousies and disagreements broke forth. The Duke of Orleans sent a haughty message, that the States need not trouble themselves about the constitution of the government, as they did not give to him his rightful pre-eminence; whereupon ensued bitter speech for and against him, and the partisans of Orleans declared that by the very essence of monarchical government, power devolved on the royal family; and if the King were not able to exercise rule, the princes of the blood should replace him, without national deputations venturing to deal with other matter than the representation of grievances and the regulation of taxes.

Then upspake Philippe Pot, Seigneur de la Roche, chosen deputy of the nobility of Burgundy; and proceeded to show that no law had been enacted to give the government to princes of the blood during a minority, that it was not even certain if in the term were comprehended princes allied to the royal blood by marriage, or only those descended from male to male; that a struggle between the princes, if submitted to the States General, could only be decided by force of arms. 'Before everything,' said this outspoken orator, 'I would have you well convinced that public authority is the affair of the people, and it is the people who have confided it to kings. Those who

have possessed themselves of it in any other way, without the consent of the people, have only been reputed tyrants and usurpers of the rights of others.' Then he showed that it was evident the young king could not govern alone, but required counsel and assistance. At the same time, the government was not to be entrusted to one prince of the blood or to many, for it belonged to all the people. It is to the people who have given authority to whom it should return, in order that they may take again what is their own, all the more that a long suspension of government or a bad administration is the ruin of the nation. 'Now I call the people,' said Sire Philippe, 'not only the populace or the subjects of the kingdom, but the men of all the estates; and I understand that under the name States General the princes themselves are comprised, and that among all those that inhabit the kingdom none is excluded. In short, nobody denies, I should think, that the royal princes are included in the nobility, of which they are only the most distinguished members.' The speaker then endeavoured to confirm the idea of the sovereignty of the people by historic example and precedent.

This valorous and republican speech, which must have galled the partisans of the royal princes to the last degree, gave strength to the representatives of the people, who ended by limiting the power of the Duke of Orleans as President of the Council in absence of the King to a mere shadow, under the check of twelve councillors; while the guardianship of the young king, in accord with the will of Louis XI., was left to Anne de Beaujeu, his sister.

No rebuke fell upon Philippe Pot for his audacious speech; on the contrary, he was named Seneschal of Burgundy, and remained in office and favour with Charles VIII. after the king assumed the reins of government. From the good fortune which followed Sire Philippe under all changes of reign (always excepting that incident at Lille) one might suppose him to be a time-server. But there is no false ring about his fearless speech in the States General, rather is there the sound good sense of a man who has had much experience of government, of courts, and of people, and who speaks his mind with the good faith and composure of one who knows no fear.

It would appear from the chronicles that Philippe Pot married, but the house died out on the male side. The family domain and La Rochepot passed to Anne, niece of Philippe, daughter of Guy Pot, sister and heiress of René, and through her by marriage to Guillaume de Montmorency. Of that marriage came Anne, the famous Connétable de Montmorency, who 'saved France' for Francis I. in 1536.

The last historical appearance of Philippe Pot which falls into this brief record must be in the still effigy of his tomb at Citeaux, where, in the words of his Latin epitaph (as taken from *Le Mausolée de la Toison d'Or.* Amsterdam, 1683), the Cistercians are exhorted to receive him:

> 'Et quia Cisterti te noverat, ô sacer ordo,
> Reliquias animae credidit ille tibi.
> Unde precor vive quem conspicis inter eundem,
> Respicito, et dicas, jamque Philippe, vale.'

The engraving which is placed before the reader speaks for itself as to the design of the monument. Whether what is now preserved represents the whole composition it cannot positively be affirmed. One not very trustworthy authority uses the expression sarcophagus in speaking of the tomb, but there is no sign on the 'pourtour,' or base, of anything of this kind having rested there. The long Latin epitaph, from which some words are above quoted, may have been inscribed on a mural tablet or brass, or otherwise, for it is not on the slab, the inscription on which is written in old French, and contains a kind of biographical sketch. The date of the monument would place it after the period of Claux Sluter and his Burgundian and Spanish confrères, the sculptors of the fountain and the chapel portal of the Chartreuse at Dijon, the tombs of Philippe le Hardi and Jean sans Peur, and would make it contemporary with the work of Michael Colombe and the great sculptors of Tours. Beside the dying Gothic school a new style had arisen, large in manner, of distinguished character, realistic in a noble interpretation of nature. The treatment of monumental sculpture was untouched by the morbid fancy (to use the words of M. Viollet le Duc), the funereal attributes, the cold allegory, or the theatrical effect of a subsequent period. In this effigy of Philippe Pot, the recumbent figure is not, it may be noted, represented asleep, as often was the treatment in the fourteenth century; the praying hands, pressed finger to finger, preclude the idea of sleep, and the eyes are open: at the same time the figure is not treated as in positive action, after the manner which later became a custom.

Who was the author of this famous tomb is not chronicled. The fame of the artists of the middle age, and early renaissance, was often left to the testimony of their works; and the name of the noble or the confraternity who commissioned a monument or that of the individual represented, rather than that of the sculptor, filled men's mouths. Most frequently a monument was the work of several artists, as even in this case may be surmised, for the recumbent figure has a severe simplicity that does not characterise the mourning monks, with their somewhat crumpled drapery broken into angular folds. In this drapery and in the pronounced realism, the vigorous, even dramatic, expression, the ease with which the large scale is managed, the careful modelling, especially of the hands, and the varied attitudes, we may trace the influence of the Flemish school, and are reminded

of the angels and prophets by Claux Sluter at the Fountain of the Chartreuse at Dijon.

More sumptuous design, finer work, more elaborate detail, may be found in many a stately monument in France. But it were difficult to find a memorial of the dead more impressive than this quiet figure of the wise councillor and gallant knight, Messire Philippe Pot, lying with upturned face and praying hands, whom the eight bowed and shrouded mourners bear onward to his rest.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.

# THE JONES COLLECTION AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE remarkable bequest which has recently enriched this already rich Museum is especially welcome, as supplying deficiencies which were never likely to have been made good in any other way. Even if the Trustees had had the necessary funds at their disposal they could scarcely have ventured to lay them out in the purchase of works of this particular kind,—works which command an enormous price in the market, but which, though of great interest for the place they occupy in the history of art, and often of great beauty in themselves, certainly cannot be classed among the highest productions of the human mind and hand. 'Cabinets and tables,' says the official Handbook just issued, 'which are worth thousands of pounds apiece, vases of Sèvres and Chelsea china of equal value, or enamelled gold boxes and miniatures, which can always find ready purchasers at sums of money to be reckoned by hundreds, were acknowledged as beyond the scope of our national museums. Suddenly and unexpectedly a collection has been given for the benefit of the nation which contains the very objects so much to be desired, and, as it seemed a year ago, so hopeless of attainment.'

CHELSEA VASE. NO. 827.

ORIENTAL PORCELAIN VASE WITH ORMOULU MOUNT. NO. 809.

The Collection, till lately crowded into the small house in Piccadilly where Mr. Jones passed the last seventeen years of his life, is said by experts to be of the value of 250,000*l*. Here is a summary of its contents:

89 pieces of Sèvres Porcelain.
34 pieces of Oriental Porcelain.
14 pieces of Chelsea Porcelain.
10 pieces of Dresden Porcelain.
138 works of Ornamental Art in Gold, Silver, Agate, Lapis Lazuli, &c.
52 works in Bronze and Ormoulu.

16 Clocks in Boule and Ormoulu.

135 pieces of Decorative Furniture, chiefly French of the 18th Century.

109 pieces of Sculpture.

105 Paintings in Oil.

19 Drawings in Water-colour, Crayon, &c.

137 Miniatures in Enamel, Oil, and Water-colour.

780 volumes of Books.

313 Prints and Engravings.

In porcelain, Mr. Jones's taste was especially for Sèvres ware, of which, before his bequest, the Museum possessed only a few small examples. It can now boast of an important collection, including specimens of the *bleu-de-roi*, the *bleu-turquoise*, the *rose Dubarry*,

ESCRITOIRE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. NO. 1043.

and the rare pale yellow, or canary. The fourteen pieces of Chelsea porcelain are also important additions to the very meagre collection already in the Museum. The Oriental Porcelain is said to have been chiefly valued by Mr. Jones for the beauty of the mounts.

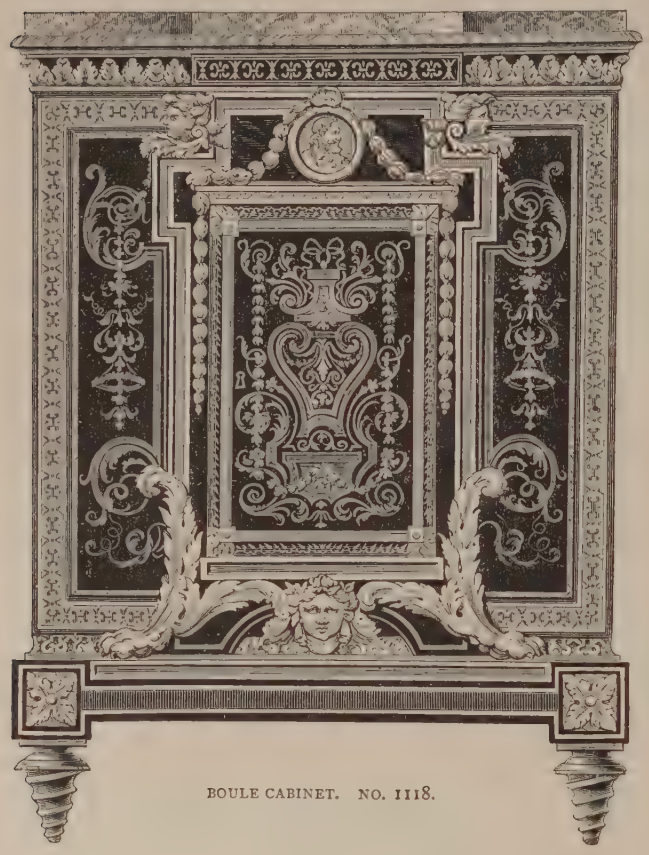
The enormous prices obtained at the Hamilton sale for French furniture of the last century will bring crowds of people to South Kensington to see the similar works now to be found there. Some of them, like those in the Hamilton collection, possess the additional interest of having belonged to distinguished persons, such as the *escritoire* engraved above, and the two little tables, Nos. 1057 and 1058, which also belonged to the same unfortunate queen, and for which Mr. Jones is said to have refused offers of 5000*l.* The prices given for the more elaborate pieces of furniture are, however, explained to be by no means so fanciful or unreasonable as most people might imagine. An instance is quoted of a famous cabinet with mounts by Gonthière in Her Majesty's possession, which was copied some twenty-five years ago for the Marquis of Hertford. It took months, and even years, before the copy was complete, and the bills amounted to more than 3000*l.*, fairly spent in workmanship, for the material was plain mahogany and the mounts were ormoulu. Other pieces of furniture having historical associations, are the gilt ivory table (No. 1085) and the two carved ivory chairs (No. 1075), which are part of a set taken from Tippoo Sahib at the storming of Seringapatam. They were brought to England by Warren Hastings, given to Queen Charlotte, and sold at her death.

In collecting enamels Mr. Jones seems to have been constant to his preference for one school and one period. Like the porcelain and the furniture they are mostly French of the eighteenth century or late in the seventeenth. But there are a few specimens of the famous Limoges enamel, dating from 1530 to 1560. Of the works of Petitot and his school there are numerous examples. The miniatures include portraits of many great personages. Here, again, France preponderates; but there are three by Isaac Oliver—Sir Philip Sidney, Henry Prince of Wales, and Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset—and portraits of Charles the First and his Queen, said to be by Peter Oliver; Charles the Second and Prince Rupert, by Cooper; and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by an unknown hand. Besides the snuff-boxes, which many of these tiny paintings adorn, there are numerous objects in gold, onyx, agate, and mother-of-pearl, delicately ornamented. The casket (No. 962) shown on the next page is of agate mounted in gold with jewels, and containing a watch, an eye-glass, scent bottles, and other things. A moss-agate étui (No. 950) has the following curious document attached to it:—

'An exquisite étui, moss-agate, studded with precious gems. This unique piece of jewellery was presented to Lady Masham, *née* Abigail Hill, in the service of Queen Anne as woman of the bedchamber, who supplanted Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in the queen's affections. The queen, long tired of the duchess's imperious and arrogant manner, demanded the gold key. The duchess, with speechless rage, rushed into the queen's apartment and demanded to see the queen; and was confronted by Abigail Hill, who sternly refused her admittance. The duchess then threw the key at her feet, saying, "Minion, is that your gratitude? But you'll fall like your royal mistress." The queen, pleased with the courage and devotion shown by Abigail Hill, gave the étui to her, which was the date of her future fortune. Engraved on the gold at the bottom is, 'Masham, from her lovin Dux."'

Among the sculpture are vases and statuettes in marble, alabaster, and porphyry, and three ivory cups, one of which, a large tankard, is surrounded with dancing Bacchanals, boldly carved from a design of

the school of Rubens. For the two large statuettes by Falconet—*Hebe* and *A Nymph*—Mr. Jones gave



BOULE CABINET. NO. 1118.

2000*l.* There are also examples of Flaxman, Bacon, and Gibson.

The books include copies of the first three editions of Shakespeare's Plays. The third edition bears on the title-page autographs of William Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Charles Dickens, Charles Knight, G. H. Lewes, Robert Browning, and other literary men. A very good facsimile of the page on a reduced scale is given in the 'Handbook.'

Among the pictures are works by Vandevelde, Weeninx, Guardi, Wilson, Morland, Nasmyth, Mulready, and Landseer; and—far removed in date and character from all other works collected by Mr. Jones—an early Italian painting by Crivelli. Of his favourite French school, there are works by Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, and a portrait of Marie Antoinette by Drouais.

This very brief summary of perhaps the most costly collection ever presented to a national museum may well awaken some curiosity about the life and character of the munificent donor. The collector of all these works of magnificent luxury is described as a man of the most quiet and retired habits; never married, with no near relatives, no large circle of acquaintance, keeping no horse or carriage, a great walker, and endowed with almost perfect health; born in the year 1800, and dying in 1882 of simple old age. Twenty-five years of his life he spent in accumulating a large fortune as a tailor and army clothier in Waterloo Place; and the following thirty years in investing the larger part of it in these works of art, which by his will he made national property. As to the degree in which he was guided by the advice of experts, or relied upon his own judgment, we have no information in the 'Handbook' before us, but the high degree of skill shown in the selection is most fully recognised. 'A very large portion consists of examples which are unique. Specimens of the same quality, and in some cases nearly of the same pattern, may be found elsewhere; but with variations so distinct, and often so important, that they can scarcely be looked upon as duplicates.' That he found a real enjoyment in his acquisitions may be inferred from his marked predilection for a certain class of artistic work; and that at least he was not, like so many collectors of the present day, a mere clever investor, speculating for a rise in the market, seems clearly shown by the final disposition of his property. One can hardly help wondering whether the craft by which he had his wealth in any way influenced his artistic taste, and impelled him towards his chosen pursuit,—a craft which may make an intelligent man keenly sensitive to finished workmanship, while, at least in the present day, it denies all gratification to a love of beauty.

We should add that the 'Handbook' contains, not merely notices of the principal objects in the Collection, but a clear account of several of the processes employed in their production. Any one who is

AGATE CASKET, MOUNTED IN GOLD WITH JEWELS. NO. 962.

interested in Decorative Art may find here at least an outline of the various methods of working in Enamel, Lacquer, Boule, &c. It also contains more than fifty illustrations, of which we here insert a few.

# ART CHRONICLE.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery consists in greater part of the works of L. Alma Tadema, R.A., while a kindly tribute has been paid to the talent of the young landscape-painter, Cecil Lawson, recently deceased, by filling the smaller room and the vestibule with his pictures and sketches, one hundred and six in number.

About one hundred and fifty oil pictures and studies, and over fifty pieces in water-colour, or black and white, by Mr. Tadema, have been lent for this exhibition, and include the chief pictures that have been seen at International Exhibitions and in London Galleries, a few early examples, and the latest product of the studio, *Cleopatra*, which was still in the painter's hands for a week or two after the exhibition opened. The earliest dated picture is a *Portrait of the Artist* himself, as a youth, painted in 1852. To the year 1860 belongs a picture of two women conducting *A Bargain* over a piece of scarlet cloth, which, although immature in the handling, indicates the line of close dry execution, study of character rather than beauty, and precision rather than charm, in which the painter has continuously worked. A picture of the interior of *San Clemente* at Rome, dated 1863, is interesting as showing that attraction towards realism of rich materials, the ordering of architectural detail and decoration, and the working out of perspective problems, which Mr. Tadema has pursued until he has absolutely mastered the power of their pictorial interpretation. The King of the Belgians lends *Education of the Children of Clothilde* (1861), the first important composition of many figures shown in England at the French Gallery. *Gouthram Bose* (1862) is a woodland scene, full of figures in spirited action of attack and defence, one man running at full speed, which indicates that the character of arrested motion in the moving figures of Mr. Tadema's later pictures must be a matter of the artist's choice rather than his incapacity to impart vitality and movement. One of the finest designs, almost the only one in which the composition is of subtle order, *The Pyrrhic Dance* (1869), contrasts energetic action of the warriors dancing, with uplifted shields, against the immobile onlook of the spectators. Certain Flemish interiors with figures, of early and late date, recall the quietude of sentiment and completeness of execution which Mr. Tadema's great master, Baron Leys, gave to similar subjects. In the tragic vein, treated always as repression rather than outbreak of violent passions, the artist painted *The Death of the First-born* (1872), where Pharaoh in a dimly-lighted chamber, with the stare of stony despair in his eyes, supports his dead son on his knees, while the mother weeps with hid face, and priests and attendants crouch around in strange attitudes of mourning; also *Fredegonda* (1878), fierce, supple, and fair, watching the marriage of Chilperic to her rival, with the gaze of a lynx. The tragic and comic meet in the composition called *A Roman Emperor;* the Praetorian guard doing mock homage to the craven Claudius, found hiding behind a curtain in the sacked palace of Caligula. The scathing satire of this powerfully dramatic scene glances through most of Mr. Tadema's revivals of Roman times; he paints the decadence, and shows up the Roman to the nineteenth century, not in his austerity or dignity, but in lax luxury, grotesque rites, or trivial and sentimental situations, such as belong to no especial age or race; or he uses classic architecture and costume merely to set forth in more novel and picturesque fashion than the present day furnishes, portraits of friends, as in the large *Sculpture Gallery* (1874), and *A Picture Gallery* (1874), lent by M. Gambart. Such a picture as *The Vintage* (1870), a Bacchic procession in a temple, is perhaps the most deliberate essay to reproduce the grace and state of classic rites, while it has also the extraordinary completeness of appropriate architectural background, or what may be called 'fittings,' furniture, and costume, which sometimes, but not here, seem to over-load the motive of Mr. Tadema's subject pictures. For such tender touches or chance straying into the sweeter by-paths of suggestion, as this artist occasionally allows himself and the public, we must look to his little pictures, such as, for example, *A Hearty Welcome* (1878), mother and child embracing in a flower-filled inner court, and a miniature version of the same group, called *Departure*, which has served Professor Ebers, to whom it belongs, as the leading motive of a novel; *A Love Missile*, *A Harvest Festival*, *A Pastoral*, *Hide and Seek*, *Pleading*, and others. The essays of Mr. Tadema in flesh-painting, which is his weakest point, to use a mild phrase, are most successful, or, rather, are least unpleasant, in an entirely unideal nude called *A Sculptor's Model*, in the voluptuous contour of the woman in the *Tepidarium*, and the naked girl lying on the floor *After the Dance*, and in portraiture, in the head of *Herr Hans Richter* (1881), also in the lovely group of heads called *An Audience* (1881). The water-colour studies are chiefly versions of the subjects of the oil-pictures, highly finished in an opaque quality of tone and drawn with masterly veracity.

CRITICISM of the collected works of Cecil Lawson would be untimely. The public, whether for praise or blame, have in this gathering of them full opportunity for readjusting opinion. All the young artist's most ambitious pictures are here: *The Hop-Gardens of England*, and *The Harvest Moon*, *The Minister's Garden*, lent by Louis Huth, Esq.; *Wharfedale*, *The Pool*, and *The Morning after the Storm*, lent by H. Mason, Esq.; *The Cloud*, *Barden Moors*, lent by T. Graham, Esq., and *The Voice of the Cuckoo*, lent by Mrs. Philip Flower, in which the painter, at his especial request, attempted two portrait figures of children. A large number of studies and sketches are also sent, and testify to the artist's industry, while they will to the student also tend to explain why that industry, though combined with enthusiasm, yet failed to supply the want of imperfect training. The later works show greater definition and solidity, a breadth and unity of effect, and great luminosity, but the old faults of perspective relations and uncertain drawing still mark the latest as the earliest work, and there is ever too much of the trowel in the handling. There is an almost pathetic evidence in this collection of the artist's loving but unscientific observation of clouds, of atmospheric effects, of the accidents of 'broken weather' skies, and his attempt to express them rather by imitating the manners of other masters or schools, than by deliberate study of nature and of natural laws. This may indicate, perhaps, one cause why, in spite of the display of power, there yet seems in this assemblage of works no certain sign that, if life had been spared, there would have been a growth and sound maturity for the undoubted talent of the painter.

THE Royal Water-colour Society, the members of which for the future are to have the privilege of an autograph diploma from the Queen, have opened a Winter Exhibition of studies and sketches, which, with more than usual veracity, answer to the designation. On a separate screen are arranged over twenty sketches by the late Edward Duncan, for many years a faithful exhibitor at the Gallery chiefly of coast and sea pictures. There are a good many absentees from this exhibition, but one or two members have supplied the blank by ample contributions, notably Mr. Thos. Danby; Mr. Jackson; Mr. Albert Goodwin, whose Italian sketches are especially lovely and delicate; Mr. Herbert Marshall; Mr. Thorne Waite, by whom is a large outdoor sketch of a hayfield with figures; Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, who is close and careful even in his sketches of woodland and stream; Mr. Eyre Walker, who sends some capital studies of effect, notably one of the golden *Close of a Wet Day over Sherwood Forest;* and Mr. Parker, who shows quite a fresh vigour in Brittany subjects: *Landernau*, *Çancale*, &c. Herr Adolf Menzel has sent two body-colour studies, one the interior of the *Town Church at Innspruck* during the sermon and while the alms-bag goes round, and the other of a man with his hand on his sword-hilt and face upturned, pausing with *Suspicion* on

a dark staircase : both are as clever as can be with regard to character and drawing ; in colour, dark, rather opaque, and inky in the blacks. The veteran Sir John Gilbert sends a large scene from 'Roderick Random,' and, what collectors will covet as artistic autographs, many spirited studies in black and white for figures or groups in his finished pictures. At the end of the room is hung a water-colour picture of a young man *Canoeing on the Casapediæ River, Canada*, by H. R. H. the Princess Louise. The single contribution of a recently elected Associate, Mr. S. J. Hodson, should be marked as one of the best things in the room for handling and harmonious colour ; it is a study of the tapestried corner of a room, with a child crouched in a big chair, dreaming *A Boy's Day-dream* before his grandfather's picture hung on the arras.

At the gallery of Mr. Barrington Nash, in Savile Row, has been on view a loan collection of prints by Francesco Bartolozzi, the fashionable engraver of last century. Bartolozzi studied in the academy of his native town, Florence, and afterwards at Venice, under Wagner, the historical engraver, worked closely at anatomy, and made his first fame as a line-engraver, though he used brush, etching-point, and graver with equal facility. He perfected, but did not invent, the stipple style, which, after his residence in this country, became the rage with the English public. The exhibition includes the line engraving of the *Royal Academy Diploma*, which is still used, *The Death of Lord Chatham*, after Copley, *The Girl and Cat*, after Reynolds, *Lady Hamilton at the Spinning-Wheel*, after Romney, a fine print in colour from the copper-plate, *Miss Farren*, after Gainsborough, and a quantity of the fanciful designs, benefit-cards, etc. of A. Kaufmann, Cipriani, Schiavonetti, and others, many printed in colours ; also examples of engraving by the pupils or contemporaries of Bartolozzi, Delattre, T. Cheesman, Thomas Burke, W. Rylands, and other esteemed engravers of the school.

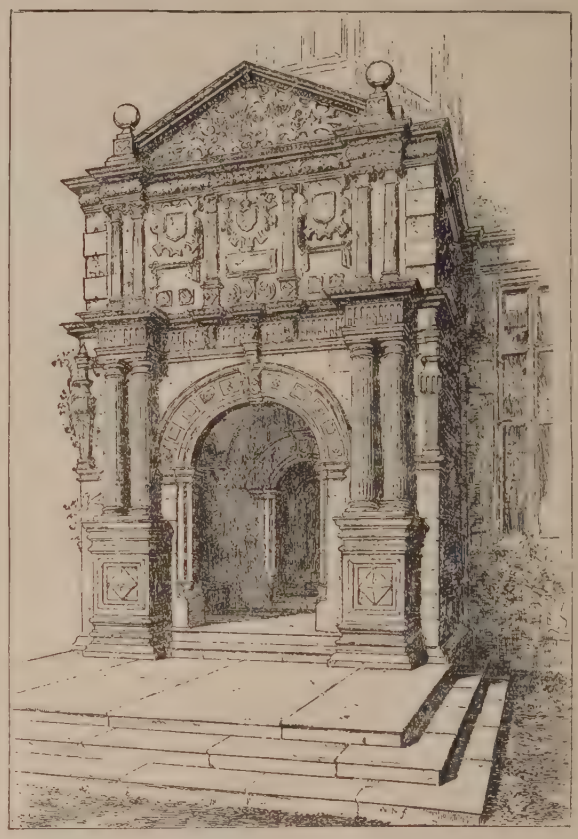
The proprietors of the 'Graphic' have shown, in the larger room of the Fine Art Society, a collection of pictures of animals, the result of commissions given by them to nearly seventy artists, British and foreign, the intention being to reproduce the pictures in black and white or chromo in the 'Graphic.' The performances are of very unequal merit, and prove rather commonplace in treatment of the well-worn themes of begging-dogs and sick dogs, mischievous monkeys, and the various parodies of animals upon human manners and customs which Edwin Landseer initiated. The great De Neuville has painted a soldier bathing the foot of a lame horse, his *Wounded Friend*, on the battle-field ; Mrs. Butler gives another incident of war-time in *An Artillery Team in Action ;* and Mr. Caton Woodville adds the episode of a soldier about to shoot, as *Cruel to be Kind*, a horse that has fallen on the march up a snowy ascent. Madame Ronner's sportive cats and kittens cannot be over-praised ; Mr. Frank Calderon makes a good *début* with calves in a field, and a spaniel *Left in Charge* of his master's coat ; Mr. Robert Macbeth has contributed a clever study of a *Veterinary's Shop*, where a fair lady holds her pet dog to have his leg bound up by the doctor.

The Gallery known as 'The United Arts Gallery,' in Bond Street, has passed into the hands of Messrs. Goupil.

It is stated that the Novar Raphael, formerly in the Munroe collection, has been purchased for the Metropolitan Museum at New York.

The Dudley Gallery is reorganized, with a new committee of artists and amateurs, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll. The number of works admitted from outsiders will be limited ; members will be elected chiefly from among exhibitors. A spring exhibition of water-colours, and a winter collection of oils, will be opened as heretofore, and possibly an autumn exhibition of sketches.

Mr. W. Niven has followed up his two volumes on the old houses of Worcestershire and Warwickshire by another containing twenty-one etchings of old Staffordshire houses. The collection certainly goes far to prove, as Mr. Niven says, that Staffordshire, though not famous for its remains of old domestic architecture, contains many excellent examples. Of its wealth two centuries ago we may gather some idea from a statement in



PORCH OF INGESTRE HALL.

the Preface, that of the principal seats, engraved by Martin Burghers for Dr. Plot's 'Natural History of Staffordshire,' published in 1686, three-fourths have been totally or in great part destroyed ; and of the remainder, all that are not ruinous have been more or less altered and modernised. Of Mr. Niven's plates, the most obviously picturesque subjects are the timbered houses of the 'Oak,' West Bromwich, and Haselour Hall, in which the dark beams and the white walls supply an effective contrast of colour. The recent destruction of Ingestre Hall gives special value to the two etchings of the south front and the porch of this noble building. We reproduce the latter on a smaller scale. The Hall was erected in the later years of Queen Elizabeth. The north front, which had been modernised before 1820, was about that date pulled down and rebuilt as a copy of the south front. The building, however, up to the time of its destruction was disfigured by a central cupola, and pinnacles on the wings, having no relation to the original design. All the etchings, with one exception, are from drawings made by Mr. Niven himself within the last three years.

In the 'Librairie de l'Art' are published the reproductions by M. Ludovic Lalanne under the title 'La Livre de Fortune,' of the two hundred designs by Jean Cousin which M. Lalanne found during his researches in the library of the Institute at Paris. In the 'Musée des Monuments Français' of Lenoir, is a statement that a volume of sixty drawings constituting a book of fortune had been in the collection of M. Boufflers, the poet, but had subsequently disappeared. As M. Lenoir had not seen these drawings it is surmised that he may have been incorrect as to the number, but right as to the subject and authorship, and the title, 'La Livre de Fortune,' is appropriated to the volume discovered by M. Lalanne. Until this 'find,' drawings by Jean Cousins had been strangely scarce.

# THE FIRSTBORN.

ETCHED BY T. RILEY.

MR. RILEY has here intended to represent the serious side of maternity. 'The young Roman mother,' he says, 'is gazing at the face of her firstborn, and thinking of her husband who is away at the wars. She wonders what may be the future of the child, and what may be his father's fate. Will he return, or is he even now lying on some distant battlefield?'

It will be observed that Mr. Riley's method of work consists in etching almost exclusively with a fine point, and that he is careful to secure a few broad and simple oppositions of light and dark spaces. This is quite a different style of work from the rapid and brilliant sketching in which the suggestive line goes for so much. For subjects conceived in a classical spirit, we think that Mr. Riley's method is the right one. The reposeful aspect of his etchings is quite in keeping with their subjects. From the few etchings we have seen by Mr. Alma Tadema, we infer that if he etched his classical compositions his style of treatment would be more like Mr. Riley's than that of the line-sketchers.

# JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA.

THE works of sculpture produced during the age of the Revival and early Renaissance in Italy, and especially in Tuscany, stand only second in power and fascination to the works of painting. From the carved enrichments of Giotto's tower and Orcagna's tabernacle, the visitor in Florence is accustomed to derive almost as much delight as from the frescoes of Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce; from the statues and embossed panels of Donatello and Della Robbia and Verrocchio in the Bargello, almost as much as from the pictured treasures of the Pitti or Uffizj or Academy. England is fortunate in possessing, for the benefit of students at home, a good representative collection of the works of these Tuscan schools of sculpture. I speak, of course, of that in the South Kensington Museum. Its existence is due chiefly to the energy of Mr. J. C. Robinson, and its origin dates from more than twenty years ago, when first the Gherardini and afterwards a portion of the Gigli-Campana collections were severally acquired for the English nation: other specimens have since been added from time to time. The surroundings at South Kensington may not be the most appropriate: the mind may not, in those smartly furbished galleries, feel itself as naturally attuned to the study as in the solemn aisles and side-chapels of some old Florentine or Pistoian church; but the examples are there; they are numerous enough and well chosen enough to represent nearly the whole province of art from which they are drawn; and when once the visitor has been able to abstract his mind from the sense of tiled floors and glass-cases and policemen and the nineteenth century, and to concentrate it on the objects of his study, he will find them full of a peculiar interest and charm.

The Tuscan sculptors wrought abundantly in all three of the main materials of sculpture; in bronze; in marble; and in clay, which they used either in the shape of plain baked clay or terracotta, or else, by a combination of their own art with that of the potter, in the shape of terracotta coated with a coloured vitreous glaze or enamel; this last method was the peculiar property of a single studio, that of the Della Robbia. Each of these materials, bronze, marble, and clay, was used in a large variety of applications. In each there were produced panels and friezes in relief: statues in the round designed to stand in architectural niches and under canopies, generally in association with relief work as part of a decorative scheme: and lastly, free or independent statues, designed to stand and to produce their effect alone. Our illustration in the present instance belongs to the last of these classes. It represents an independent group, on a scale rather less than half that of life, of a Madonna and Child. The group is wrought in plain terracotta, and bears all the characteristics of the style of the famous master of Siena, Jacopo della Quercia.

In painting, the school of Siena, with Simone Martini and the brothers Lorenzetti at its head, had during the first half of the fourteenth century fairly rivalled in power and promise the school of Florence under Giotto. The admirable relief-carvings, with which the façade of Orvieto Cathedral was about the same time adorned under the guidance of a Sienese architect and master of the works, Lorenzo Manitani, would seem to show that there also flourished in the city a not less eminent school of sculpture, derived, like all others in Italy during this age, from the Pisan. But the latter half of the same fourteenth century was for this brilliant and vainglorious republic a period of distraction and decline. To the ruinous visitation of the plague in 1348 succeeded a period of inveterate political rancour and disruption: the power and wealth of the state fell away, her arts degenerated: and while at

Florence the tradition of Giotto was nobly carried on, in sculpture by Andrea Pisano, and afterwards by Orcagna both in sculpture and painting, we hear of no similar continuance at Siena. After the death of Orcagna, indeed,—say during the period between 1370 and 1400,—there ensued a pause in the artistic development of Florence also. It was not until the turn

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH TWO SAINTS.

of the century that the group of brilliant and resolute young talents first made themselves felt there, who were destined properly speaking to introduce the modern era in art; to abandon Gothic forms, and to carry on a many-sided and victorious attack against the secrets alike of natural law and of the antique world. The dawn of the new age is marked by the year 1401, in which was held the competition for carrying on the great work of decorative sculpture begun by Andrea Pisano sixty years before, the adornment with reliefs in metal of the several gates of the Baptistery at Florence. In this competition there took part two young men of the city, Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, who together with Donatello were destined to be the foremost masters of the coming time, and Ghiberti, as all the world knows, carried the day. But in the same competition there had also been engaged another candidate, older by a few years than Ghiberti or Brunelleschi, who came from a neighbouring state, and for whom it was reserved to win an isolated and independent renown in sculpture barely second to that of the great Florentines. This was Jacopo da Pietro d'Angelo, known in the history of art either as Jacopo da Quercia, from the hamlet of Quercia Grossa where he was born near Siena, or else as Jacopo della Fonte, from the famous sculptured fountain with which he adorned the market-place of the mother city.

The father of Jacopo, master Peter, was a goldsmith, and from him it is probable that his son received his earliest lessons. The date of Jacopo's birth cannot be positively fixed; but it seems to have been either in 1371 or 1374. When he was about twenty he is said to have first attracted notice by an equestrian statue, ingeniously wrought of plaster and tow according to a new method, which was set up in the cathedral of Siena, in honour of a foreign condottiere or hired captain who had deserved well of the state, Giantedesco da Pietramala. Vasari's account of the matter is most particular and minute, but like most of Vasari's accounts falls to pieces on being confronted with authentic documents. He has confounded with the statue wrought in honour of one condottiere, Giantedesco, a picture painted in honour of another, Giovanni d'Azzo Ubaldini: but that such a statue did exist and keep its place in the cathedral for more than a century is certain. It has since wholly perished, nor is it certain that Jacopo della Quercia was really its author. The first well certified appearance of the young sculptor is in the aforesaid competition for the Baptistery gate at Florence. Then we lose sight of him for seven years. In 1408 we find him employed beyond the Apennines, in Ferrara, where he carves a Madonna and Child for the adornment of the cathedral. Later in the same year he is back at Siena, and the first negotiations are begun for the erection by him in the market-place of the city of a fountain to be richly adorned with sculptures. This is the famous *Fonta Gaia* or Fountain Beautiful of Siena. A precedent for such a monument existed fifty miles off, in the mistress city of the Umbrian Apennines, Perugia; where already before the close of the thirteenth century a public fountain, in several tiers of marble richly incrusted with sculptures in relief, had been executed on the commission of the state by Giovanni Pisano. The work for the Fonte Gaia seems not to have been actually begun till 1412, after which it continued to grow year by year under

the artist's hand; fresh contracts were from time to time issued; other commissions called him for considerable intervals away: and it was not until the end of 1419, eleven years after the design was first submitted, that the fountain was at last finished. In the midst of a rectangular basin were children and dolphins spouting water; the basin was enclosed on three sides with marble balustrades, carved in relief with figures of the Madonna and Child, with emblematic Virtues and stories from Genesis. For centuries this fountain remained one of the chief glories of Siena; becoming, however, more and more defaced by time and rough usage, till in 1856 the authorities of the town determined to replace it. The original work was broken up, a few fragments only—an Expulsion, a Charity, and one or two more—being preserved in the office or magazine of the cathedral works; and a much-applauded and quite uninteresting copy or model of the old design in a modern taste, by the Sienese sculptor Tito Sarrochi, holds its place.

TOMB OF ILARIA DEL CARRETTO.

The principal undertaking which interrupted Jacopo's work on the Fonte Gaia during its progress was a commission for a sepulchral monument in the church of St. Martin at Lucca. Paolo Giunigi, for the time being 'Signore' or political master of that city, had lost his wife Ilaria, daughter of the Marchese del Carretto, and desired to erect a monument to her memory. This was in 1413, and Jacopo della Quercia was employed on the work. He produced a rich example of that type of structure,—in which the effigy of the deceased reclines on a sarcophagus supported on a basement and over-arched by a decorated canopy,—which had been first introduced into Tuscan art by Giovanni Pisano in the thirteenth century, and survived with little organic change, only with the substitution of classical for Gothic forms of design and moulding, until the time of Andrea Sansavino in the sixteenth. But within twenty years of the completion of Jacopo's work, the fury of the Lucchese populace broke out against their ruler Giunigi; he was overthrown and cast out of the city, and during the outbreak even the monument he had raised in honour of his wife was desecrated. Its central feature, however, the recumbent effigy of the lady with the carved sarcophagus on which it rests, escaped destruction, and is still to be seen where it was then deposited, on the floor of the church near the entrance to the sacristy.

Once and again, during the career of Jacopo da Quercia, the authorities of his own city found themselves obliged to take forcible measures to make him desist from work undertaken elsewhere, and give his attention to commissions of earlier date and pressing importance at home. This happened first during his stay at Lucca: but the indignation of his fellow-citizens was soon appeased, and after the completion of the Fonte Gaia, the sculptor had the honour of serving on the supreme magistracy or governing body of the state. He had by this time undertaken a new public work, namely a decorated font for the church of St. John or Baptistery annexed to the Cathedral. This commission in its turn dragged for years, and was the subject of remonstrances and acrimonious proceedings from time to time; Jacopo finally achieving with his own hand only one of the bronze panels in relief which adorn the basin. Meantime, in 1422, he was again at Lucca, working at the figures of an elaborate carved altar, which still exists, in the church of

S. Frediano. In 1425 a deputation from Bologna requested him to undertake a work of the first importance in that city, namely the decoration with sculpture of the central doorway of the church of San Petronio. He consented, travelled to Verona to superintend the purchase of the necessary marbles from the quarry, and for the remaining thirteen years of his life his history is one of hard work at Bologna, interrupted by repeated and peremptory admonitions to return home. First, urged the home authorities, he had the font of the Baptistery still to work at; next, his authority was needed to decide matters in dispute between other artists; again, he had received a commission to adorn with statues the Loggia or covered promenade of the Merchants' Guild, and another to erect a public statue in the great square; finally, he had been elected Director-in-chief of the cathedral works, receiving at the same time the honour, customarily attached to that office, of knighthood. But all these calls of duty and good citizenship to Siena, backed by urgent remonstrances and sometimes by the imposition of fines—which, however, at his request were in most cases promptly remitted — did not prevent Jacopo from making, during these years, his great work on the façade of S. Petronio at Bologna the main occupation of his life. Lastly, at the beginning of 1438, being still at Bologna, he sickened, and in the course of the summer or early autumn returned to Siena, where on the 8th of October he made his will, and on the 20th of the same month died. Not only as an illustrious artificer, but as a man of honourable parts and amiable life and discreet counsel, he had been loved and honoured by his fellow-citizens; and the quarrels of Siena with her great sculptor had been only those of a parent with a son, of whom she is too proud to suffer him long out of her sight.

The three principal works of Quercia's life were, as above named, the Fonte Gaia at Siena, the monument to Ilaria del Carretto, and the sculptures of the façade of S. Petronio at Bologna. Of the first, the student of our own day can only tell the design from Signor Sarrochi's model, and the original style from the few fragments in the *Opera del Duomo*. These, and especially the very striking figure of Charity, illustrate pointedly the especial characteristics of Quercia's art. He exhibits a complete freedom from the restraint, and imperfect command of action and detail, which had characterised the work of the Pisan and its derivative schools before him. The middle of the fourteenth century in Florence had witnessed, as we have said, the achievements of an admirable school of sculpture, of which the leading names are those of Andrea Pisano and Orcagna. The descent of this school was from Niccola and Giovanni Pisano; its immediate inspiration had been derived from Giotto. From that great painter had been learnt the two paramount qualities of simple and orderly arrangement, and speaking and significant action. The finest relief panels of Andrea Pisano and Orcagna exhibit these qualities in a degree surpassed by the works of the best Attic sculptures alone, and together with them, a very high degree also of the mediaeval and especially Christian qualities of solemn thoughtfulness, and inward and devout expression. But it is only in these broad and general qualities that the work of Andrea Pisano or of Orcagna reaches mastery: in the detailed science of appearances, in the structure of the human body and its proportions, in the subtleties of surface-modelling and the characterisation of parts, they had still much to learn. It was the generation of Donatello and Ghiberti, the generation which came to manhood about the year 1400, that first in Italy mastered the full science, and practised the free and mature art, of modern sculpture. And the first comer of this gifted generation was Quercia.

Next, we are struck in Quercia's work by a persistent search after certain typical qualities of his own predilection. He strangely recalls, and seems to forestal, Michelangelo, by the intellectual type of his faces, with their lengthened features and predominant foreheads, and by his love of long-limbed figures, whose flowing attitudes indicate the utmost freedom of all the joints and attachments, and are further accentuated by the disposition of their long sinuous folds of heavily-falling drapery. Occasionally, indeed, as is the case with all Sienese artists, Jacopo pushes these qualities of his to a point of uneasy exaggeration, almost of caricature: as is certainly the case in the altar of S. Frediano. The recumbent effigy of Ilaria del Carretto, on the other hand, imperfectly enough represented in our illustration, scarcely permits any play to these peculiar tendencies at all. It is in composition the gravest and most tranquil of his works, and in conception full of beauty and feeling, though scarcely, perhaps, possessing such a concentration of meanings and virtues as Mr. Ruskin in his enthusiastic description claims for it. With that author the tomb of Ilaria has always been a favourite. He praised it first in 'Modern Painters;' and again, five years ago, in words with which the student may not fully be able to agree, yet of which it cannot but give him pleasure to be reminded:—

'Now every work of the great Christian schools expresses, primarily, conquest over death; conquest not grievous, but absolute and serene; rising, with the greatest of them, into rapture.

'But this, as a *central* work, has all the peace of the Christian Eternity, but only in part its gladness. Young children wreathe round the tomb a garland of abundant flowers, but she herself, Ilaria, yet sleeps; the time is not yet come for her to be awakened out of sleep.

'Her image is a simple portrait of her—how much less beautiful than she was in life, we cannot know—but as beautiful as marble can be.

'And through and in the marble we may see that the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth; yet as visibly a sleep that shall know no ending until the last day break, and the last shadows flee away; until then, she "shall not return." Her hands are laid on her breast—not praying—she has no need to pray now. She wears her dress of every day, clasped at her throat, girdled at her waist, the hem of it drooping over her feet. No disturbance of its folds by pain of sickness, no binding, no shrouding of her sweet form, in death more than in life. As a soft, low wave of summer sea, her breast rises; no more: the rippled gathering of its close mantle droops to the belt, then sweeps to her feet, straight as drifting snow. And at her feet her dog lies watching her; the mystery of his mortal life joined, by love, to her immortal one.

'Few know, and fewer love, the tomb and its place,—not shrine, for it stands bare by the cathedral wall: only, by chance, a cross is cut deep into one of the foundation-stones behind her head. But no goddess statue of the Greek cities, no nun's image among the cloisters of Apennine, no fancied light of angel in the homes of heaven, has more divine rank among the thoughts of men.

'In so much as the reader can see of it, and learn, either by print or cast, or beside it; (and he would do well to stay longer in that transept than in the Tribune at Florence), he may receive from it, unerring canon of what is evermore Lovely and Right in the dealing of the Art of Man with his fate, and his passions. Evermore *lovely*, and *right*. These two virtues of visible things go always hand in hand: but the workman is bound to assure himself of his Rightness first; then the loveliness will come.

'And primarily, from this sculpture, you are to learn what a "Master" is. Here was one man at least, who knew his business, once upon a time! Unaccusably;—none of your fool's heads or clown's hearts can find a fault here! "Dog-fancier, cobbler, tailor, or churl, look here"—says Master Jacopo—"look! *I* know what a brute is, better than you, I know what a silken tassel is—what a leathern belt is—Also, what a woman is; and also—what a Law of God is, if you care to know." This it is, to be a Master.

'Then secondly—you are to note that with all the certain rightness of its material fact, this sculpture still is the Sculpture of a Dream. Ilaria is dressed as she was in life. But she never lay so on her pillow; nor so, in her grave. Those straight folds, straightly laid as a snowdrift, are impossible;—known by the Master to be so—chiselled with a hand as steady as an iron beam, and as true as a ray of light—in defiance of your law of Gravity to the Earth. *That* law prevailed on her shroud, and prevails on her dust: but not on herself, nor on the Vision of her.

'Then thirdly, and lastly. You are to learn that the doing of a piece of Art such as this is *possible* to the hand of Man just in the measure of his obedience to the laws which are indeed over his heart, and not over his dust: primarily, as I have said, to that great one, "Thou shalt *Love* the Lord thy God." Which command is straight and clear; and all men may obey it if they will,—so only that they be early taught to know Him.'

At Bologna, Jacopo's scheme of sculpture decoration is preserved in its entirety. It consists of a group in the round of the Madonna and Child, with supporting saints, in the lunette over the door, and an ascending series of reliefs on the wall-space at each side of the opening: these latter can be most conveniently studied in the casts of them that are kept in the Museum. The work is on the whole the most characteristic as well as the most complete of the master. Michelangelo, as every one knows, was engaged at Bologna on the colossal statue of Pope Julius for many months of his early manhood; and it is certain that these scenes of the creation and the history of the patriarchs by Jacopo della Quercia deeply impressed him; nay, their influence can be definitely re-traced in certain features of his own treatment of the same themes in the immortal frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

Besides these great monumental works, others by our master of a minor kind exist in various places. One such is the Madonna and Child in terracotta at the South Kensington Museum, which on internal evidence has no doubt rightly been ascribed to him, and which forms the subject of our principal illustration. There is one obvious flaw in the group, and that is the size and clumsiness of the Madonna's hands as they lie in her lap. This disproportion (which reminds one of the effect common in photographs, where the hands, having been held in advance of the face, appear too large in the picture), may be either due to a mistake on the part of the artist, or to an accidental swelling of the clay in the process of firing. But allowing for this fault, every one must perceive the charm and naturalness of the group in its main aspect. What truth and ease in the negligent, somewhat weary, pose of the Virgin's figure in her chair; what tenderness in the groping, instinctive action of the child's hand about his mother's throat, and in the leaning of her face against his; how fine the character and sentiment of her head, and treatment of her hair and head-dress; how admirable the modelling of the child's body! Another work at South Kensington bearing the marks of Quercia's style, though less certainly those of his own hand, is the carved altar-piece in relief, also in terracotta, which is reproduced on page 26. Here the figure and gesture of the child, holding two fingers in its mouth, are no less characteristic than is the treatment of the same figure in the other group, of that tenderness of feeling and playful naturalism, in dealing with this ever-recurring and never-exhausted theme of the divine maternity, which distinguish Jacopo della Quercia in a degree excelled by hardly any craftsman of his time or after him. The lax form and decoration of the Gothic tabernacle, with its redundant crocketings and the classical scallop within the gable, may be noted also, as marking the period of transition during which Quercia lived, and wherein he was one of the most gifted and most honoured of masters.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

# PARIS.

## II.—*Lutetia.*

IT is curious that the sites of the most important cities in the old world should generally have been determined by the choice made by a barbarous tribe, thousands of years ago, with a view to its own security, and that this choice made by barbarians should have settled the matter so irrevocably that succeeding generations have had to do the best they could with the same position, well chosen for the needs of its first occupants, but often ill chosen for the latest. The selection of Paris as the site of the future capital of France depended on the practical wisdom of some pre-historic savages, who found that islands in the river were the safest places to be had in that part of the country. There was one large island, and a few smaller ones, in the midst of the tract of country now occupied by Paris, and there is evidence that some pre-historic tribe used these islands for a protected dwelling-place. After them came the Gauls, with a far higher degree of civilisation and a rather advanced military art, especially in defensive arrangements. The Gaulish oppidum was not what we understand by a city, even when the city is fortified; it was simply a place of refuge, in some situation naturally difficult of access, either from steepness, as in hilly countries, or from bogs and water in more level ones. The Gauls preferred a steep hill to anything else as the site of one of their great forts, but where they had not a hill high enough and steep enough for their purpose, they were glad of a piece of solid ground in the middle of a marsh, or an island in a river. The island on which Notre Dame is now situated appears to have answered their purpose, and for long afterwards its defensive value was of some consequence; but I need hardly observe that when Paris was besieged by the Germans in 1870, it did not signify in the least whether the central part of the city was on an island or not. Paris has so immensely outgrown its first insular beginning that its present military defences are a ring of forts far away out in the country on all sides. I am rather inclined to believe that in this extension we may see a prototype of Great Britain, scarcely to be considered an island since her Colonial Empire has become so vast as to give her frontiers inside three continents.

The numbers of bridges in Paris make the islands as much a part of the town as any other part, and indeed we are hardly sensible that they are islands at all. But not only was the Gaulish oppidum insular, the Gallo-Roman city of Lutetia was so too; and there is every reason to believe that it presented rather a beautiful appearance as seen from the surrounding country. In Hoffbauer's valuable work on 'Paris à travers les Ages,' to which I am under great obligations for archaeological details not readily accessible elsewhere, there is a careful drawing of Lutetia as it must have appeared from the aqueduct of Arcueil, with Montmartre, then the Hill of Mars, in the distance. The first impression one receives is that, compared with mediaeval Paris, Lutetia must have had a strangely modern look; but the fact is, that since the Renaissance we have got so thoroughly used to classic forms that we are really at home in them, and it is positively more natural for us to build (with certain modifications) like the ancient Romans than like our own mediaeval ancestors. The aqueduct of Arcueil in M. Hoffbauer's drawing reminds one of a suburban railway viaduct; the Roman villas amongst the trees in the valley are in outward appearance not very unlike many French and Italian houses of the present day; and if Lutetia on her island has an aspect rather unsatisfying to modern eyes, it is more because there are neither domes, nor spires, nor any lofty towers, than because the edifices themselves are contrary to our taste.

The Gallo-Roman city of Lutetia was not absolutely confined to the island. That was the stronghold, but there were important buildings outside of it, especially to the southwards. The stronghold on the island was not fortified in the early Roman time; a wall of defence was built round it only in the beginning of the fifth century after Christ. There were at least two great Roman palaces, one on the island where the Palace of Justice now is, and another on the mainland of vast dimensions, the west end of which was situated in what is now the garden of the Hotel de Cluny. That in the island had a sort of open gallery or colonnade on the river-side; and there is curious evidence, in some of the columns which have been recovered, that the boatmen were allowed to make use of them to haul and fasten their craft, for near the bases we find deep grooves worn by the ropes. That this Roman palace contained large rooms was proved beyond a doubt when their foundations were laid bare during the modern alterations in the Palais de Justice. The discoverers were even fortunate enough to come upon painted decorations, a specimen of which they were able to remove from the wall, and it is now preserved in the museum at the Hotel de Cluny. Little more than this is now known about the Roman palace on the island. As its site was used long afterwards for royal dwellings, the Roman building itself may have been preserved for a long time, and have undergone a long series of altera-

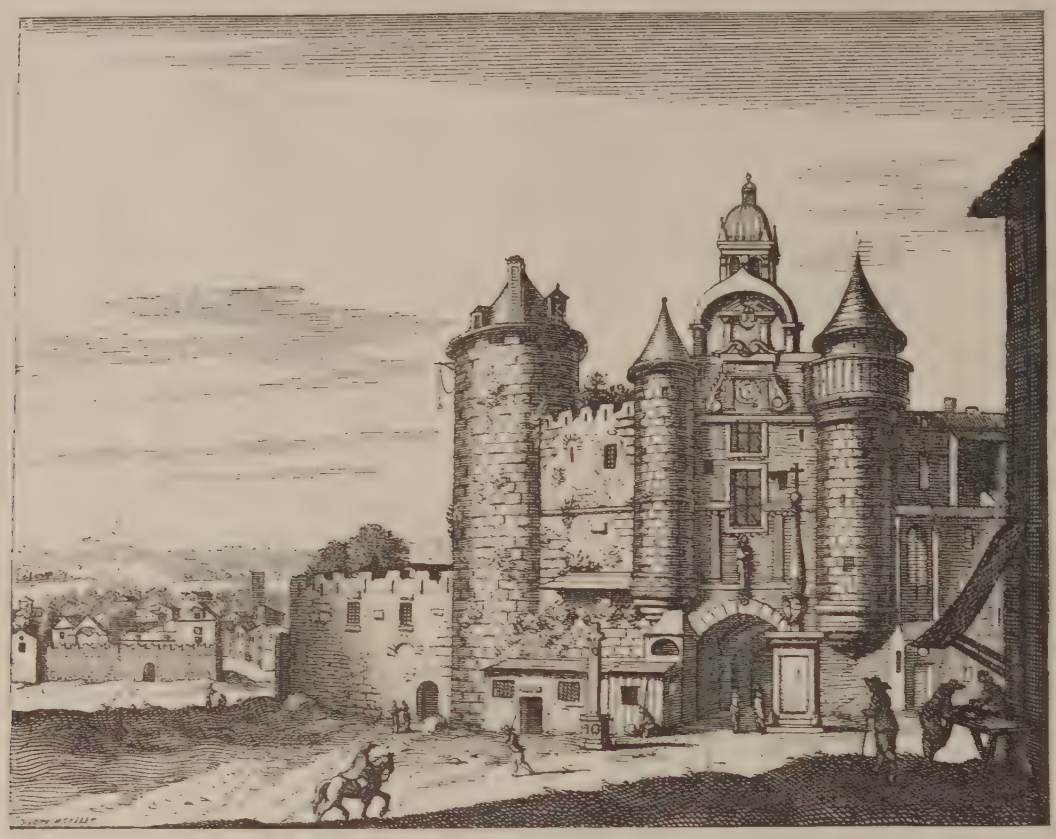
tions before it was finally replaced by a Gothic one. There have been great changes in the island since Roman times. There were no buildings in Lutetia to the westward of the palace, as its gardens went to what was then the western extremity of the island. They are now covered by the Prefecture de Police. In the times of Lutetia, and for centuries afterwards, the island came to an end in what is now the widest part of the Place Dauphine, and there were two smaller islands side by side beyond that, which have since been joined to the large one. The narrow end of the Place Dauphine is on one of these islands, and the houses on the left (as you look down the river) are partly built upon the other. There was also a long, narrow strip of an island on the left side of the larger one, and the narrow channel which isolated this strip of land has since been filled up, so that the great island has annexed three islets in all. It has also been considerably enlarged by quays built out into the river, especially at the east end, where much ground has been gained towards the Pont de l'Archevêché and the Pont St. Louis. The south side of Notre Dame is built upon the Roman wall, which it follows irregularly. The Forum is supposed to have occupied ground under the present barracks of the Republican Guard. Lutetia had one bridge over the narrow arm of the Seine, and another over the wider, but that was all. At present the island is connected with the mainland by ten bridges, if you count the Pont Neuf as two, because it crosses the two arms of the river.

THE FRIGIDARIUM OF THE ROMAN BATHS, CALLED LES THERMES.

Nobody knows who built the great palace to the south which bears the name of the Emperor Julian, and has long been called Les Thermes. Some important remains of this are still visible and are likely to be preserved, being classed as historical monuments. The great hall, which every visitor will remember, and which used to be the frigidarium of the baths, is one of the most impressive Roman remains still to be seen out of Italy. It is extremely plain, except the sculptured prows of vessels from which the vault springs; but in Roman times its broad and simple surfaces of wall and vault would no doubt be covered with stucco and decorated with some kind of mural painting, and there must have been a marble floor. It is curious that we who erect much larger buildings (though the size of this is considerable) should be, as we are, so deeply impressed by the power and magnificence of the ancient Romans when we enter it; but this may be attributed to its antiquity. An Englishman first coming to it from England feels as an American may feel in a mediaeval cathedral; all the buildings he has ever entered are things of yesterday in comparison with this. There is something, too, which commands our admiration in the resistance to ill usage as well as to mere time. The place has been stripped bare. It has even been made to carry a garden on the top of it, and has been used as a storehouse for merchandise; yet still it stands, firm and strong, and sure to outlast all the delicate Gothic chapels in France unless they were constantly repaired. The other remains of the baths, without being so well preserved as the great frigidarium, are still sufficiently so to permit detailed recognition. The hot and cold baths, the swimming-bath, the aqueduct, the place for the heating apparatus, are all visible. It is believed

that their preservation was due for a long time to the persistence of Roman customs amongst the Christianised Gauls, including of course the luxurious and cleanly custom of bathing according to the rules of art.

Besides what remains of the baths, three rooms belonging to the ancient palace are still in existence, and are used as part of the Cluny Museum. The lost vaults of the two larger ones have been replaced by modern roofs, but the small room is still entire.



THE GRAND CHÂTELET.

The foundations of a part of the Roman palace still exist under the Hotel de Cluny.

'An inscription,' says M. Lenoir, 'placed in the court-yard of the old convent of the Mathurins commemorated the discovery of Roman remains in continuation of those under the Hotel de Cluny, and marked their extent almost to the monastery. On the Rue des Mathurins the discoveries have been extensive, and include—1, a great room twelve mètres square, which has lost its vault (this is annexed to the Hotel de Cluny); 2, the under-structure of two great rooms, fifteen mètres by eight, running parallel from north to south; 3, a larger room than any of these, measuring twenty-four mètres by twelve. Its northern extremity (between two buildings which still exist) is ended by a curved wall like that of a Roman basilica. Possibly it may be what remains of the *consistorium* mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus.'

It is beyond the province of these papers to follow out archaeological discoveries in minute detail, but enough has been said to show that the southern palace was a building of great importance. It is believed to have been destroyed by the Normans in the ninth century.

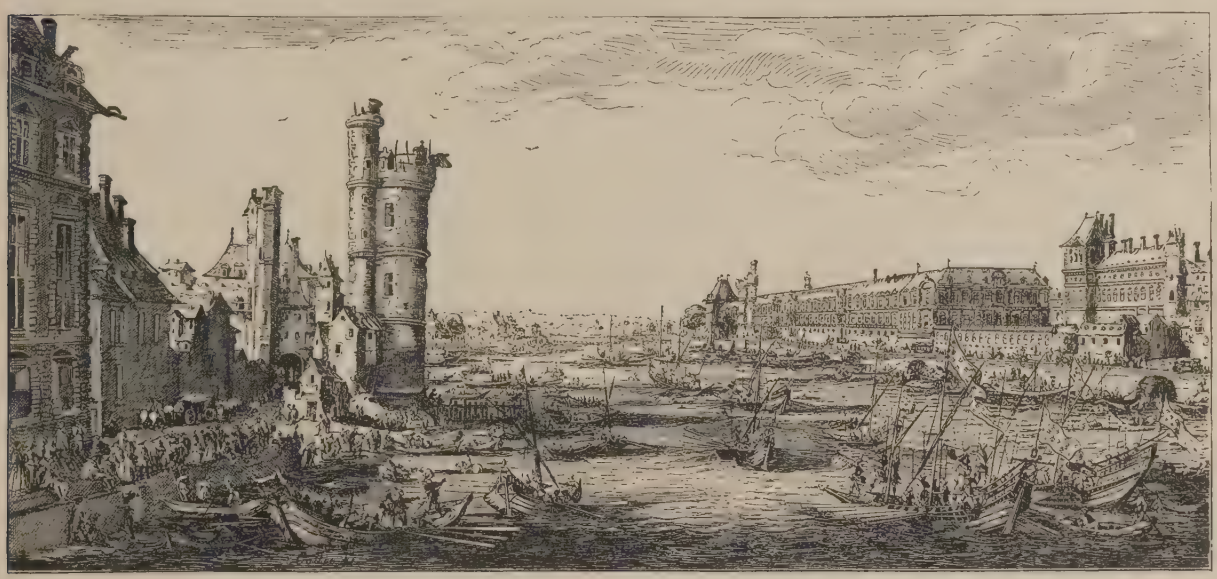
Like other great cities of Roman Gaul, Lutetia had her amphitheatre. The ruins of it remained down to the twelfth century, or were mentioned at that time. Since then there survived a vague tradition about its locality, but all doubts were set at rest when in 1869 an important new street was cut on the north side of Paris, the street now called the Rue Monge. The workmen laid bare half the foundations of the amphitheatre, and the other half still remains under the modern houses. Much to the grief of the antiquaries, that half of the amphitheatre which was exposed to view had to be destroyed to make way for the modern improvements.* From the antiquarian point of view such regrets are quite intelligible, but from that of art the loss is imperceptible, as the remains were too low to have any architectural effect. Had the amphitheatre been as well preserved as that of Nîmes, it would have been an object of great interest, and a most valuable contrast to the monotony of modern streets. There is some reason to believe

* The last news is that the other half of the amphitheatre is in danger of sharing the same fate.

that the amphitheatre was so arranged that it might serve also as a theatre, and its western seats would be supported by the rising ground of the hill Lucotitius, that on which the Pantheon is now situated, as the seats of the theatre at Augustodunum were supported by the hill now occupied by the little seminary. In the imaginary view of Lutetia by the architect Hoffbauer the upper portion of the amphitheatre is visible on the left bank of the Seine, not very far above the upper extremity of the great island. Like the amphitheatre of Augustodunum, it would be almost out in the country.

Very little is known about the temples. Unlike Athens, Rome, Vienne, Nîmes, and a few other cities of great antiquity, Lutetia has not left a single temple standing, nor have we authentic data from which to construct a drawing of any temple that once existed. We know that there were two temples on Montmartre (the Hill of Mars), one dedicated to Mars, the other to Mercury. A great pièce of wall belonging to the latter existed so late as 1618, when it was blown down by a tempestuous wind, and 'the idol reduced to powder.' All that we know about its shape is that it was 'a great ruinous piece of wall.' It is represented as such in the distance of a picture painted in the fifteenth century for the Abbot of St. Germain des Près, and now in the Musée des Monuments Français.

Still, if we have not accurate data concerning the temples of Lutetia, we have clear evidence in the quantity of rich architectural fragments which the disturbed soil of Paris has yielded up that the place contained buildings of considerable magnificence, as did the other great Gallo-Roman cities. Lutetia seems so remote from us that we hardly realise its existence. It is more like a poetical dream for us than that which was once a reality. This is due in part to the total abandonment of the name, and in part to the nearly total effacement of all material vestiges. The case may be understood in a moment by supposing a similar effacement at Rome. Suppose that the Coliseum had simply disappeared long ago, that every vestige of temple, palace, forum, triumphal arch, monumental column, and ancient wall, had also vanished; finally, imagine a new city where Rome had been, but so big as to cover its environs, and that this new city, instead of being called Roma by the Italians was called, let us say, Avezzano or Pescino, and had itself a more famous history than any other modern town—what would be the consequence? Simply, that the sites of old Rome, instead of being familiar to all tourists, would be a matter of dubious speculation for melancholy-minded archaeologists, who would continually deplore its disappearance, and that the new city would go on with its business just as if ROMA had never existed. Such has been the fate of Lutetia, once a fair city, with busy commerce by land and water, with palaces, villas, aqueducts, and baths, now a dream as remote from us as Troy, the only difference being that, as we go down the Seine and pass the most historical of her islands, we know that once Lutetia was there.



THE TOUR DE NESLE, FROM THE ETCHING BY CALLOT.

In M. Hoffbauer's drawing of Lutetia the city is prudently placed at a distance, whilst the aqueduct of Arcueil (of which the details are known) occupies most of the foreground. We have not ventured to attempt a restoration of Lutetia seen near, so we give, instead, the view of the island as it is to-day, seen from the windows of the Louvre, certainly one of the finest urban views in the world. It has already been explained in this chapter that the great island has been lengthened westwards, that is, towards the

foreground of the etching, by the annexation of two small islands, which in ancient times were separated from it by narrow channels. The elongated island now finishes prettily with a clump of trees, behind which the reader may recognise the equestrian statue of Henry IV. on its pedestal. Immediately in front of the statue are two massive blocks of houses, built in Henry's time, and remarkable for their heaped-up, picturesque, and richly-varied roofs, which have often been sketched by Parisian artists. These houses are at the narrow end of the Place Dauphine, and the space between them used to be its only entrance and exit. The bridge in the foreground (I need hardly observe) is the Pont Neuf, and after it, as we look up the river on the broad arm, we see in succession the Ponts au Change, Notre Dame, d'Arcole, and Louis Philippe. Near the Pont au Change are the mediaeval towers of the Palace of Justice, and that is the place where the Gallo-Roman boatmen, the Nautae Parisiaci, used to fasten their barges to the colonnade of the Roman palace. The principal existing beauties of the island, as seen from the western extremity, are the towers of Notre Dame and the elegant spire of the Sainte Chapelle. The work of modern times has not been by any means entirely hostile to its beauty, for if the island has lost something in the vanished Roman palace and other buildings, it has gained immensely in recent times by its beautiful bridges and quays. The view, as we see it in M. Lalanne's etching, was blocked in the middle ages by the houses upon the bridges. We shall see later in the course of these papers how superior the modern bridge is to the mediaeval one, and what an incalculable gain the new kind of bridge has been to city views. Let us, however, always exempt from praise the modern railway pontifex, who thinks nothing of spoiling a great capital with his cast-iron abominations. To understand the injury that may be done by them, the reader has only to imagine one of them in the place of the Pont Neuf or the Pont au Change.

It has been said that Lutetia was walled late (about the close of the fourth century), and this first defence lasted a considerable time. It is believed that it was still in existence (probably after considerable repairs) in the time of Charles the Bald, and that ruler strengthened it by wooden towers; one at the western end of the city, called *la tour du Palais*, and the two others at the ends of the bridges, where they abutted on the mainland. To save the reader the trouble of a reference, we may add that Charles the Bald reigned from 840 to 877. After this we know very little about the fortifications till the reign of Louis VI. (1108–1137). That monarch built two gateways in stone to defend the access to the two bridges from the mainland to the island, probably on or near the sites where the wooden towers of Charles the Bald had been, and he called these *Le Grand Châtelet* and *Le Petit Châtelet*, names which the reader is requested to remember, as they are of much importance in the topography of Paris. Etymologically, *châtelet* is exactly the same word as *chalet*, and merely means a small castle; but by one of those distinctions which custom creates between words of like origin, châtelet means a small strong castle, a work of fortification, whilst chalet only means the diminutive of a fine house. The present reminders of the Grand Châtelet in Paris are the *Place* and the *Théatre du Châtelet*. So little warlike is its present aspect that the pretty square has its own theatre on its western side, and the *Théatre Lyrique* on its eastern, and between the two is a fountain with a column opposite an elegant undefended bridge. The extremely peaceful aspect of things inside Paris tempts us to forget that the town is still a fortress, the only difference being that its defensive castles are now called forts, and are at a distance in the country.

The Grand Châtelet had no doubt a fine imposing aspect when first built, with its lofty conical-shaped towers and gloomy portal. Our engraving shows it as it still existed, injured both by diminution and addition, in the middle of the seventeenth century. The reader will easily see how little the original military architecture had been respected. In the structure between the towers, which ends as a belfry, were the arms of Louis XII. As the work of Louis VI. had been so little respected, the complete destruction of it in 1802 need not awaken in us any very profound regret.*

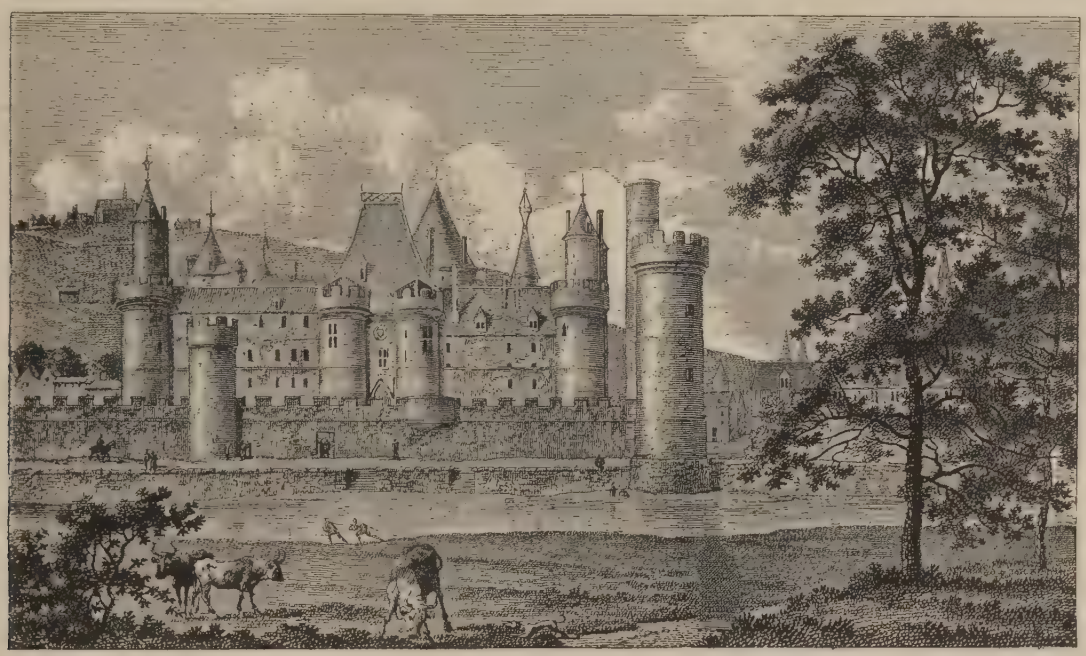
The Gallo-Roman wall is counted by French antiquaries as the first wall, *la première enceinte*. It is rather important to remember the order of the successive rings of wall that enclosed Paris as it grew larger, for they constantly recur in the topography of the place. The second wall was that of Louis VI., the builder of the two Châtelets; but the learned do not seem to know very much about this wall positively. They know, however, that it included much of the town which had spread out of the island, and therefore that it was the first clear definition of mediaeval Paris as distinguished from the antique Lutetia.

The third wall was that of Philippe-Auguste, and of this we know a great deal—almost as much as if we had actually seen it. That great and energetic sovereign was as enterprising in building as in politics, and the same instinct which made him en-

* The Petit Châtelet was a simpler building than the other—a sort of donjon tower, with bartizans. We may have to recur to it on a future occasion. It was used as a prison. The Grand Châtelet was at one time the Provost's residence, and it became a court of justice

large and strengthen his kingdom led him at the same time to enlarge and strengthen his capital. He boldly included in his new wall, not only existing streets that lay outside that of Louis VI., but also great spaces of garden-ground, of vineyards, and even fields, which he foresaw would be covered with houses in course of time. His wall was a thoroughly good and substantial piece of work, and handsome, too, in the simple beauty of mediaeval military architecture, which, though not so rich and elegant as the ecclesiastical or domestic architecture of the same period, was still incomparably superior in appearance to the ugly military works of our own time. The *enceinte de Philippe-Auguste* consisted of two walls faced with ashlar, one facing towards the country, the other towards Paris, and the space between them was filled with cemented rubble, of which were also the foundations. The wall was three mètres thick and nine high, including the parapet, which was embattled; and at intervals of about seventy mètres there were round towers half buried in the wall, yet projecting from it about two yards: these were at first covered with conical roofs, but they were afterwards embattled like the parapet. I am not sure about their height, but suppose it to have been thirteen or fourteen mètres to the eaves of the conical roof. At longer intervals were large gates, flanked by towers of more important size, and these were fifteen or sixteen mètres high.

On the south side of the river the wall of Philippe-Auguste, which was interrupted by the Seine (there being no fortified bridge in continuation of it), started from the *Tour de Nesle*, which remained long after the wall itself had disappeared, long enough indeed to be drawn and etched by Callot. This famous *Tour de Nesle* was originally called after Philippe Hamelin, a provost of Paris, and the name was afterwards changed when it belonged to Amaury de Nesle. It is one of the most important points in Parisian topography, and is easily remembered in connexion with Callot's etchings and other prints. It is remembered also in connexion with the terrible legend of a vicious queen (Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe le Long), who is said to have enticed handsome youths into the tower and then had them cast into the Seine before daybreak that they might tell no tales.* We do not see the tower in Callot's representations of it quite as it was originally built.



THE LOUVRE OF PHILIPPE-AUGUSTE.

At first it is believed to have had a conical roof, and the turret staircase was added by Charles V.

The exact situation of the *Tour de Nesle* was where the eastern or right wing of the Institute stands at the present day.

The reader is now requested to transport himself in imagination across the river till he is in the courtyard of what is now the old Louvre, the great square courtyard of the palace. Let him stand, in imagination, precisely in the very centre of that square and look southwards, or towards the Seine. If the past could rise like a ghost he would see a phantom wall

* This is one of the best-known popular legends in France, being at the same time romantic and horrible, and therefore exactly suited to the popular taste; but I have very little faith in the truth of it, because, as a general rule, the water was too shallow at the foot of the tower for such deeds to pass unperceived. If done at all, it could only be when the Seine was in flood.

crossing the courtyard from north to south just at his left hand, and there would be one of its round towers just within the court on the north side of it near to the present entrance from the Rue de Rivoli. That would be the wall of Philippe-Auguste exactly in its old situation. Just at the same spectator's right hand would be one of the corner towers of the Castle of the Louvre that Philippe-Auguste erected. It was a square castle with a courtyard in the middle of it, and in the court there stood a great keep or donjon. The castle cannot have been of very vast dimensions as it occupied not quite one quarter of the present square, including the site of the present building, and not simply the open space. It was, however, a strong place according to the military requirements of the time, and is not to be confounded, in its origin, with the palatial associations that have since gathered round the word 'Louvre.' It began by being purely and simply a fortress, and a part of the defensive arrangements made by Philippe-Auguste. Afterwards Charles V. heightened and embellished it, opened windows in its grim walls, and turned it into an agreeable royal residence.

Now, if the reader will suppose that he is walking from the centre of the Louvre Square straight towards the river, he will just pass on his left hand, before coming to the present quay, the site of an old tower belonging to the fortifications of Philippe-Auguste, and which used to be called 'La Tour qui fait le Coin.' That tower may be seen still in old drawings, and it stood exactly opposite to the Tour de Nesle. A chain was carried across the Seine there to bar the passage.

These archaeological details may not appear at first sight to belong very closely to our subject, which is the aspect of Paris, for these towers and the entire wall of Philippe-Auguste have long since been swept away; but the Paris of old engravings is not to be understood at all without some knowledge of the past, and nothing adds so much to the interest of the present ground as the knowledge of what stood there formerly. The old court of the Louvre is a wonderful and magnificent enclosure, but the interest of it is much augmented when we know that a strong mediaeval castle once stood there, and that the city wall once traversed the same space. The Institute is a building of some architectural merit with many noble intellectual associations, but any visitor to Paris who is cultivated enough to care about such associations as the present building possesses will probably have enough of the historic sense to care about the *Tour de Nesle*, and interest enough in art to know that Callot drew it. The past is interesting also for its wonderful influence in determining the sites of present buildings, often in a way which nobody would ever imagine. The visitor to Paris who knows absolutely nothing about its history is likely to imagine when he sees the Louvre that the site on which he finds a picture-gallery was selected for the convenient exhibition of art-treasures, whereas the truth is that it was first chosen for military reasons, when a fortress was built just outside the walls of Paris, yet near the river, and that the fortress became a royal residence, which in its turn became a national art-gallery by a series of transformations that we have still to follow. It is well to remember what has been, but there is little reason to regret the disappearance of such relics as the *Tour de Nesle* and the *Tour qui fait le Coin*. We have only to see them in drawings of their old age to perceive how incongruous and out-of-place they had become. The present Louvre is magnificent enough to deserve that the past should be sacrificed to it. Let the past be sacrificed then, but not forgotten.

P. G. Hamerton.

# THE NEW LAW COURTS.

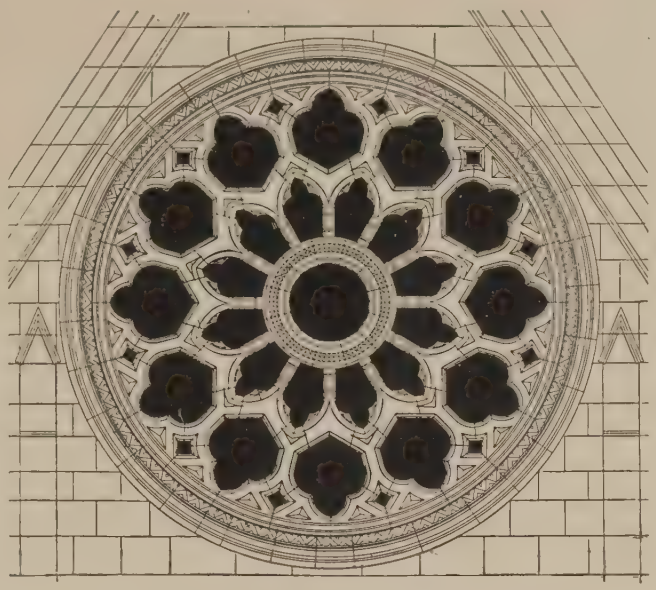
## II.

IT has been well said by Mr. Ruskin that 'the right question to ask respecting all ornament is simply this—Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it?' And after describing the deadness of much modern work he goes on to say, 'The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. You cannot get feeling by paying for it; money will not buy life.' It is just this quality of life and vigour, usually so absent from the buildings of our time, that pervades in a remarkable degree the great work of Mr. Street. It is, indeed, the work of a giant rejoicing in his strength. When it is remembered that he designed with his own hands every ornamental as well as structural detail, preparing for this purpose nearly two thousand drawings, one is lost in amazement at the variety of his invention and his extraordinary industry.

At one moment our attention is arrested by some quaint or beautiful carving in stone or wood; at another by one of the many charming pieces of wrought iron-work; or, it may be, by a mosaic pavement; and in each we recognise, amidst all their variety and originality, the individual expression of one mind and hand—a character prevailing throughout which makes it easy for any architectural

student to assert with confidence that Mr. Street himself and he alone could have created it.

When the position of a modern architect in relation to his work is contrasted with that of his mediaeval predecessor, it is not at all to be wondered at that much of our modern work is, as Mr. Ruskin has described it, 'dead as leaves in December.' If the Law Courts had been built in the thirteenth century, the architect would have arranged the general scheme of their plan and design, and need only have exercised a general supervision over the various handicraftsmen engaged in the details of the construction. A traditional style handed down from master to apprentice, developing new beauties and varieties in its natural evolution, would have been the birthright of each workman; and the architect having settled where he would have his carved capitals, string-courses, and bosses, his wrought-iron grilles and hinges, his coloured wall or ceiling decorations, and his tessellated pavements, could safely have left the design and execution of them in the hands of his subordinates, with confidence that the result would be the creation of a building as harmonious in style and character as if he had designed all its details himself. Such a state of things is now impossible. The time seems still far distant when the general level of taste and skill amongst our workmen will be so elevated, that any decorative detail may be safely left to their own unaided skill to design and execute. And even if we could imagine such an improvement in technical skill amongst them as would enable each to design as well as to execute the ornamental details of his work, we should probably still be nearly as far as ever from the creation of a harmonious style, in which all the various branches of architectural art would combine to produce a work which would not be a mere patchwork but a consistent whole. When therefore it is remembered that, in addition to all the complicated requirements of modern civilisation in planning and arrangements, and the scientific knowledge rendered essential by the development of modern construction, the architect of to-day has cast upon his shoulders the burden of the work which in days gone by it would have been the pride and pleasure of each workman in the various trades to have both designed and carried out, we need not be surprised that he is only too often unable to bear the strain; and we have indeed cause for wonder and admiration when we find one capable of the extraordinary success achieved by Mr. Street in this building. Since Pugin 'invested with artistic merit' all the details of the design of the Houses of Parliament, there has probably been



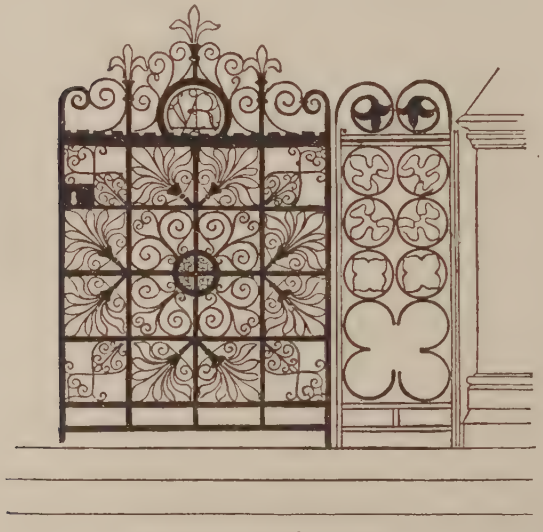
ROSE WINDOW AT SOUTH END OF GREAT HALL.

STRAND ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRAL HALL.

no building — certainly no building on anything like so large a scale — in which all the minor accessories so thoroughly bear the stamp of a true artist's mind and hand.

IRON GATE IN THE STRAND.

Pugin strongly felt the great need, if Gothic architecture were to be revived, of a school of artistic workmen, particularly stone-carvers and smiths; and it was to this end that he devoted much of his energy. He certainly succeeded in educating men, if not to design themselves, at least to reproduce his designs with accuracy and feeling; and, of course, Mr. Street has had the advantage of entering into the fruits of his and others' labours: for it cannot be denied that the execution of much of the decorative carving and

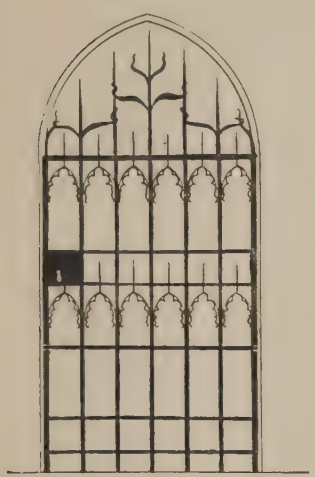


GATE ON OFFICERS' STAIRCASE.

OAK DOOR WITH IRON HINGES.

ironwork in the Law Courts is most excellent. In 1843 Pugin writes:

'Iron smiths were artists formerly, and great artists too. Quentin Matsys, for instance, whose beautiful well-top stands in Antwerp Cathedral, and whose splendid picture of the Entombment of our Lord is the greatest ornament of the *Musée* of that city. Quentin Matsys are not, however, of our generation. If you want some objects executed in iron rather different from what are in ordinary use, and go to a smith to whom you explain your wishes and intentions, the vacant stare of the miserable mechanic soon convinces you that the turning up of a horse-shoe is the extent of his knowledge in the mysteries of the smithy. You then address yourself to another, and one who is called a capital hand; and if he is sufficiently sober to comprehend your meaning, he will tell you that what you want is quite out of his line, that he only makes a particular sort of lock, and that he does not think there is a man in the trade who could undertake the job, which, after all, is perhaps a mere copy of a very ordinary piece of old ironwork: and this is a true picture of the majority of our artisans in the nineteenth century — the enlightened age of mechanics' institutes and scientific societies.'

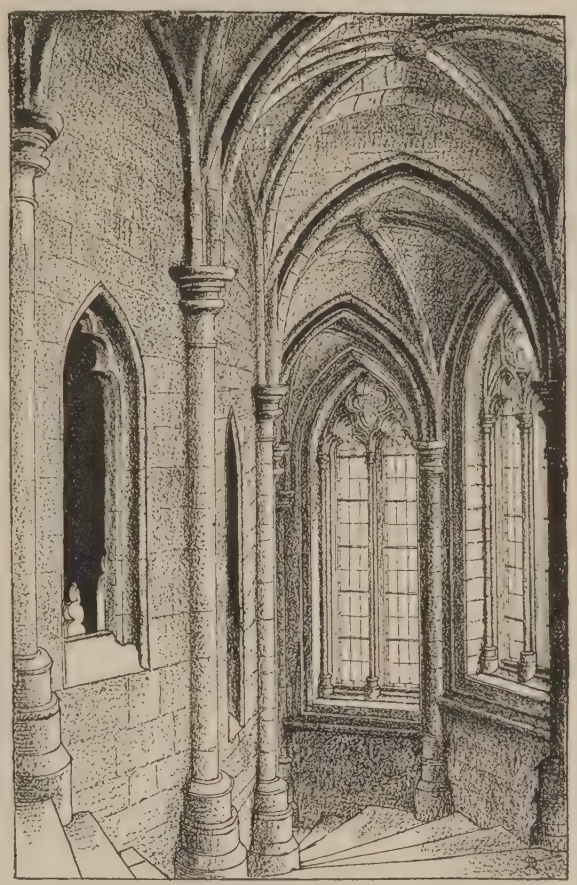


GATE ON OFFICERS' STAIRCASE.

Any one who will examine the many beautiful specimens of wrought-iron work in the Law Courts will recognise the improvement in art-workmanship which the progress of the Gothic revival has produced.

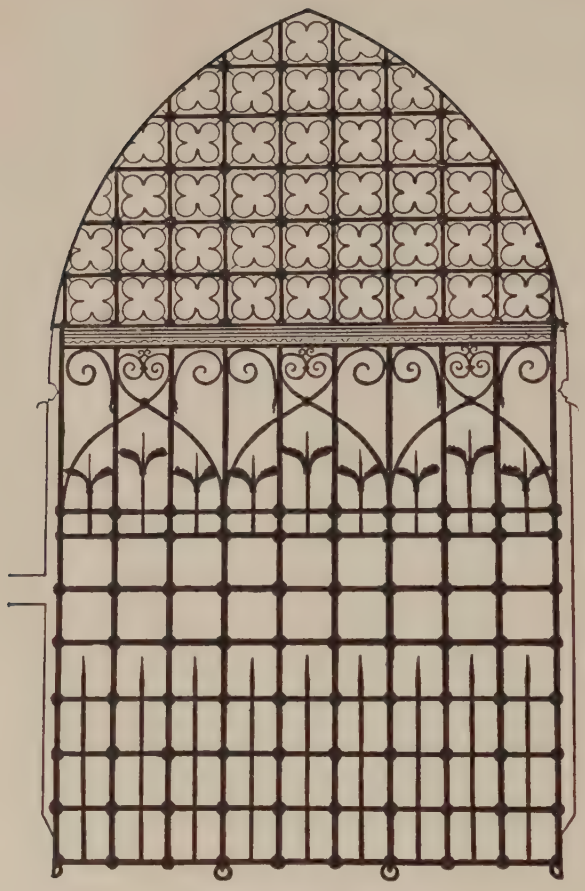
It has been said that modern Gothic is a mere copying of old examples; and it is certainly true that occasionally we recognise a likeness to certain specimens of old work in parts of such a building as this which might be supposed to be the result of copyism. But as in music it is impossible for a composer well acquainted with all the art of the past to avoid reproducing sometimes what may be seen to be a recollection of some perhaps half-forgotten air, so in architecture any man who has well studied and become imbued with the spirit of mediaeval work can hardly help producing sometimes in the same way apparent copies of old work, even if he strive hard to avoid it. Indeed, in the old work itself how often does one see the same feature with, perhaps, some slight variation introduced again and again in the various works of various architects; and yet we do not hear these men charged with plagiarism. The staircase, which forms the subject of one of the illustrations of this paper, and perhaps even more those in the octagonal turrets forming the public entrances in the Strand front, seem strongly to remind us of some we have seen before—was it at Laon? The beautiful rose-window in the south gable of the Central Hall is strongly suggestive, though by no means a copy, of that at Chartres.

The great Central Hall, however, is in one most remarkable feature, its proportions, strikingly original. On plan its length is about five times its width. The length of Westminster Hall being three and a half times its width; and that of Guildhall three times, which may be taken as about the usual proportion.



DOUBLE STAIRCASE, WEST SIDE OF GREAT HALL.

Mr. Eastlake has remarked, in his 'History of the Gothic Revival,' that 'Mr. Street was one of the first architects of the revival who showed how effective Gothic architecture might be made where it simply depends for effect on artistic proportion.' It is clear that to make so long a hall look unlike a long vaulted passage is no small triumph; but Mr. Street has achieved this, and the proportions of his Hall are extremely beautiful. There is also a quiet dignity about the details, an absence of all that fussiness and littleness which so often mar a good general effect; and there is a simplicity and harmony throughout, which give it an air of restful strength, and make this hall, perhaps, the finest specimen we have of modern secular Gothic architecture.



SCREEN IN CENTRAL HALL.

Already the Courts are open, and as might be expected we are beginning to have the usual crop of complaints which are sure to attend the first use of a large new public building. Some, as has been said in the previous article, will be doubtless well founded—the limited site has much to answer for, but it will not be called on to answer. There is an old offender, against whom the public mind is prejudiced by the allegation of many 'previous convictions.' Already we are hearing all the old sayings about 'stained-glass windows that exclude the light and passages that lead nowhere.' Some of the doors perhaps creak and cause draughts when opened; it may be that the heating apparatus will not work well; or that that lover of deeds of darkness, the nefarious plumber, has stopped up some waste-pipes or bored holes in some gas-pipes: but whatever may be the difficulty, we may be quite sure it will be attributed in only too many quarters to the old enemy — Gothic Architecture. Mr. Street — if he has missed by his untimely death the honours which would so deservedly have devolved upon him on the completion of his great work—has, at least, also been spared the annoyance of this 'hairbrained chatter.' And when the building comes to be judged fairly, as in course of time it will be; when time has toned down its crudeness and worn off its newness; when associations have sprung up around it and lent an historical colouring; there can be little doubt that it will take rank as a really great and noble work of art, an honour to its architect and to its age.

HENRY COWELL BOYES.

# ART CHRONICLE.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy proves again the riches of English private collections in works by old masters. Sufficient have been forthcoming to fill the large room and also Gallery IV. The first two rooms have been devoted to a fine selection from the works of the late John Linnell, chiefly landscapes, but not entirely, inasmuch as there have been included several oil portraits, some interesting miniatures (that of Wm. Blake amongst them), and a few portraits engraved in mezzotint by the artist. A considerable loan collection of pictures by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, including examples of his work over thirty-three years, in chalk, water-colour, and oil, were at the opening of the exhibition confined to the fifth room, but the space proving too limited to accommodate visitors with regard to due appreciation of the pictures, a portion of the adjoining room was given up to the water-colours, and monotints, and to such oils as had previously been hung above the line.

The portion of the exhibition set aside for early masters is, as usual, rich in Flemish and Dutch examples, especially of the school of genre. Three capital pictures by Jan Steen, *Card-Players*, *The Village School*, and *Merry-making*, come respectively from Buckingham Palace, the National Gallery of Ireland, and from Thomas Hardcastle, Esq. To Rembrandt are ascribed a *Female Portrait*, bust-length, partially undraped, said to be a likeness of the painter's mistress; *Susannah and the Elders*, *Daniel's Vision*, and an interior called *The Student*, a beautiful picture lent by Sir W. Knighton, more probably by a scholar or contemporary. The Marquis of Lothian contributes a *Portrait of a Girl*, by F. Bol, of excellent quality and rich in colour of plumed hat and crimson bodice. In the large room lent by Mr. Butler hangs a portrait of *A Lady and Child*, by Cornelis de Vos, which for masterly precision in the drawing and careful, imitative painting of textures, velvet, lace, and embroideries, could hardly be overpassed. Among the few pictures of the French school is a little study of *The Dauphin*, son of Louis XVI., by Greuze, lent by the Marquis de Santurce, characteristic in free grace of touch and fresh quality.

Portraits by Vandyck, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, take considerable share of wall-space in the chief gallery. The Earl of Normanton has contributed five of the effective designs of *Virtues* made by Reynolds for New College Chapel windows at Oxford, designs in which the style and the significance of attitude which Reynolds could impart to single draped figures, make amends for the absence of monumental dignity or absolute correctness. The presence of the full-length of *Lady Margaret Lindsay*, by Gainsborough, and of Reynolds' *Boy Reading*, should be noted. The places usually given to landscapes by Turner, on the south wall, are again filled, though not satisfactorily, by the *Ehrenbreitstein*, belonging to Mr. Brocklebank, and *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, 1834, lent by Mr. Victor Marshall. Mr. W. Agnew, M.P., also lends of the early period *Fishermen on a Lee Shore*, dated 1802. Chief among the pictures of the Italian schools are the following: a large *Pietà*, in the most conventional manner of Perugino, but very rich in colour, lent by Sir Tatton Sykes; a *Virgin and Child*, ascribed to Bellini, from Lady Audley; the fine and characteristic composition, *Christ and the Centurion*, by Veronese, lent by Sir H. St. John Mildmay; Mr. Butler's recent acquisition from the Hamilton sale, the slight *Moses Striking the Rock*, by Tintoret; a most lovely *Caterina Cornaro*, in an Oriental dress, by Titian, in fine condition, lent by Mr. Wilbraham; *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, of the Venetian school, for which the possessor, Mr. Butler, claims the authorship of Bonifazio; a striking portrait of *An Ecclesiastic*, with the dry, reddish flesh-tones of Pontormo; and lastly, perhaps the most interesting picture in the gallery, bust-length studies of *Two Venetian Gentlemen*, lent from the National Gallery of Ireland, and ascribed in the catalogue as the combined work of Bellini and Giorgione. This rather astonishing partnership is of course more than problematical, and the description of the subjects as Beazzano et Navagero poetes is likely to fall before investigation. But the picture is of high quality and great interest, and is likely to call forth discussion. It belonged at one time to the painter, De La Roche, passed into the Pourtalès collection, at the sale of which it was acquired for Ireland. One of the figures is richly attired, and wears crimson, the other is robed in the grey mantle, with red cross of a pilgrim to Jerusalem. But such clue as may be afforded by these details is subject to the questions of over-painting and addition. The internal evidence points distinctly to a double authorship.

The Linnell collection includes representative pictures of the sturdy painter's various phases of landscape art. The first room especially presents an impressive line on the south wall. Here are the *Eve of the Deluge*, with its dramatic sunset sky; the *Last Gleam before the Storm*; the sunny pastoral, *Under the Hawthorn-Tree*; the grave and careful picture, dated as early as 1814, formerly called *The Bird-catcher*, and now *Bayswater in* 1814. The subject landscapes, *St. John the Baptist Preaching*, *The Flight into Egypt*, and *The Disobedient Prophet*, have been chosen to exemplify the more ambitious compositions which arrested popular attention as to an unfamiliar revival in subjects for landscape treatment. Two versions of the *Storm in Autumn*, dated 1856-66 and 1873, indicate how little the painter's mind changed towards a pictorial theme when once conceived. A few pictures, such as *Ulysses at Ithaca*, might have been with advantage left out, as exhibiting an artificial sentiment and strained, melodramatic colouring which were out of harmony with John Linnell's general attitude towards Nature. The picture, *Crossing the Bridge*, dated 1877, shows extraordinary vigour and precision as the work of an artist at the advanced age of eighty-two years. Such a feat reminds one of the unwearied vitality of the aged Titian.

The pictures and drawings by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, shown at Burlington House, give a *resumé* of the painter's work which has been amplified by an exhibition organized for the benefit of members and their friends by the Burlington Fine Art Club. The interest and importance of the collection in either case is of a complex nature that may be said to remove the subject somewhat from the ordinary lines of art-criticism. The mental idiosyncrasies and the poetical and mystic imagination of Mr. Rossetti affected his work in a degree unusual and peculiar, and brought his practice as a painter into subjection to aims that were not wholly those of the painter's art. Thus, in some pictures, the conception and the fancy of the poet appear to demand a treatment which the purely artistic conscience might reject, while in others the painter's delight in the portrayal of the sensuously beautiful has overlaid and hidden the thought. There is so much subject-matter in Rossetti's pictures that within the necessary limits of these columns it is impossible to do more than indicate the character of contents in the two collections, that at the Royal Academy and that at the Burlington Fine Art Club.

The Academy has secured a number of the early water-colour designs of Rossetti's pre-Raphaelite period, in which a certain childish candour of narrative style is united to an imitation of mediaeval mannerism in drawing and a splendid system of decorative colour, resembling most nearly that of jewel-glass painting or of missal-painting. Within this range of pictures great intensity of expression and earnestness of poetic conception are found. A far larger and more interesting sequence, however, in this division of the painter's work is shown at the Club, where the strange practice of the artist in the use of pigments can be followed. It may be stated, in the general, that he seems to have used, under what must be called water-colours as distinctive from oils, anything that suited his purpose for obtaining his opaque but gorgeous colouring. Examples in the Academy:—*Wedding of St. George* (1857); *First Madness of Ophelia* (1864); *Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death* (1853); *Christmas Carol* (1857-58); *Bethlehem*

*Gate* (1862); and others. At the B.F.A. Club:—*St. Catharine; Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Purgatory* (1852); *Leah and Rachel* (1861); study for *The Dream of Dante* (1852); *My Lady Greensleeves* (1857); *Golden Water* (1858); studies for *Paolo and Francesca, St. George and the Princess Sabra, Hesterna Rosa* (1865). Some oil pictures of the same period are in the Academy: *Salutatio Beatricis, Paolo and Francesca*, both lent by Mr. Leathart, dates 1859 and 1862. The change which came after this period upon the character of Rossetti's art is thus described by Mr. Virtue Tebbs in the introductory notice to the B. F. A. Club Catalogue:—'The early asceticism and the later efforts to represent violent action and emotion had gone by, and in their place the pomp of life and a large and luxurious type of female beauty were rendered again and again. The mystic and spiritual elements are, however, never lacking.' The mystic and spiritual elements are supreme in the beautiful picture, *Beata Beatrix*, in the Academy, where Beatrice is represented as dying in a trance or vision of heaven. Several studies for this in crayon are to be found at both exhibitions. The date of the picture is still comparatively early—1863. The important altar triptych for Llandaff Cathedral, *The Adoration of the Magi*—David as Shepherd and King on either wing—the commission for which was obtained for the artist by the architect of the restoration, his friend, Mr. John Seddon, was also an early work (1861–62), and is more remarkable for noble colour than for well-understood or dignified design. The famous *Dante's Dream*, now the property of the Corporation of Liverpool, in their Art Gallery, was also an early composition, but it was afterwards amplified and enriched; the greater dignity of style and advanced execution of the painter's mature years gave completer expression to the poetic and emotional thought of his youth. In the poppy-strewn chamber of dreams Beatrice sinks dead upon her couch; two ladies pause, ere laying over her the pall full of May blossoms. Love, leading Dante by the hand, stoops to give Beatrice the kiss her lover never gave; angels float upward above the couch; the scarlet birds of love fly through the chamber; on either hand an open staircase shows the mourning city of Florence, where bells toll for the departed. The picture abounds in imagery, and it may be admitted that, despite the moving beauty and power of the design, it has lost in concentration by the effort to introduce too much symbolic matter.

The most remarkable pictures for daring colour, sumptuous detail, and ordered composition, are of the kind indicated by Mr. Tebbs as illustrating the 'pomp of life' and 'luxurious female beauty.' Of these the Academy shows *Monna Vanna, The Blue Bower, Venus Verticordia* (a finished study is at the Club), *The Beloved* or *The Bride*, from the Song of Solomon, and one or two smaller pictures,—*Monna Pomona, Bocca Baciata, Il Ramoscello*. The Fine Art Club has *The Sea-spell, Lady Lilith*, and, on a smaller scale, *Loving-cup* and *Christmas Carol*. Belonging to the same series by reason that the aim of the picture consists chiefly in a carefully wrought scheme of splendid colour, but standing apart for its greater breadth of treatment, less redundant ornament, and more gracious simplicity of female beauty, is *Fleurs de Marie*, sometimes called *The Gardener's Daughter*—a girl raising her arms to place a blue vase full of marsh marigolds on a mantel-shelf—date 1874. This is also at the Burlington Club. There are certain graver studies of a noble but peculiar and melancholic female type, to which the painter gave mystic attributes and treated with full-toned draperies. We may cite as examples many versions of a figure of *Proserpine*, one of which is at the Academy; *Vision of Fiammetta*, in red drapery, standing amid branches of blossoming apple; *Astarte Syriaca;* a large portrait-study of a lady sitting in a sycamore-tree, called *Day-dreams:* all at the Academy, and studies for the same at the Club. At the gallery of the last-named is a noble portrait of *Mrs. William Morris*, wife of the poet, sitting at a table, robed in a dark blue dress, in which the original of the type that has haunted the painter in the foregoing and other pictures may be seen. An abundance of beautiful studies in chalk, red or black or both mixed—a material in the use of which Mr. Rossetti was supremely and sensitively successful—are at both the exhibitions under notice; and at the Club a number of pencil and pen-and-ink drawings have been collected. The Academy exhibits a portrait of the artist by Mr. Watts, R.A., and certain black-and-white sketches of the painter's head at various periods are at the Club.

We have indicated the difficulty of applying to the work of this remarkable painter the rules of ordinary criticism. To the last his practice was open to censure on all technical matters when judged by high standards. His drawing of form was singularly uncertain, and affected by a strange predilection for peculiarities that in excess were abnormal and monstrous, such as a long and inflated throat, in which the circling creases are exaggerated; again, hands angular and too drawn out; a mouth, in which the upper lip has an unnatural and feverish thickness and depth.

Again, the artist's flesh-painting never was assured; his draperies were sometimes ill understood. Against these remarks we have to set the fact that occasionally the drawing of hands would be especially lovely and well studied; that occasionally, if rarely, the flesh-painting would have great purity and brilliance; that in drawing of beautiful objects, flowers, curious ornaments, patterned stuffs, jewels, metal-work, things which fascinated his liking, Mr. Rossetti showed an extraordinary artistic skill. His colour, as we have seen, was both audacious and splendid, only to be rivalled by stuffs and ceramics of Venice and the East.

The completest art is not to be found in the painter's most ambitious pictures and most poetic or sumptuous designs; but in such quieter studies as the portraits called *Il Ramoscello, Bocca Baciata*, and the large picture *Fleurs de Marie*. But the enjoyment of Mr. Rossetti's work is really aesthetic, and of full satisfaction only to those who follow therein the expression of the poet's mind even more than of the painter's art.

THE long-expected picture by Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., *Cleopatra*, rowed in her barge across the harbour at Alexandria to encounter Anthony, was at last set within the empty frame at the Grosvenor Gallery the second week in January. It proves to be in no way different in style to its predecessors, but also a highly successful example of the painter's work. Cleopatra reclines in a languid posture upon a sort of throne under an awning of cloth of gold wreathed with pink roses. Semi-transparent white silk drapery half reveals a form which cannot be called alluring, but seems rather in angular line out of keeping with the luscious curves of the profile and the sidelong serpent glance. The head is the same as the large study shown at an Academy Exhibition and now in the Grosvenor, a type which seems a cross of Egyptian and Greek, sensuous, but powerful. On either side of the queen a female slave crouches; before her, on a lower stage, priests of Isis burn incense. Without the shadowed barge the green waters of the harbour flash in the sunlight, and the great Roman triremes ride at anchor. Just alongside the pavilion of Cleopatra swings the barge of Marc Anthony, who rises from the side of his mailed companion in eagerness to catch sight of the enchantress, and his white robes hold the light as the line of rowers raise their oars upright in the air to steady the boat. The dramatic intent of the picture is considerably marred by the fact that Anthony is certainly not looking at Cleopatra, while she is glancing out of the picture exactly away from him.

For the rest, the scene is set forth with extraordinary vividness, much skilful and curious realistic detail, and an illusive effect of sunlight and shadow.

THE Honorary Membership of the Royal Academy, left vacant by the death of M. Viollet le Duc, has been conferred on Herr Ludwig Knaus, the celebrated Prussian figure-painter.

THE competition and awards among Royal Academy students of the past year offer one or two points for notice. The prize (40) for a *Design for the Decoration of a Portion of a Public Building* was gained by a lady, Mary Drew, with an allegorical illustration of 'Music.' In regard to this award the

President observed :—'A prize has been given in the class of design for a fresco for the decoration of a public building ; but I regret to say that I have not yet the much-desired satisfaction of seeing one which would justify the higher honour of execution under the auspices of the Royal Academy.' The Armitage prize and medals for a *Design in monochrome for a figure picture*—subject, Young Men of Benjamin seizing their Brides in the Vineyards—were won by Horace B. Fisher and Sidney Paget ; but the drawings sent in for this competition were considered to 'fall below the standard expected' of the students. For three of the awards there was no competition, namely, 1st, *Perspective Drawing in Outline* (open only to painters and sculptors), subject, The Staircase leading from the Entrance Hall of the Academy to the Galleries ; 2nd, *Restoration of a mutilated antique Statue*, subject, The Torso in the Academy ; 3rd, *Perspective Drawing in Outline* (open only to architects), subject, Inner Gateway of Hampton Court. The competitions most fully and most satisfactorily contested were, the Creswick Prize for Landscape Painting, won by R. O. Rickatson—Herbert Lyndon *proximo accessit ;* Cartoon of Figures from the Life, winners, Wm. Carter and J. E. Breun ; Six Drawings of Figure from the Life, four prizes awarded, Wm. Carter, H. B. Fisher, E. E. Taylor, J. E. Eccles. The competition in sculpture was considered to show marked improvement. The winner of the second prize for three models from the life, David Wade, died before the distribution day. The first prize in this class was won by R. Tucker Fallon. The travelling studentship in architecture was gained by W. G. Blackmore Lewis. The comments of the President on the work sent in indicate that the shortcomings of our students lie still in the old direction—a want of style and dignity in form and composition, of largeness in design. But we believe we are correct in saying that all the competition drawings pass through a first selection by an officer of the Academy, whose predilections are known to lie in the traditions of elaborate finish of execution rather than the important qualities indicated above.

THE professional members on the Committee of the Dudley Gallery during the old management, who were in favour of fusion with the Water-colour Institute under its new rule of open exhibitions, have all been elected into that Society. The Institute gains thereby considerable strength, the names including Walter Crane, Hamilton Macallum, J. W. Waterhouse, Frank Dillon, Alfred Parsons, and Frank Walton. The new programme of the Institute sets forth a plan of free classes for students in water-colour painting, formed on the lines of the Royal Academy system. The members of the Institute will superintend the studies, and students will be admitted by the judgment of a council on their competition drawings.

THE programme of the International Art Exhibition at Munich, to be held this year in the months of June, July, August, September, and October, sets forth the various features of this undertaking. Independent collective exhibitions may be formed by every state or group of states under certain rules, as at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. All works of art, of all countries, in painting, sculpture, architecture, drawings, or reproductive arts, are admissible. Copies, photographs, or works produced by mechanical processes, and works of art which have been already exhibited at Munich, are excepted from admission. Works in art industry, entitled by artistic invention and execution to rank as real works of art, will be admitted after personal invitation from the German Central Committee or Commissioner of the collective exhibitions. The Hon. President of the Central Committee is the historical painter Herr Carl von Piloty, Director of the Munich Academy. The Secretaries of the Central Committee are Herrn Hermann Arnold and Eduard Heinel.

THE exhibition of the Society of Painter Etchers is to open on March 1, and works must be sent in by February 21. All forms of engraving on metal, whether by the burin, the etching needle, by mezzotint or aquatint, or by whatever other process the artist may choose as a means of original expression, are understood to be included in the term 'Painter Etching,' and, subject to the approval of the Council, are eligible for exhibition ; whether the artist sending them be a Fellow of the Society or not.

MR. RUSKIN has again accepted the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford.

AT the last Election of Associates of the Royal Academy in January, the following artists received the suffrages of the majority : Mr. B. W. Leader, landscape-painter ; Mr. Thos. Brock, sculptor ; and Mr. Francis Holl, engraver. Mr. Brock, who was a pupil of Foley, has exhibited several large equestrian groups. In 1881 the Council of the Royal Academy purchased under the Chantrey Bequest the bronze, *A Moment of Peril*, which represented a serpent rising in the path of a mounted Indian. Mr. Leader's picture in last Academy Exhibition, *In the Evening there shall be Light*, an old village church standing in the midst of a level landscape flooded by water and lit up by golden sunset, attracted much atttention. This artist has gained a place on the line for many years. He is a native of Worcestershire, and at the Loan Exhibition held this summer in the town of Worcester, there was an extensive display of his pictures, which showed greater range of subject than might be inferred from his work at the Academy only. Mr. Holl is the father of the young Associate portrait and subject-painter ; one of his last plates is the engraving after his son's picture of *Signor Piatti*, exhibited in 1879. His engraving of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, from a picture by the late P. F. Poole, R.A., appeared in the PORTFOLIO for October last.

PROFESSOR C. T. NEWTON is delivering an important course of lectures at University College on 'Greek Myths, as illustrated by Ancient Paintings and other Monuments.' A following series will be given on the 'Useful and Decorative Arts of the Greeks and Romans.' The subjects falling into the current month are : Feb. 2, 'Myths connected with the Trojan War, as illustrated by Vase Pictures and other Monuments ;' Feb. 16, the same ; March 2, 'Various Myths, as illustrated by Vase Pictures.' The time is 4 p.m.

AN etching of the old 'White Hart Inn,' in Southwark, by Mr. Percy Thomas, has been published by Messrs. Nichols & Co. The plate is not very striking at first sight, but there is some good work in it. The figures are well sketched, and the peep through the gateway is very cleverly touched in.

FROM the Fine Art Society we have received a mezzotint engraving by Mr. R. Josey, from a picture by Mrs. Koberwein Terrell, called *A Long Time Ago*. It is simply a study of a lady, in a picturesque costume, with a well-modelled and expressive face. The engraving, if without any great richness or subtlety, is careful and sound.

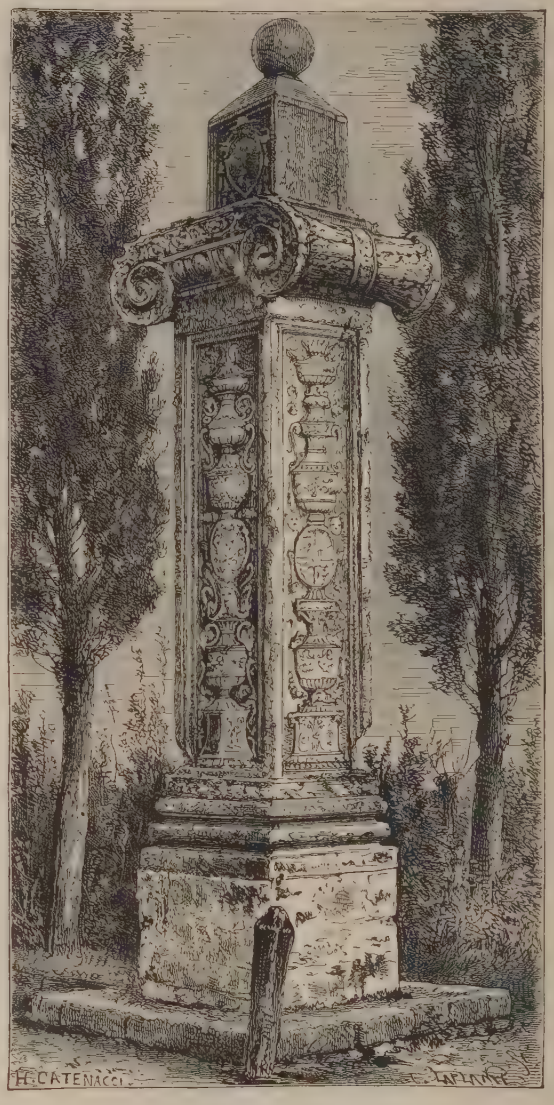
MR. HADEN'S lectures on etching and engraving, delivered in the United States, have excited considerable interest and given rise to some controversy, especially with regard to what he has said in depreciation of the work of the burin. Mr. Arlo Bates has published a pamphlet of twenty pages at Boston, in which he opposes Mr. Haden on this ground, maintaining the artistic value and real originality of good burin-work, and asserting that the tool is not incompetent to convey artistic feeling. Mr. Bates is not hostile either to etching or to Mr. Haden himself, but expresses the most cordial admiration both for the art and for what Mr. Haden has done in it ; his objection is to Mr. Haden's 'unfairness' in denying to the work of the burin-engravers the kind of artistic originality which it possesses. It is exceedingly difficult for any one who has the artistic temperament so decidedly as Mr. Haden to be quite just towards an art which is exactly the opposite of his own. If what Mr. Ruskin has said about etching were true, and if what Mr. Haden has said about burin-engraving were also quite accurate, both arts ought to be simply abolished. Happily there is room for very different kinds of manual work in the fine arts, and even the authorities just named are not quite so

inimical to the processes they dislike as might at first sight appear, for Mr. Ruskin has sometimes so far forgotten his disapproval of etching as to praise certain works in that art, whilst Mr. Haden included in his book 'About Etching' several fine plates executed with the burin. One or two points in Mr. Bates's pamphlet may receive a little elucidation from us. Mr. Haden's plate in the third edition of 'Etching and Etchers' was printed under his own superintendence, and is an example of what is called artificial printing. With regard to the positive process in etching, of which (according to Mr. Bates) Mr. Haden claims the invention, the history of it is briefly this: Mr. Haden first gave Mr. Hamerton the idea of etching in the bath, but in the negative process—that is to say, with a black ground. Mr. Hamerton thought that a positive process might be founded upon this and silvered the copper-plate, covering the silver with a solution of white wax in ether, and so obtaining a white ground in which the lines showed black by contrast. The novelty was in the dark line on the silvered and waxed plate. The process is technically quite perfect, as the lines are all clearly bitten and the covered spaces perfectly protected. But, notwithstanding its advantages, the positive process has been but little used, because it allows neither time for deliberation nor opportunity for alteration; besides which, the lines have all to be drawn in strict order from the darkest to the palest. Besides what Mr. Bates has written, the American newspapers have taken up the question. We believe that the controversy may be very easily settled. Like most men of genius, Mr. Haden sees the art that he himself practises with strong partiality. We should now like to hear what a burin-engraver of equal ability would say in favour of the burin.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have brought out in English the 'History of Bayard,' by the 'Loyal Serviteur,' with the

ARMS OF CARDINAL D'AMBOISE.

Introduction and Notes prepared by M. Lorédan Larchey for Messrs. Hachette's edition. The volume contains also most of the illustrations, the portrait and the eight plates being omitted. The work is thus issued in a not too expensive form. The engravings are of two kinds, those which really illustrate the text, and those which are only intended to embellish the volume and add to its attractiveness. Of the former class are the very numerous facsimiles of old engravings, representing costume, arms and armour, combats, sieges, old views of places, tournaments, and ceremonies. These are profusely scattered through




COLUMN OF THE FRENCH AT RAVENNA.

the book, and many of them are very curious and very interesting, as enabling us to realise the outward aspect of things in the France of Louis XII. and Francis I. There are also a good many woodcuts of coins and seals, portraits and views. The other illustrations are small headpieces, figure-subjects, drawn with some spirit in pen and ink, and apparently reproduced by a photographic process. Other incidents in the narrative are represented in full-page woodcuts. In these the artist, aiming at vivacity, has occasionally approached the borders of caricature. The facsimiles are certainly the most valuable of the illustrations.

MACE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

ETCHED BY W. STRANG.

THIS plate, by the quiet gravity of its manner and the simplicity of its execution, reminds us of the work of the early engravers. A simple and direct method is so much the aim of Mr. Strang that he dislikes all retouching and alteration, as tending to spoil the freshness of his work. His sympathies are thus with those who practise etching as a rapid means of artistic expression, rather than with those who use all the resources of the art in the rendering of texture and of delicate gradations of light and shade.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF CAIRO.

AS lovers of beautiful architecture and interesting antiquities care for the preservation of beautiful old things all the world over almost as much as for the beautiful old things in their native land, I count upon the indulgence of all who share my own tastes and feelings concerning these matters if I venture to speak of a city that I have never visited, but which has been dear to me in a certain romantic and poetical way since childhood, as it has been to thousands of others who have never beheld it with their mortal eyes. I remember the almost boundless enthusiasm with which a distinguished artist who loved the East, and knew it most intimately, spoke to me of Cairo about thirty years ago, and how eagerly I looked forward to a sojourn in that city of Eastern enchantments, which unfortunately never passed beyond the stage of projects and intentions. Alas for the opportunities that are lost for ever! Had I gone then, when Cairo was still in her perfect beauty, still unmutilated by cruel hands, my memory would have been enriched to my latest day with a thousand images of the most delicate Arab art that all the opulent Orient had to show; whereas if I went now it would be to suffer the pain of helpless, unavailing regret. There is hardly any mental suffering more exquisite in its nature than that of a man who has some appreciation of what is beautiful, some interest in what is old, and who is condemned to watch, in helpless impotence to save, the senseless destruction of works on which the artistic ages had lavished their most patient thought, their most delicate manual toil. Nor is the loss in such cases limited to the material things destroyed, though these can never be replaced: there is a further loss, more difficult to describe, and so subtle in its nature that it can never be adequately estimated—the loss of the effect of time. A beautiful new building is a precious thing in a city, like a precious cabinet in a house, but when the suns of centuries and the soft workings of the air have been at work upon it a new beauty is added, appealing both to the eye and to the mind—a mellowness, a mystery, a charm of subdued and intricate colour, which are the delight of painter

MOSQUE OF KAGHBAY IN THE STREET OF ET-TABBANÈH AS IT WAS IN 1865.
DRAWN BY C. MAUSS.

done so much to ruin the fairest city of the East? If our publicity can be of any service in so good a cause, we shall be glad to return to the subject; and if any reader of these pages has a practical suggestion to offer as to the best means of exercising a gentle pressure on the Egyptian authorities, without awakening their opposition, we shall be happy to hear from him.

EDITOR.

TOMB OF THE SULTAN EL-GHOURI (1503). DRAWN BY PAUL CHARDIN.

## A LOWLAND BROOK.

### CHARCOAL DRAWING BY ALLONGÉ.

THIS drawing has been reproduced by Messrs. Goupil's wonderful process, which renders with equal truth the crumbling quality of charcoal and the clear, sharp lines of an engraving with the burin. It is so faithful in the imitation of texture that drawings reproduced by its means are, for educational purposes, practically equivalent to the originals.

The subject of this one is extremely simple. A few large masses of foliage, light and dark, two principal spaces of water, and a delicate sky, constitute almost the whole picture. This simplicity of subject is common to many of M. Allongé's works. He enjoys the reputation of being one of the three or four leading landscape *fusinistes* in France, standing in the same rank as Lalanne. The modern processes of reproduction have made charcoal drawings so widely known, when they are of first-rate quality, that a painter who practises charcoal much runs the risk

of being generally spoken of as a *fusiniste*, however regularly he may work with his brush. This has happened to M. Allongé. His work in the more widely disseminated art is more generally associated with his name than his work as a painter, though the latter has been equally studious and persistent.

Auguste Allongé was born in Paris in 1833. He began to study art in 1850, after having received a general education. He was a pupil of Cogniet, but studied also at the École des Beaux Arts, which he entered in 1852, winning a medal there in the year following. Having contended for the *Prix de Rome* in 1855, in historic landscape, he came second, and the same year he exhibited at the Universal Exhibition. Since that year he has never missed a single *salon* in Paris, having always regularly exhibited both pictures and drawings. Allongé's pictures have been three times purchased by the State, and are now in the museums of Havre, St. Quentin, and Puy-en-Velay. He received a first-class medal in 1866 at the exhibition of fine arts applied to industry, and eighteen medals (gold, silver, and bronze) at different exhibitions in France and other countries. In 1880 M. Allongé received the University decoration of an *Officier d'Académie.*

Many of this artist's pictures and drawings are taken from the interesting and picturesque region about Avallon, in the Morvan, where he lived for some time. Few landscape-painters have had a more single-minded love for nature. As to the quality of his work, French critics sometimes accuse it of being too obviously skilful, a fault which many less able artists would be happy to see laid to their charge.

## BENOZZO GOZZOLI.

IN the study of a great period like the Renaissance, it is always interesting to consider the separate work of individual artists and discover the share which each one had in its gradual development. This is especially true of the fifteenth century, which was essentially an age of growth and preparation. Art had outgrown its infancy and was struggling forward into active life. On every side there was fresh ground to be broken up, new ventures to be made. The forces, which had at one moment seemed to be concentrated in Giotto, were now divided, and different men applied themselves to solve different problems. One artist devoted his life to mastering the laws of perspective, another to the discovery of new vehicles and methods of colouring. This man was attracted by the remains of classical architecture and statuary, which the revived love for antiquity brought daily to light; that one lost his heart to the strange Greek myths which the new culture had unfolded, and sought to express them after his own fancy. The long-neglected study of the human body absorbed the faculties of some. The beauty of the natural world—which had for centuries been as much a sealed book to man as the forgotten learning of classical ages—broke upon others with irresistible fascination.

It is to the last-named class of painters that Benozzo, surnamed Gozzoli—*thick-throated*—belongs. The aspect of the Renaissance which appealed to his imagination more powerfully than any other was the joy and glory of the external creation with all its countless forms of animal and vegetable life. The rich variety of landscape scenery in those Tuscan Apennines, gently swelling hills and opening valleys, pleasant forest glades and winding streams, the gay hues of birds and flowers, the decorative splendour of noble architecture and of mediaeval costume, filled his thoughts with fair images and bright pictures. All the lovely sights of earth were precious to him; all living creatures found a kindly welcome at his hands. Problems of draughtmanship and anatomy, classical studies and antiquarian researches alike, he was well content to leave to others, although quick to benefit by their experience where he found it needful. Greek and Roman fables, pagan mythologies and Platonic philosophy, were little to him when the Florentine world immediately before his eyes was so full of picturesque form and glowing colour; when, go where he would, a hundred happy groups and joyous faces met him at every turn; when at every street corner children were at play, and in the fields youths and maids made merry over their labour, or danced, hand in hand, on holidays through the long evenings of Tuscan summer. These were the subjects which inspired his brain,—these the themes on which he loves to dwell, and which he narrates with childlike delight and gaiety of heart, whether he paints the kingly procession winding round the walls of Cosimo's court-chapel, or adorns the cloisters of Pisa with stories from the world's golden age.

Thus, among the harbingers of the Renaissance, Benozzo holds a place of his own, and becomes the representative of that awakened sense of natural beauty which was one marked feature of the Florentine revival. It is a curious fact, as art-historians have often observed, that the first of all the Florentines to show this keen appreciation of the beauties of nature should have been a scholar of Fra Angelico, whose whole heart was too much set on the heavenly visions of another world to have eyes for the fair sights and faces of this one.

But the saintly Dominican was not the only master to whom Benozzo owed his early training.

His father, a *farsettajo*—doublet-maker, Lese di Sandro by name, intending the boy for a goldsmith, first apprenticed him to Lorenzo Ghiberti, who was then at work on the baptistery gates. As we look at those famous doors where bronze receives pictorial treatment, we see at a glance how largely Ghiberti's influence affected Benozzo's future career. Sir Joshua Reynolds' severe remark, when he said that Ghiberti's landscape and buildings occupied so large a portion of his subjects that the figures became but secondary objects, might in certain instances be applied to Benozzo's work. From Ghiberti's example he learnt how to look at nature, and after three years in his shop, passed into a very different atmosphere as the pupil of Angelico in the cloisters of St. Mark.

The industry with which the young man devoted himself to painting to the exclusion of all other pursuits, as well as his gentle and virtuous character, endeared him to Fra Angelico, who imparted a considerable share of his own mystic feeling to his favourite scholar. To the end of his life Benozzo remained a religious painter, entirely unaffected by the growth of Hellenic ideas which influenced so many of his contemporaries, although secular motives frequently prevail over the religious element in his conceptions, and his Christianity is distinctly that of the world and not of the cloister.

It is as Fra Angelico's assistant at Orvieto that Benozzo first comes before the world. In the contract by which the painter agrees to decorate the roof of the Chapel of St. Brizio in the Duomo, he expressly stipulates that his *consocius*, as he terms Benozzo, shall receive bread and wine, and a salary of seven ducats a month. This was in the month of June, 1447, when on the death of Pope Eugenius IV. Angelico left Rome, and during the few summer months of his residence at Orvieto, adorned two compartments of the vaulted roof with angels and prophets. Benozzo was then twenty-seven years of age—recent research having fixed 1420 as the date of his birth—and had already accompanied his master to Rome where he had assisted him in his works at the Vatican. At Orvieto his hand is clearly visible in the pyramidal group of prophets which fill one compartment, and whose deep, calm blessedness becomes the more felt from the nearness of Signorelli's strangely different creations. More than one of the faces in this group, especially the central and more youthful figures, bear a close resemblance to some of the angels in the Medici Chapel, and are quite unlike the elder painter's usual type.

In September of the same year, the new pope, Nicholas V., summoned Angelico to Rome to paint his newly-erected chapel in the palace of the Vatican, and thither the Dominican master returned, taking Benozzo with him again. This time the subject assigned to Angelico was the history of the early Christian martyrs, St. Stephen and St. Lawrence; and scenes from their lives cover the walls of the gem-like chapel which to this day we still turn aside to visit from the glories of Raphael's *Stanze*. Here several features seem to indicate that Benozzo worked, for a time at least, as his master's associate in his task. The restless child, whom the young mother, in her eagerness to hear St. Stephen's sermon, vainly endeavours to quiet, is just one of those touches of reality which Benozzo loves to give, while the porticoes and statuary of another fresco bear a strong likeness to the architectural backgrounds which he so constantly introduces in his independent work. And it is, to say the least, more conceivable that the young artist should have availed himself of the occasion to show his skill in the newly learned science of perspective, than that Angelico at his advanced age should have made these recent discoveries his own.

The frescoes of the Cesarini Chapel, which Benozzo is said to have painted in the Church of Ara Cœli, have almost entirely perished; and the one picture in Rome which is certainly by his hand, the *Madonna della Cintola*, in the Lateran, belonged originally to a church at Montefalco. But the second period of his residence in the Eternal City was short, and his time was probably spent in assisting his master.

In 1449 he offered, on Angelico's recommendation, to complete the unfinished Chapel of the Duomo of Orvieto. Unfortunately the specimens of his powers which the directors of the Cathedral works required do not appear to have satisfied these personages, who, in their anxiety to secure an artist of greater renown, allowed the Chapel to remain unfinished for half a century.

Benozzo soon found employment in another quarter, and in the following year we find him painting for the monks of Montefalco, a little Umbrian city perched like an eyrie on the rocky heights which look down on the rich valley of Clitumnus. In this mountain town, still known in the country round as the *ringhiera*, or rostra, of Umbria, Benozzo spent several years decorating its churches with frescoes which reveal the germs of his future greatness, and were to have an important influence on the art of this secluded region. A Virgin and Saints above the portal, and another Madonna adoring the Child, with an angel sounding a timbrel at her side, are almost the only fragments that remain in St. Fortunato without the walls, the first church where he worked; but the altar-piece of the Madonna with singing angels, originally in St. Fortunato and now removed to the Lateran, is a good example of Benozzo's early style. We see how closely he follows his master. There is the same light tone of colour, the same gentle, religious feeling in the heads, often the self-same attitudes, that we find in the frescoes of St. Mark. These

features meet us again in the more important series which he painted, together with other subjects, in 1452, for the Franciscans.

Here, then, in twelve scenes from the life of St. Francis, which adorn the choir of the Convent Church, we have the first of those four cycles of frescoes which to this day bear witness to Benozzo's untiring energy of hand and brain.

Memories of Angelico are still the prevailing influence in this rendering of the often-told story, how Francis quarrelled with his father and was protected by the Bishop of Assisi, how he preached to the swallows and the Soldan by turns and worked miracles both in his life and death. But we are conscious of another and a stronger element, a greater reality and more vivid dramatic character than that which belonged to the beatific painter. Benozzo had no doubt visited and seen Giotto's frescoes at Assisi, some few miles distant, and with the assimilative faculty which marked his genius, he blends Giottesque motives with the traditions of his master's school. At the same time we trace a new and original vein in the frequent introduction of contemporary costumes and portraits, which was soon to develop into a leading feature of our painter's style. Separate groups already attract attention by their grace and natural action,—such as the woman busily engaged in nursing the new-born child, and the more agitated gestures and faces of the monks gathered round the saint's death-bed. The funereal rites of this last scene afforded Benozzo an opportunity for introducing those rich accessories with which he delights to surround his figures. It is on the whole the best-composed of the series ; but, like all the others in St. Francesco, has been sadly repainted and spoilt since the days when these frescoes first excited Rumohr's admiration.

Among the medallions of Franciscan saints which fill up the spaces between the subjects, it is interesting to find under the windows of the choir three portraits of distinguished Florentines, Dante, Giotto, and Petrarch. Each bears a suitable inscription. Dante is 'the theologian ignorant of no doctrine;' Petrarch, 'the laureate, monarch of all virtues;' Giotto, whom Benozzo we know had learnt to reverence, is called 'the foundation-stone and light of painters.' These reminiscences of his Florentine home which Benozzo left in this remote mountain-town, were some of the last works which he painted in Montefalco. His thoughts were beginning to turn towards Florence, and he may have been already on his way home when, in 1456, he painted for a church in Perugia the *Madonna and Saints*, now in the gallery of that town.

This picture and the Montefalco frescoes, inferior as they are to Benozzo's later works at Florence, San Gimignano, and Pisa, acquire importance from the great influence which they exercised on the painters of the Umbrian school. At first sight it appears singular that the works of a secondary master should have produced more effect on the artistic development of a race than the presence of masterpieces such as those of Giotto in their midst. But the true cause is to be found in the affinity that exists between Benozzo and the Umbrians. Fra Angelico's mystic dreams, brought down from their celestial heights to a commoner level, and animated with a new vitality as they appeared to this generation through the human form of Benozzo's art, were far more congenial to the Umbrian mind than Giotto's grander and simpler conceptions. The last of the Gubbio painters, Gentile da Fabriano, had shown that the tender devotion peculiar to Umbrian natures could go hand in hand with a certain poetic naturalism and love of ornament. And now Benozzo's style, which had a good deal in common with that of Gentile, met with a quick response in these Umbrian valleys.

A native of Foligno, Pier Antonio by name, worked as Benozzo's assistant at Montefalco and afterwards reproduced many of his paintings at Assisi. Through him Florentine influences passed to Niccolo Alunno, to Matteo da Gualdo and Boccati da Camerino (whose charming angels often remind us of Benozzo), Buonfigli and Fiorenzo, the teachers of Perugino and founders of the Umbrian school.

While results so important were springing up from the seed which Benozzo had sown in these regions, he had returned to Florence after his long absence to find himself at the head of his profession. There was at this moment a singular dearth of painters of any note to satisfy the demands of the Medici, always eager to find men to adorn their houses and churches.

The generation of artists who had worked for Cosimo de Medici had for the most part passed away, Masaccio had died before his time ; Fra Angelico had breathed his last in Rome, in 1455 ; and Andrea del Castagno and Pesellino were also lately dead. On the other hand, the men who were to make Lorenzo's age still more famous, Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Filippino, and others even greater than these, were either children or as yet unborn. Fra Lippo, Cosimo's favourite painter, had gone to Prato to paint his famous frescoes in the Duomo. The palace of the Via Larga, erected from Michelozzo's designs for the Medici, had just been finished, and the task of decorating its chapel walls was at once entrusted to Benozzo. As the pupil of Fra Angelico he was no doubt known to the Medici, and his work at Montefalco had abundantly qualified him for this honourable employment.

This time, instead of taking separate scenes from the history of saint or martyr, he conceived the fortunate idea of representing the journey of the Magi to Bethlehem in one great fresco which should cover three walls of the Chapel. The subject was admirably adapted to Benozzo's genius. Thirty

years before this, Gentile da Fabriano had thrown a glamour of fairy romance over the *Adoration of the Three Kings* by the skilful way in which he had surrounded his ideal forms with all the pomp of pageantry. What the Umbrian had done in one panel, Benozzo, with greater powers and wider knowledge, now repeated on a larger scale. Never before or since has this favourite subject been painted with greater richness of poetic conception. Every element of worldly pomp and pride is brought together to swell the triumphal procession of the Eastern kings, and add to its festive splendour. They ride out, each richly attired and mounted on a splendidly caparisoned charger, attended by graceful squires, and pages, swift of foot and lithe of limb, who bear lances or hold the horse's bridle in their hands. Following in their steps come a brilliant train of knights and nobles, with horses, dogs, and leopards, some of whom are hunting game down the rocky steep or through the wooded landscape in the background. Birds of gay plumage hover in the skies, cypresses and orange-trees grow by the roadside along which the splendid cavalcade winds its way, and their dark foliage serves to throw out the gorgeous costumes of the riders and sumptuous trappings of their horses. Far behind them spreads a mountainous region as varied as the Tuscan Apennines themselves, now rising bold and precipitous above their heads, now sinking into gently sloping hills, where wayside shrines and chapels, white-walled villas and bell-towers look out of olive and cypress groves, and winding paths lead down to the fruitful valleys below.

In this courtly throng we discover portraits of many of the leading personages of Florentine society. Cosimo de Medici is there himself, surrounded with some of the chief members of his family,—Piero il Gottoso, his son, who we know took a personal interest in the work on which Benozzo was employed, and, in all probability, his brother Giovanni and his son Lorenzo. One event famous in the annals of the Medici family, the painter has specially commemorated. This is the General Council of East and West, removed from Ferrara to Florence in the year 1439, on which occasion Cosimo as Gonfaloniere had given the Emperor and bishops of the East a magnificent reception. The Council had failed sadly in its results, neither succeeding in securing the union of the churches or in saving the Empire of the East, then in the agonies of its dying struggles against the might of the infidels; but the event was too memorable a one to be forgotten in the city where the illustrious guests had sojourned. Accordingly Benozzo introduces the portraits of the aged Patriarch of Constantinople and of the Greek Emperor Palaeologus in the persons of two of the Magi on horseback. The third is evidently one of the Medici, although it is difficult to decide which one. Some modern writers think it is Giovanni, the younger son of Cosimo, on whom at that moment the chief hopes of the house were fixed, and whose early death, four years later, was the bitterest grief of his old father's life. On the other hand, a generally received tradition sees in this youthful king—who, with his bright boy-face, and curled locks, and proud bearing, seems a type of the Renaissance itself—the young Lorenzo, afterwards known as 'Il Magnifico.' At the time Benozzo executed his fresco he was about twelve years old, and was studying in Florence under the care of the great scholar, Marsilio Ficino, whose portrait appears in another group. In either case we know that Lorenzo was from his boyhood on intimate terms with Benozzo, who addresses an affectionate letter to him from San Gimignano a few years afterwards, calling him '*Charissimo mio in Cristo.*'

But Benozzo's thought did not end here. This stately procession into which the Florentine painter has worked so much of that ideal sentiment of pure-hearted chivalry which inspired the Galahads and Parsifals of Northern song, these knights and nobles who go with high hopes on their faces and grave thoughts on their hearts to seek the cradle of Bethlehem, they are only one side of the picture.

As the goal of their journey is reached, signs of the manger-throne appear on the scene. In the background the shepherds are leaving their flocks; immediately in front stand the typical ox and ass of the poor stable,—this last the famous foreshortened animal in which Benozzo's contemporaries saw so rare a triumph of skill. Over the altar of the Chapel, in Benozzo's days, hung the *Virgin and Child* which Lippi had painted for the Medici, and which formed the central group above which the guiding star stood still. On either side of this picture, on the walls of the choir to the right and left of the altar, Benozzo now painted groups of angels moving to and fro in the meadows of Paradise, singing their hymns of joy and praise in honour of the new-born King.

After the splendour of the royal procession sweeping along over hill and vale, after the sheen of pearls, and satin, and gold, we are lifted into a purer atmosphere and shown a glimpse of the unseen. The background has changed. We see no longer the rugged cliffs, the olive-clad slopes of Apennine, for we have reached a calmer region. It is the first circle of Dante's 'Paradiso,' the '*divina foresta spessa e viva*,' tempered by the soft radiance of the new day and watered by crystal streams, where blessed beings walk, singing as they pluck the flowers of strange hues which spring up in the long grass at their feet, and waves of heavenly melody rise and fall on the luminous air. White-winged birds hover among the trees in this enchanted region, stone-pines and cypresses grow tall and straight. Under their shadow roses and pomegranates hang in clusters, and

Birth of Esau and Jacob. From a Fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli.

Angels, from a Fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli.

blue-breasted peacocks trail their starry plumage along the lawns. Angelico himself could not have dreamt of a fairer paradise. But Angelico's seraphs were never so buoyant, never so full of glad rejoicing, as are these angel-bands which glide to and fro among the trees, tending the flowers of this new Eden, or come dancing forward with their hands full of roses.

Foremost among these blessed creatures are four separate groups who give their whole souls to the work of praise, and adore—half of them standing with upraised faces pouring out their hearts in paeans of rapture; the other half, nearest the throne, kneeling with bowed heads and folded hands in a silent ecstasy of worship,—

> 'As in a soft wind they
> Bend all one blessed way,—
> Each bowed in his own glory, star with star.'

The choir of standing angels with their wide-parted lips, their eager gestures, and heads flung backwards, as they break into sudden song, remind us of Luca della Robbia, or Donatello's children in their joyous innocence. Round their heads are glories inscribed with the words, '*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax*.'

HEAD FROM THE *ADORATION OF THE MAGI*, SAID TO BE A PORTRAIT OF LORENZO DI MEDICI.*

The kneeling angels belong to another order. Their hushed voices and bended heads own in a deeper language the power of a divine Presence on earth. Each face seems to grow in loveliness as it draws nearer the unseen Christ, and round their brows they bear the motto, '*Adoramus et glorificamus*.'

This, then, was the vision which came to Benozzo in those hot summer months when he toiled early

* This illustration is etched on copper by Mr. C. O. Murray, on a method proposed by Mr. W. P. Bruce, of Kinleith, N.B., in which the white lines are bitten away by the acid, the black lines being left in relief. Mr. Bruce has patented the process.

and late to finish his frescoes, while the wealthy Florentines were taking their ease in *villeggiatura*. His later works were on a grander scale and may show greater cleverness and a wider range of experience, but never in his whole career did his fancy soar higher or his hand achieve a more completely beautiful creation than this fresco of the Medici Chapel. From first to last its execution has been carefully finished, and there is no trace of the haste which too often mars Benozzo's painting.

How completely he devoted his time and thoughts to the task, how entirely his whole heart was in his work, we learn from his letters to Piero de Medici, written during the months of July and September of the year 1459.

In spite of the feeble health which prevented him from taking any active part in public life, Piero il Gottoso was as true a lover of art as the other members of his family, and showed the keenest interest in the progress of Benozzo's frescoes. Frequent letters and messages passed in the course of that summer between the Medici villa at Careggi, where Piero was spending the hot season, and the painter whom he had left at work in Florence. The illustrious patron even pretended to criticise the effect of some of the details which Benozzo had introduced during his absence. On one occasion he takes objection to certain cherubs which occupied one corner of the picture. Benozzo explains that the cherubs in question only show the tip of their wings behind a white cloud and heighten the beauty of the scene without interfering with its action; but, he adds amiably, if Piero will have it so, two more clouds shall cause the offending seraphs to disappear. He would go to Careggi himself to consult this patron were it not for the great heat which will, he fears, spoil the azure which he has begun to lay on. In the same letter he asks for the modest sum of two florins, which will amply suffice for his present needs, and ends by assuring Piero that he keeps to his work as closely as he can. 'If I fail,' he adds, 'it will be from want of knowledge, not from want of zeal. God knows I have no other thought in my heart but how best to perfect my work and render it complete in every part.'

Unfortunately Piero seems to have been more chary of his gold than of his advice, for two months later we find Benozzo applying to him again for a part of the promised payment. He explains in his letter of the 11th of September that he had not intended to ask for a florin until Piero had himself seen the work, but that his necessities compel him to make this request, and also to beg for some more azure from Venice for certain figures in his fresco.

A fortnight afterwards he writes a third letter, asking for ten more florins to pay for the azure which he has bought at the rate of three florins the ounce, and saying that he had hoped to go to Careggi himself on the previous Sunday, but that the bad weather had frightened him out of his intention. Meanwhile, he adds, that he is working with all his might to finish the fresco by the end of another week, and that it will seem to him a thousand years until Piero arrives and tells him whether he is satisfied.

The correspondence is valuable, both as an example of the intercourse held between the patrons and painters of the age, and as fixing the date of the Medici Chapel frescoes, which were in all probability completed by the end of 1459.

The fame which Benozzo acquired by the decoration of the Medici Chapel established his position as the first fresco painter of the day, and brought him commissions from all quarters. One of the easel pictures which he executed at this time was the altar-piece now in the National Gallery. This fine work —the best of the class which he ever accomplished— was painted for the Company of St. Mark, an ancient Florentine Confraternity for acts of mercy and piety, originally attached to the Church of S. Marco. When Cosimo de Medici gave the Convent of St. Mark to the Dominicans of Fiesole he helped the Company to build an oratory for their special use adjoining the church; and it was for this chapel, dedicated to the Virgin and St. Zenobius, that Benozzo's picture was destined. The members of the Confraternity were singularly minute in their instructions to the painter, not only as to the subject of the work—an enthroned Madonna surrounded by six saints with outspread wings and five angels—but also as to the robes and ornaments of each figure, the colours to be used, and even the type of countenance to be adopted. The Virgin was to resemble as nearly as possible the Madonna painted by Angelico for the high altar of the church; and Benozzo, by an express stipulation in the contract, was to employ no assistant to help him in the task, and was to pledge himself to surpass, or at least to equal, the finest work which he had hitherto produced.

We may conclude that the brothers of the Confraternity were satisfied with the result of their carefully worded agreement, as the picture remained in their chapel until they were forced to give it up to the ever-increasing Dominican community in the time of Savonarola's revival; and as late as the last century it was seen by Richa in a pilgrims' hospital which belonged to the ancient Company.

About the year 1461, when this panel was finished, Benozzo, who had then completed his fortieth year, married a Florentine girl twenty years younger than himself, named Mona Lena, who bore him seven children. By this time he had a house of his own in the Via del Cocomero, and owned a piece of ground and house property without the walls. He afterwards

sold the house in Florence when he moved to Pisa; but purchased another in the Via del Fiore, and seems to have been in prosperous circumstances during his later years—the due reward, says Vasari, of his indefatigable industry and irreproachable habits. *Visse Benozzo costumatissimamente sempre e da vero Cristiano* —the true scholar of Angelico to his life's end.

(*To be continued.*)

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

# PARIS.

## III.—*A Voyage round the Island.*

IT is wonderful how much the interest of a piece of land is augmented by the simple fact of its being surrounded with water. The reason probably is, that the isolation of the land gives it unity and limits, which are the first conditions necessary to every work in the fine arts. Our own faculties are so limited that the infinite always disconcerts them, but give us something so defined that we can see its boundaries, and we have the comfortable sensation that perhaps we may understand what lies within them. This feeling about islands is naturally in inverse ratio to their size. Australia, though strictly just as much an island as the Isle of Man, is never spoken of as an island at all, and we do not think of it as one. The two Americas are one island, or two peninsulas; but we call them a continent. Even Great Britain is too large for us to feel its insularity unless we think about it. The perfection of an island is to be just big enough for some variety of hill and dale, and yet so little that the whole circumference of it can be seen from some elevated point.

There are many such spots of earth in the world, of great natural beauty, in lakes, rivers, and seas; but if we except the half-artificial islets on which Venice is built, there is not an island anywhere to be compared for human interest to that which is crowned with the towers of Notre Dame and the spire of the Sainte Chapelle. What may have been its natural beauty in prehistoric times we can only guess. It has no hill, no rock, like that at Deeize in the Loire. Probably it was never anything better than a flat piece of land adorned with groups of trees and reflecting itself, like hundreds of other river islands, in the stream that washed and undermined its banks. Man took possession of it, and gave it an interest surpassing that of rocks and foliage. In itself it is now nothing but a flat area, defended from the destructive action of the water by well-built quays; but every inch of it has its history, and besides this the island has an architectural interest of a peculiar kind, for the work that has been done in it in past ages, and for the remarkable changes that have been made in it both in modern and in older times.

I must now ask the reader to accompany me in a boat voyage round this famous little island—a slow voyage, with many pauses, as different as possible from a trip in one of the swift little steamers that dart so frequently under the bridges. They are not for us. Neither do we require a swift and elegant rowing boat, such as they build now down at Asnières. Anything that will float and be steady is good enough for us; but we require an experienced *marinier de la Seine* (a worthy successor of the ancient *Nautae Parisiaci*) to look to our safety in the currents, for we shall be far too much occupied with other matters to concern ourselves about the details of navigation.

We will go down the broad arm of the Seine first, if you please, and then ascend the narrow one, and we will start from the *Pont Sully*, which goes from the *Quai de la Tournelle* across the eastern corner of the Island of St. Louis, straight in the direction of the Bastille, which the pedestrian soon reaches by the Boulevard Henri IV. Before leaving the *Pont Sully*, we may observe that this spot where the *Boulevard St. Germain* joins the *Quai de la Tournelle* is of considerable importance in the historical topography of Paris, because the *Porte St. Bernard* was just precisely there; and not only was that gate in the original wall of Philippe-Auguste, but it was preserved after undergoing a transformation till the comparatively recent times of Louis XVI. In the days of Louis XIV. the old Gothic gate was turned into a classical arch of triumph in honour of the great king; but a piece of the old wall and two towers were left intact on the side towards the Seine, and that which stood close to the water was the *Tournelle* itself, from which the present quay takes its name. For various reasons it is one of the most important points in Paris. In the Middle Ages this tower was connected by a chain with one that stood opposite to it on the island of St. Louis, whilst on the land side the wall which started from the Tournelle in a southerly direction, and turned westward just above where the Pantheon now stands, was the boundary of the great mediaeval university of Paris. What is now called the Island of St. Louis was in the fifteenth century two islands; the one to the east being called *l'Ile aux Vaches*, and that to the west *l'Ile Notre Dame*. Further east, and separated from the *Ile aux Vaches* by a narrow channel, and by one still narrower from the north shore of the Seine, was another island called *l'Ile des Javiaux*. This was called *l'Ile Louvier* in the eighteenth century, and was used as a storage ground for firewood, but the channel has now been

filled up and the island annexed to the mainland. The *Boulevard Henri IV.* and three smaller streets cross what was once flowing water. As to the present condition of the *Ile St. Louis* it need not detain us. The ground is covered with the usual tall, well-built, modern, Parisian houses, and connected with other parts of Paris by seven bridges, if you count the *Pont Sully* as two, which it really is. The island is said to be an agreeable place of residence for its almost Venetian quiet, and for the fine views from many of its windows. Altogether it has now a very highly civilised appearance, yet one cannot help regretting the fifteenth century, when there was only a bit of fortress wall upon it, with towers, and a few trees, and when seventeen towers could be counted along the north bank of the Seine, and turning up to the great fortress—the Bastille, whilst within the space so enclosed arose many a turret and spire whereof there are none remaining.

GARDEN EAST OF NOTRE DAME.

The isle of St. Louis—which in the middle ages had been so little dealt with by human art that the animals upon it could get to the water all round, except where the banks were undermined by the current—is now so surrounded with quays that the horses in the stables could never approach the water at all unless access were made for them artificially. This is one of those numerous cases in which civilisation first takes away a natural convenience and then restores it in its own fashion. Frenchmen are very fond of bathing their horses in the fine weather; you may see them doing it in all the rivers of France, as artists are well aware. Nothing that men and animals are ever engaged in together offers prettier and more unexpected effects of grouping and active movement, whilst the rippling of the water itself against the animals' bodies affords ample variety of reflection. Mr. Jacomb Hood has seized upon these characteristics in his etching. It has some topographical interest also with reference to the present section of our subject, as it shows the exact nature of the great river-wall round the island of St. Louis, and also the character of the present buildings on the left bank of the Seine. The exact spot where the etching was taken is at the corner of the island nearly opposite Notre Dame, and we are supposed to be looking up the river. The distant dome is that of the Pantheon.

Notwithstanding the loss of all the military mediaeval towers, such as the *Tournelle* on the left bank, the *Tour Loriaux* on the *Ile St. Louis*, and many others, we have one consolation which makes us easily forget them all. Notre Dame is still erect on the greater island, the glory of the river as you come down through the *Pont de la Tournelle*, so that you can hardly take your eye off it as the motion of your boat changes for you the intricate perspective of tower and spire and flying buttress. There is many a fine river-scene in France in which natural beauty is mingled with some remnant of noble architecture. Here the natural beauty is limited to sky and water, and to the trees in the space at the upper end of the island, now called the *Jardin de l'Archevêché*; but it is a scene which nothing spoils, and which has a wonderful charm and grandeur at certain times, especially in the splendour of sunset. Notre Dame looks imposing from every side, but there is no view of the building quite so impressive as that which includes the apse, with its long, light, flying buttresses in their varied degrees of foreshortening.

This illustration shows the cathedral as it appears from the garden itself, but, like all large edifices, it is much more imposing from some distance, and looks best in the well-known view from the left

bank of the Seine that has been so often drawn, painted, and engraved, and that was the subject of one of Méryon's most famous etchings.

The contrast between the two islands of St. Louis and *La Cité* is in nothing more remarkable than in the antiquity of the human life upon them. Here the reader must be requested to give his special attention for one moment to one of those points which are the perpetual confusion of the careless and unobservant. When the careless reader meets with the *Ile Notre Dame* in the history of Paris, he inevitably imagines that it is the island on which Notre Dame is built, whereas it was the mediaeval name for the more southerly of the two islands, now united into one under the name of St. Louis; and what is most curious and remarkable is that although the island of the city, on which Notre Dame is situated, was peopled in the time of the Romans, and covered with a most dense population in the middle ages, the island called after Notre Dame was waste land until the seventeenth century. This accounts for the strange fact that there never was a mediaeval bridge from one island to the other, though they are so near that a bridge seems inevitable. The distance is only sixty-five mètres, and it is now spanned by a single arch. In the seventeenth century there was a wooden bridge from the southern extremity of the Ile St. Louis (the present *Pont St. Louis* is higher up), and this wooden structure has a strange history connected with what was called the Cloister of Notre Dame. This was not what we are accustomed to call a cloister, but a sort of ecclesiastical village composed of thirty-seven houses, each having its own garden, and the whole being defended by a wall. The cloister was situated in the Island of the City, between Notre Dame and the channel now crossed by the *Pont St. Louis*. It appears that the clergy who lived in it enjoyed such delightful quiet amidst their gardens that they could not endure the idea of a bridge with its noisy traffic; so in order to spare the cloister the bridge was made of a very peculiar form. First it crossed the channel at such an angle as to make it much longer than necessary, and then, when it had got near what is now the *Quai Napoleon*, it ran parallel with the shore of the island for some distance before landing. This wooden bridge is known in history as the *Pont Rouge*, because it was painted with red lead.

Next we come to the *Pont d'Arcole*, which has hardly any history. It is in one arch, and a light and clever piece of modern engineering. It connects the *Rue d'Arcole*, which leads to the west front of Notre Dame, with that part of the north shore where the Hotel de Ville is situated; consequently in modern Paris there are few points of greater architectural interest. Still, so far as the variety and abundance of picturesque material is concerned, this part of Paris has suffered even more than many others by modern improvements. It was once extremely populous. In the middle ages it was a labyrinth of narrow streets, with tall gabled houses, all along the bank of the river. Even in the last century there still subsisted a number of small churches and tortuous streets, many of which bore the old names, and remnants of them may still be remembered. The improvements, begun under the reign of Napoleon III., and carried out under the Republic, have cleared away all these, and substituted for them broad streets, enormous public buildings, and an extensive open space. The result has been a simplification not unfavourable to the effect of magnificence, but very destructive of the picturesque, because the picturesque requires the variety of many unexpected details. The pyramids of Egypt are grand, but not picturesque; the streets in old Cairo were picturesque in the extreme. The new *Hôtel Dieu*, which has one front to the Seine and another on the open space in front of Notre Dame, is so vast that the site of it covers nearly three times the extent of ground occupied by the cathedral. On the site of this single building there used to be three churches and part of a fourth, and no less than eleven streets!*

Another modern taste besides that for extensive public buildings has been extremely destructive of houses. Throughout the Middle Ages, and even down to comparatively recent times, it was considered a wise economy of space to cover bridges with houses, and that to such a degree that instead of a broad road over the bridge with open views on both sides of it, the people of those days had the advantage (as it must have seemed to them) of getting across the water through a narrow street without any views at all, but with plenty of delightful little shops. The old notion of a bridge was to have it as much as possible like the present *passages* of Paris, such as the *Passage Jouffroy*, the *Passage des Panoramas*, &c. It may be supposed that our ancestors thought a bridge without houses bleak and uncomfortable, as the passengers over it would be unpleasantly exposed to the draught of wind that generally blows up or down a river. Their arrangement gave no view, but it gave a sheltered

* As some of these have a certain degree of historical interest, I give the names of them in a note. The churches were those of *St. Landry*, *St. Denis de la Chartre*, *La Madeleine*, and part of *St. Pierre aux Bœufs*. The streets were *Rue Basse des Ursins*, *Rue Haute des Ursins*, *Rue du Haut Moulin*, *Rue des Marmousets* (celebrated for the pastry-cook who in the middle ages made pies of human flesh, and etched by Lalanne before its demolition), *Rue du Chevet St. Landry*, *Rue St. Pierre aux Bœufs*, *Rue Cocatrix*, *Rue de Perpignan*, *Rue des Trois Canettes*, *Rue de la Licorne*. This list may serve to give the reader some faint idea of the enormous effacement of old Paris which has been necessary to make room for the gigantic modern public buildings, all this being sacrificed to a single hospital.

lounge, with plenty to see in the shop-windows. A curious consequence of it, which scarcely strikes us until we reflect a little, was that not only were the passages deprived of a view on the river, but even from the windows of the houses themselves very little was to be seen, as the *next* bridge always blocked the view, so that when the bridges were near together the houses on them and on the banks of the river made a sort of square with an enclosed area of water; and the river was little better than a succession of such squares. We may be severe on our own times for some errors of taste, but surely in our treatment of rivers we have reason on our side. The Middle Ages had nothing to show like the quays and bridges of modern Paris. There was not a single spot in the Paris of Philippe-Auguste from which a view could be had up and down the river like the view from the modern bridges and quays. Old Paris had a thousand picturesque bits, but it had no distances.

PONT NOTRE DAME, 18TH CENTURY.

The *Pont Notre Dame* is that which joins the present *Rue de la Cité*, which is on the island, to the *Quai de Gèvres* on the right bank of the Seine. It is one of the most interesting bridges in Paris. I have not space to give the history of the earlier bridges, and the reader might not care to follow such archaeological details; but we cannot pass in silence the wonderful catastrophe of October 25th, 1499, when the bridge fell into the Seine with all the houses upon it. The year previously some carpenters had noticed the rotten condition of the piles, and gave ample warning; but this was disregarded till at length a master carpenter went to one of the authorities, the 'lieutenant-criminal' Papillon, and told him that the catastrophe was imminent. By order of a court then sitting (at seven o'clock in the morning) Papillon went and gave notice to the inhabitants and closed the bridge to the public. The dwellers on the bridge tried to remove their goods (a great piece of labour as they were all shopkeepers), but could not effect this before the entire structure fell into the river with a fearful noise, and amidst such a cloud of dust that nothing could be seen. It is difficult to imagine anything more terrible, except an earthquake. In the midst of the confusion some lives were strangely preserved. A porter with a burden of arrows on his back was thrown into the river and simply swam to the side. A man in one of the houses seeing a fissure yawn beneath him jumped out of window and also saved himself by swimming. But the most remarkable case was that of a little child, tied up closely in its swaddling clothes and lying in its cradle. The cradle was flung into the water, where it was afterwards found floating like a boat with the child alive and well inside it: so, at least, says a contemporary chronicler.

The custom of having houses on bridges was too deeply rooted for the new one to be without them, so it was covered with tall structures, with their gable-ends to the stream, more than thirty gables, like the teeth of a saw, according to a careful old engraving. The bridge so erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century remained essentially the same till the eighteenth, except that the fronts of the houses were modernised according to the taste of the day. A curious point to be noted is that these houses were

the first in Paris to be numbered, and with odd numbers on one side and even numbers on the other. It was a place for fashionable shops, kept by jewellers, goldsmiths, picture-dealers, a sort of *Palais Royal* or *Boulevard des Italiens* of that time.

THE PUMP NEAR THE PONT NOTRE DAME, 1861.

This street on the bridge existed till towards the close of the eighteenth century, when Louis XVI. decreed the demolition of the bridge-houses throughout the capital. This innovation was very nearly contemporary with the political revolution, and was first carried into effect on the Pont Notre Dame. Wonderful to relate, in spite of so much modern improvement, the old bridge still exists; but it has been re-cased in stone and altered in some respects externally so that it has now quite a modern air.

The very last relic of old-fashioned picturesqueness about the bridges of Paris was the pump just below the *Pont Notre Dame*, built originally in 1678. I remember it well; and not only do I remember the thing itself as a material object, but also a certain feeling that it awakened—a feeling of respect for a sort of majesty that the poor old structure undoubtedly possessed, and of regret that the march of improvement would so soon remove it. Méryon made a delightful etching of it, one of the most remarkable of all his plates for clearness and elegance

THE PONT NEUF IN 1845.

of style, and he also wrote some verses in pity for its fate. His etching showed the pump in afternoon light; the accompanying woodcut shows the aspect it had on sunny mornings. The truth is that, though a poor, cheap structure, it had several fine architectural qualities. Its masses were well composed, well supported, and admirably crowned by the tower.

The short space between the *Pont Notre Dame* and the *Pont au Change* is one of the most interesting in Paris. The flower-market, as pretty a sight as the modern city could show anywhere, used to extend in an open space between the *Quai Desaix* and what was the *Rue de la Pelleterie.* It had a fine background towards the west in the buildings of the Palace of Justice, with the picturesque corner tower, and it inspired artists with the desire to make pictures of it.* I wonder what artist would care to paint the same scene to-day? Instead of the pleasant open space which so charmingly disengaged the buildings of the Palace, we have now a great, heavy, ornate, and vulgar modern edifice with a dome—the *Tribunal de Commerce;* just one of those erections which the Philistines always consider 'very handsome,' and look upon with deep respect because of their evident costliness.† The best time of this bit of Parisian scenery, from the artist's point of view, must have been when Girtin drew it in 1800. Then the towers of the Palace were not yet united by heavy masses of modern building which reduce their importance, and the old corner tower had not been replaced by the new one. If we go farther back the view is spoiled again by another cause. During the latter half of the seventeenth and nearly the whole of the eighteenth centuries, a massive line of stone houses, five storeys high, stood on the *Pont au Change*, and of course effectually blocked the view. Earlier still, a row of gabled post-and-plaster houses stood on a wooden bridge, but these were all burnt down in 1621. There was at that time another bridge, a very little lower down the river, called the *Pont Marchand.* A servant-girl there let a candle fall in a place where firewood was kept, probably amongst shavings, for the house was soon on fire, and with it the others and the bridge itself. The flames soon reached the *Pont aux Changeurs*, which was totally destroyed. Not only were the bridge-houses burnt, but some on the land caught fire also. An eye-witness has left an account of this fire, which must have been a most remarkable spectacle. When the houses were already in flames the inhabitants remained as long as possible, throwing their goods out of the windows. There had been warning for the destruction of the *Pont Notre Dame*, for this there was no warning.

The houses between the two bridges on the side of the island had gables and balconies towards the river; the lower storeys of them, near the water (there being no quay in old times), were occupied by tanners who congregated in this one quarter, according to the mediaeval custom. If these buildings could have been preserved to our own day, they would have been favourite subjects for Parisian artists (for whom there is little left); but as the natural progress of a modern city is towards good quays, all the humble old riverside industries have to go elsewhere.

I mentioned the simplification which had resulted from modern improvements on the island north of the *Pont Notre Dame*, where eleven streets and three churches had made way for a single building. The same process has been carried out in the section of the island which is included between the lines drawn across it from the *Pont Notre Dame* and the *Pont au Change.* In this area there were formerly nine streets and four churches,* but at the present day there are simply two buildings—the *Tribunal de Commerce*, already mentioned with the degree of respect due to it, and a huge barrack called the *Caserne de la Garde Républicaine*, of which we can only say that it is very extensive, very well built, and as tiresome as it is extensive. The real improvement which has followed from recent changes is, that the few modern streets—the *Rue de la Cité*, the *Boulevard du Palais*, and the *Avenue de Constantine*—are so much more spacious than the many little streets of former times, and give such superior views. They are three or four times as broad as the old *Rue de la vieille Draperie.*

In the Middle Ages there was a bridge for foot-passengers only, but with houses upon it, just below the present *Pont au Change.* This was erected exclusively for the convenience of the millers, who were allowed to occupy nearly the whole width of the river with their wheels, placed in the open spaces between the wooden piles of which the bridge was built. The whole structure was carried away by an inundation towards the close of the year 1596, and it was afterwards replaced by the *Pont Marchand*, destroyed in the great fire of 1621. There were eleven mills, and the names of the millers have been preserved. After the fire, it was not thought necessary to rebuild the lower bridge, which was not of much public utility, so the *Pont au Change* has remained

* A drawing of it by Turner was engraved in the 'Rivers of France,' but it is one of the weakest in the volume. Turner especially missed the character of the clock-tower, which is, and always was, very definite and peculiar.

† If the reader will take the trouble to refer to the preceding number of the PORTFOLIO he will find the dome of the *Tribunal de Commerce*, in M. Lalanne's etching, near the towers of the Palace of Justice, close to the second bridge as he looks up the river.

* The streets were *Rue de la Pelleterie, Rue Gervais Laurent, Rue de la vieille Draperie, Rue St. Eloi, Rue de la Calandre, Rue aux Fèves, Rue des Carcuissons, Rue du Marché Neuf, Rue St. Croix;* the churches were *St. Barthélemi, St. Croix, St. Eloi*, and *St. Germain.* All these, as well as the *Marché Neuf*, have entirely disappeared.

by itself ever since. The present structure is of very recent date, having been built in 1859, not quite in the same angle as the old bridge (being now more at right angles with the river), and a little higher up the stream, especially on the side of the island. There is little to be said about its architecture, except that the essentially modern ideas of depressed arches and level roadway have been carefully adhered to, whilst a certain elegance is given by a cornice and balustrade. Such is the course of bridge-architecture from the Middle Ages to our own time. First comes the wooden mediaeval bridge, consisting simply of tall piles rising straight from the bed of the stream, and bearing a street of crowded houses upon them; next, the substantial, round-arched, stone bridge of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, burdened with stone houses, massive and lofty; then the same bridge without the houses; and, lastly, the modern bridge, with depressed arches of wider span, and a broad, level roadway above. The modern ideal is by far the most rational of all, being at the same time the most convenient for vehicles above and boats or rafts below, whilst it reduces to a minimum the obstruction of the view. The only objection to it is, that its extreme simplicity of purpose has a tendency to produce a merely utilitarian structure, unless the architect is a man of great taste and intelligence, who can give a touch of elegance to a work of plain utility.

THE MORGUE IN 1840.

There is a well-known etching by Méryon showing the *Pont au Change* and the round towers of the Palace of Justice, seen through an arch of the *Pont Notre Dame*, with the wooden substructure of the old pump to the spectator's left. This etching gives, as well as any existing illustration, the character of the old *Pont au Change* with its round arches, its plain parapet, its rising roadway, and its angular cutwaters. The plate is interesting, too, for the ingenious introduction of the round towers, which are now all that is left of the picturesque between Méryon's position and the *Pont Neuf*. On the right bank of the Seine you have two pretty theatres (*Châtelet* and *Lyrique*) and the light column of the palm-fountain, with the very elegant tower of St. Jacques, more visible than ever before; but the picturesque of the river side is gone.

In the Middle Ages there was no bridge connecting the island with the mainland farther west than the *Pont Marchand*. Another communication was felt to be desirable long before there was a definite project, and the project was under consideration long before it was executed. The work of the *Pont Neuf* was at length actually and practically commenced in the year 1578, under Henri III.; by driving piles on the south side, and the southern half of the bridge—that across the narrow arm of the Seine—was completed long before the other. Henri IV. took up the work vigorously in 1598 and finished it in 1604.

Old fashions linger long, and although no houses were erected on the *Pont Neuf*, small wooden booths were tolerated upon it for a long time; and after they were removed, they had descendants even in the present century in the shape of curious, little, semicircular shops erected on the projections between the arches. These are still visible in Méryon's beautiful dry point of the *Pont Neuf*. They have since been removed, and the present aspect of the bridge very closely resembles its aspect in the seventeenth century. The woodcut on page 59 shows the shorter portion of the bridge—that over the narrow arm of the Seine as it appeared in 1845, the little shops being still visible as turrets not very disadvantageously.* Turner liked them, certainly, as they are made quite prominent in his impressive drawing of the entire bridge, whilst he would certainly have removed them if they had displeased him. On the contrary, he was so delighted with them that he made them three times as big as they are in reality, relatively to the width of the arches.†

* In this view we are looking *down* the river from the *Quai des Orfèvres*.

† This assertion is founded on strict measurement. In reality the semicircular projections on the *Pont Neuf* measure

We will now, if the reader pleases, turn up the narrow arm of the Seine till we come to the *Pont St. Michel.* There is a particularly fine view from this bridge, of which Lalanne made a very successful etching many years ago. The beauty of it consists chiefly in the distance, which shows the long perspective of the Louvre immediately above the *Pont Neuf.* All the bridges on the island except the *Pont Neuf* have been carried away by some disaster, but that famous one has become a proverb for a sound and lasting constitution, so that robust Frenchmen proudly compare themselves to it, and complimentary ones apply the comparison to their friends (never to their political opponents, who are always represented as unhealthy). Few bridges have been more unlucky than the *Pont St. Michel.* In the fifteenth century it

'First came the silent gazers; next
A screen of glass, we're thankful for;
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,
The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
So killed themselves: and now, enthroned
Each on his copper couch, they lay
Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

'Poor men, God made, and all for that!
The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,
Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch: each had his berth,
His boards, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth
Some arch where twelve such slept abreast,—
Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.'

THE LITTLE CHÂTELET, TAKEN FROM THE PETIT PONT IN 1780.

was carried away by a pack of moving ice. It was again carried away in the middle of the sixteenth century, and destroyed again in the seventeenth. The next structure was of stone, with houses; the present one was built by that true *pontifex maximus* Napoleon III.

Close to the Pont St. Michel, on the island shore used to stand a famous little building which had at one time been a *boucherie*, and which for many years served as the dead-house for bodies found in the Seine. The 'Doric little Morgue' will long be remembered on account of the immortality conferred upon it by novelists and also by at least one famous poet, Browning, and one great artist, Méryon.

The *Petit Pont* is of far greater historical interest than the *Pont St. Michel.* At the present day it consists of a single stone arch of depressed curve, and is precisely the sort of structure in which the modern engineer displays his skill; but the rather elegant and extremely simple *Petit Pont* of the present day has had many very different predecessors. At that spot the Romans had a bridge joining Lutetia to the mainland; and just here, where the bridge abuts on the south bank of the Seine, the gate, fortress, and prison called the *Petit Châtelet* stood grimly in the middle ages, and even down to the last years of the eighteenth century. It was a building of sinister aspect, with few openings to the light of day, and nothing in the way of ornament except four simple string-courses and about as many bartizans. A Gothic archway led through it from the bridge. I willingly spare the reader an account of

*less* than one third the diameter of the arch. In Turner's drawing, those to the left are represented as equivalent in their diameters to the diameters of the arches under them.

the cruelties committed in this building, and will speak of the bridge only. Unlucky as were the other bridges of the *cité*, this was the most unfortunate of all. It is said that the rapidity of the current in flood times was the cause of successive accidents, now happily at an end by the construction of a single arch beneath which the floods rise freely. M. Jourdain tells us, in 'Paris à travers les Ages,' that the Petit Pont fell in 1206, 1280, 1296, 1325, 1376, and 1393; but the most remarkable of all its misfortunes occurred much later in 1718. At that date it consisted of a good stone bridge of three arches covered with tall stone houses, but it seems as if the contemporary engineers had not much confidence in their strength, for beneath the arches, and also at the ends of the piers, there were strong wooden scaffoldings, like those supporting the pump that Méryon drew. Now it so happened in that year 1718, in the month of April, that a woman had lost her son by drowning, and that her grief was greatly increased because she could not find his body; wherefore the good folks, her neighbours, told her of a sure method by which drowned bodies might be found, and she believed and obeyed them. She took a *sébille*, which is a thick, round wooden tray or dish, she stuck a taper upright in it, which she lighted, and with the taper she put a piece of blessed bread, the whole in honour of St. Nicholas; she then confided her little boat to the current and watched its course. It floated straight to a barge laden with hay, the taper set fire to the hay, the men in the barges near to it severed the rope that fastened it in order to save their boats; and now, instead of the little votive taper in its wooden dish, a great blazing hay-stack floated quickly down to the *Petit Pont*, where it was stopped by the wooden piles under the arch. These soon caught fire, and so did all the houses, but the fortress of the Petit Châtelet remained uninjured. The houses were never rebuilt.

There is now nothing whatever of visible interest between the *Petit Pont* and the upper extremity of the island, except the view of the south side of Notre Dame. Changes within our own recollection have entirely altered this part of Paris, much to its advantage. The old *Hôtel Dieu* occupied the whole space between the present *Petit Pont* and the then-existing *Pont au Double*, which stood higher up the river than the bridge now bearing the same name; and not only did the great hospital occupy a long range of building, as ugly as a factory, on the island, but it also had another large building across the water, on the south bank of the Seine, and a block called the *Salle St. Cosme* on the bridge between them. All this effectually obstructed the view of Notre Dame; and, indeed, that half of the hospital which stood upon the island was on what is now the open space in front of the cathedral. Artists are not agreed as to the policy of disengaging cathedrals so much as Notre Dame is now disengaged; and certainly the cathedral at Rouen comes upon us with a sudden impressiveness in the midst of the narrow streets and from the small market-place,—an impressiveness which would be lost if it could be set in the middle of a large field, but Notre Dame was in former times so much injured by the vast size of the ill-contrived old *Hôtel Dieu*, that the removal of that particular obstruction is unquestionably a great gain. In old times the cathedral used to be hidden in a considerable degree by the *archevêché*, now entirely removed. The archbishop now lives in a fine Louis-XIV. mansion in the *Rue Grenelle St. Germain*. The accompanying reproduction of an etching by Israel Sylvestre shows the Archbishop's Palace as it existed in the seventeenth century, and the reader may also see how the buildings of the *Hôtel Dieu* stretched across the river.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE IN 1650. FROM AN ETCHING BY ISRAEL SYLVESTRE.

Nothing remains to be said concerning our circumnavigation of the island except that the eastern point of it, which in the Middle Ages was a shapeless piece of waste land called *Le Terrain*, and in the eighteenth century a garden called the *Jardin du*

*Terrain*, is at present very neatly arranged in true modern Parisian style, and serves as a pretty site for a melancholy little structure, the new *Morgue*, to which the inhabitants of southern Paris have immediate access by the *Pont de l'Archevêche*, a bridge which, unlike its elder brethren, has no history.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ERRATUM.—February Part, page 32, second column, just under engraving, *for* 'an important new street was cut on the north side of Paris,' *read* 'south side.'

# ART CHRONICLE.

FEW artists have been more generally regretted than Gustave Doré, and he has been especially regretted by those who knew him personally. The Editor of the PORTFOLIO had a slight personal acquaintance with him twenty years ago, and well remembers being struck by the frank simplicity and honesty of the man. Those who knew him more intimately say that these qualities remained with him to the last. He had a singularly sweet and straightforward nature, and although a great deal of his work in art seems pretentious, either because it was on a large scale, or because he did it decidedly and impetuously, he was himself one of the least pretentious persons it was possible to meet. To begin with, he was a perfect gentleman, naturally and really; and then he was a man of sober and industrious habits, never so happy as when very hard at work. It has been stated in some newspapers that the new house he was building at the Parc Monceau was to have been very magnificent—a sort of palace of Monte Cristo; but we believe this is quite a mistake. He liked space about him, and needed it on account of his habit of painting large pictures; but he did not care for luxury, and his studios used to be as simple as possible. With reference particularly to the Parc Monceau project, he said to a friend that all he wanted there was a large studio and a bedroom. A few plain wooden shelves arranged as desks supported the blocks of boxwood that he drew upon for the wood-engravers. He used to shut himself up in a simple room with these and work far into the night, going from one to the other, and smoking rather too many cigars—the only infringement of his abstemious habits. He was fond of music, and played well on the violin, for an amateur. His ambition to be a great painter led him into the mistake of covering immense areas of canvas with work in which, no doubt, there was a good deal of inventive genius, and often very powerful expression, yet which, unfortunately, was not at the same time good *painting*, so that the critics received it either coldly or unkindly, except a few who felt grateful to Doré for his work in black and white, and liked him, on the whole, too well to say unpleasant things. A lady wrote to the 'Daily News' last month, ardent in her enthusiasm for Doré, and blaming his critics with much severity, saying that his works were really *pictures*, whereas so many that we see in the exhibitions and galleries are only *paintings*, in which there is nothing but technical ability. This lady seemed to think that Doré's critics were animated by unfair jealousy or dislike; but the truth is, that they only recognised the everlasting distinction between the ability of a *painter*, as such, and the ability of a designer who takes up colours. Doré had neither the sensuous enjoyment of colour and texture, which is the impulse of a true painter, as such, nor the power of rendering them, which is his accomplishment. His work simply astonishes by its vigour; it has little savour. Besides, he forgot that the degree of knowledge which is sufficient to fill a small drawing adequately is not sufficient to fill a large canvas.

Gustave Doré will remain a remarkable phenomenon in the history of art. He had most exuberant productive power, admirable industry, and a genuine gift of humour of a peculiar kind, which showed itself to the best advantage in a sort of revival of the middle-age grotesque, as in the *Contes Drôlatiques* and the legend of the 'Wandering Jew.' There is certainly a strong sense of the sublime and the terrible in the illustrations to Dante's 'Inferno.' The 'Don Quixote' series is rich in very various invention, and though never so delicate in its humour as that of some refined painters who have illustrated the same book, it is full of amusement. It was a mistake to have Doré's illustrations to Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' engraved on steel, and a mistake to employ Doré in the illustration of Tennyson at all. It is idle to ask what Doré might have been if—if he had not been Doré. There were in him many of the gifts of a great artist, yet not all. Such as he was, he will be long remembered as a designer of immense fame, whose name was known all the world over, who had magnificent, yet defective, powers; and along with this remembrance of him there will, let us hope, go down to posterity the testimony of his personal acquaintances and friends that he was personally one of the kindest, simplest, most unassuming gentlemen of his time.

TWO figure-painters were admitted Associates of the Royal Academy at the February election, namely, Mr. R. W. Macbeth and Mr. E. J. Gregory. Both are men in the prime of life, who have made their position quite as much outside as they have within the walls of Burlington House. Mr. Macbeth has shown an original vein, especially in the treatment of rustic figures, to which he gives that touch of nobility which lifts them from the commonplace or sordid into the higher rank of the typical. His pictures of peasant and fisher folk, *A Lincolnshire Gang*, *Coming from St. Ives Market*, *The Potato Harvest*, will occur to the mind. Mr. Macbeth works in water as well as oil, has been a member of the Royal Water-colour Society, is a colourist of no mean order, and displays a study of outdoor nature which might readily have classed him with landscape artists, had not the pathos and the humour of human life fuller attraction for him. He is a vigorous and original etcher, and has reproduced many of his own designs. In the PORTFOLIO, 1880, p. 21, was published *The Ferry Boat*, a powerful plate in the 'comprehensive and sketchy manner' which is by some critics considered more successful than his elaborated etched work. As a painter his execution has a peculiar threadiness, and he shows a disposition to dark outline and a rough squaring out of form, mannerisms which in excess sometimes mar the pleasantness of his pictures.

Mr. E. J. Gregory has been for some years a member of the Institute of Water-colour Painters, and has contributed to the exhibitions small landscapes striking for unity of colour and sentiment. His figure subjects have been more rare of appearance. In the summer of 1881 he sent an interior, with an artist putting *Last Touches* to a picture on an easel, the wife or model standing in an inner room. There was cunning study of perspective and a vivid reality throughout this little picture, carried into the smallest detail. A life-size half-length portrait of *Miss Galloway* in the Grosvenor Gallery, 1881, testified to Mr. Gregory's command of scale, and exhibited large firm draughtsmanship, and again a singular vividness. The foreshortening was a difficulty surmounted, the white satin gown and the ruddy complexion of the lady were painted with equal brilliance. Last summer a little picture in the same gallery, called *The Rehearsal*, was a study of two figures, a lady seated and a gentleman standing behind her chair, both intent upon a dramatic drawing-room performance, which is reflected in a round mirror hung behind them. The study of facial expression shown here was remarkable, the lines of composition were especially subtle; the whole thing showed a completeness and a mastery which, despite the essentially modern feeling and the comparatively trivial subject-matter, drew attention to the picture and to the painter's name.

In both these elections the determination to bring fresh life and vigour into the Academic body is again evident, and, however hard it may appear to older men whose ultimate best has

been reached some time ago to be passed over, yet if the Academy is to do real service to English art, and to help lift it out of the dead level of mediocrity, the line of election of late followed must be accepted as the right course.

At an appropriate moment, while the pictures of John Linnell are on view at Burlington House, the following etchings are brought out or announced:—*The last Gleam before the Storm*, by Brunet-Debaines; *The Timber Waggon*, by Chas. Chauvel (P. & D. Colnaghi); *The Windmill*, by David Law (Arthur Lucas). Mr. Law's plate is after the version of the subject in the National Gallery.

Mr. Armitage, R.A., has presented his colossal picture of *Samson and the Lion*, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1881, to the Corporation of Brighton, to be hung in the Pavilion Picture Gallery.

Mr. R. W. Macbeth has produced an impressive etching after *The Harvest Moon* by the late George Mason, A.R.A. The plate is published by Mr. Dunthorne.

Two important acquisitions have been made by the Director of the National Gallery. The first is a grand piece by Ercole Grandi, the Ferrarese pupil of Lorenzo Costa. There were two artists bearing the name Ercole Grandi, whose identity is confused by Vasari. The one, Ercole Roberti Grandi, was salaried by the Duke of Ferrara, for whom he executed decorative work—the painting of chests, cars, and so on. In documents of the time, 1794, he is stated to be partner with his brother as painter and gold-beater. This Grandi, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle identify as the follower of Mantegna, the painter of the destroyed frescoes in the Garganelli Chapel in St. Peter's, the author of certain panels in the Mantegnesque manner in Dresden, in various Italian galleries, and in private collections in England. The other Grandi, Ercole di Giulio Grandi, the same writers assume to be the pupil of Costa when at Bologna, and the inheritor of the Francia style through Costa. The dates of decease of the two artists are about eighteen years apart. They might, therefore, be brothers, cousins, or separated by one generation. The distinctness of the two painters is clear, the moot point is simply which is which. Following the assumption of the critics just quoted, the noble picture now in the National Gallery—if not by Costa himself—is by Ercole Giulio Grandi, and exhibits all the traits one would look for in the work of a pupil of Costa, to whom the traditions of the Paduan school on one hand and the indirect influence of the Umbrian on the other were not unknown. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have accepted the picture as by Costa, and give to it some of the strongest praise which they accord to a painter who is not a favourite with them: the characteristic breadth of the master 'with a strong Ferrarese tinge of surface,' and that mixture of Umbrian and Peruginesque in the drapery, which marks the manner of Costa in the first years of the fifteenth century. These are the qualities pointed out. The picture was then in the Casa Strozzi at Ferrara, whence Mr. Burton has now directly obtained it; but it had been originally an altar-piece in the Church of S. Cristoforo dei Esposti. The subject gives the Madonna enthroned against an open archway most elaborately treated in marble relief upon gold, with coloured mosaics on either side. The throne itself is of complex construction, and is decorated on panels, projections, &c., with monochrome designs upon gold, white reliefs upon a dark ground, and coloured designs—the Massacre of the Innocents, Nativity, Christ and the Doctors. On either hand stand the youthful St. William with drawn sword, and wearing armour both chain and mail and a red mantle, and St. John Baptist holding his reed cross in one hand and a book in the other. The Madonna is of dignified and tender type, a little wide-mouthed and angular, yet with something of the pathetic placidity of the Francia model. She wears a dress of red, and the over mantle, which falls in folds about her feet, is deep greenish blue lined with a soft orange tint. The child stands erect upon the mother's knee; the left hand placed within her clasp helps the poise of the figure, the other is stretched out in blessing. It is, perhaps, this lovely figure of the child—round in contour, and sweetly modelled, with its easy grace and delicate balance of limb—which, more directly than any other trait, indicates the author of the picture to be not Lorenzo Costa, but a pupil with advanced knowledge of form and the resources of art. The panel has suffered a little damage; it was very dirty, and has been carefully cleaned. A certain peculiarity about the thickly laid-in outlines cannot but strike one. Something similar may be noted in the picture by Costa of Christ standing amid the disciples after the Resurrection, but not so conspicuous. The painting varies very much; it is juicy and rich in parts, in others flat and very thin. It has been surmised that part of the decorative work may have been executed by a different hand. Of the characteristic and rather crude Ferrarese colour this is not a striking example; the sappy green is only apparent in some of the subject decorations on the background. The flesh-tints are a little greenish in the shadow, but have not the ruddiness of most of Costa's flesh painting.

The other picture bought by the Director, but not at the time of our notes yet exhibited, is a *Nativity*, with shepherds adoring in the foreground, by Luca Signorelli. This picture was, together with others of value, up to recent date in the gallery of the Cavaliere Mancini, at the quiet little Umbrian town Città di Castello. There the writer saw and noted it in the year 1874, as 'a genuine Signorelli, a crowded, rather incoherent composition in the brown, somewhat foxy tints of the artist's earlier work, but containing grand, wild heads, reminiscent of the picture of a similar subject by the same artist in the Church of S. Domenico at Siena.' The owner was at that time desirous of selling *en masse* the precious things collected by his father, but for which he cared nothing, and since then the pictures have found their way to Florence, whence the Signorelli comes to London.

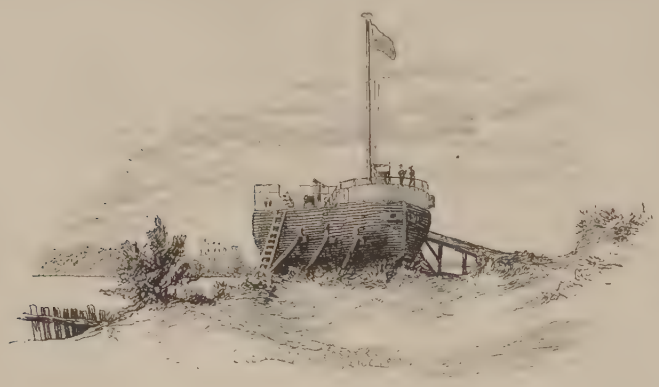
The late Cecil Lawson's picture *The August Moon* was offered to the National Gallery by his widow, and the gift has been accepted by the Director and Trustees. The Corporation of Manchester have purchased *The Minister's Garden* for their projected Art Gallery. Both pictures are hung in the winter exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery.

Wilhelm Geefs, the most renowned of modern Belgian sculptors, died in January last, at the goodly age of seventy-seven, having been born in 1806. His father was a baker in Antwerp, and in the Academy of his native town Geefs received his early training and won his first successes. For two years and a half he studied under Ramage at Paris, spent a year in Italy, then returned to Belgium, and set up his studio at Brussels. He was an indefatigable worker, and his statues are spread broadcast over the land. His style was not monumental or severe, but romantic, careful of gracious form, sometimes pictorial or showy in treatment. Famous single statues by him are *Rubens* in Antwerp, *Vesalius* in Brussels, *Charlemagne* at St. Gervais, Maestricht, *Grétry* at Liège, &c. The elaborate pulpit in St. Paul at Liège, with carven wood and marble figures, and certain allegorical statues, much copied for monuments, are among the sculptor's most popular works.

An Exhibition of Etchings and dry points by Mr. Whistler was opened early in February at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society.

'A Royal Warren; or, Picturesque Rambles in the Isle of Purbeck.' By C. E. Robinson, with Etchings by Alfred Dawson. (Typographic Etching Company.)—We should be inclined to resent any book that sought to direct the attention of tourists to the unobtrusive beauties of that small portion of the south-east of Dorset known as the Isle of Purbeck. But the present work, though written sometimes in guide-book style, does not appear to have the usual guide-book aim. It merely desires to show the many points of geological and archaeological interest, as well as beauty of scenery, the Isle of Purbeck possesses, before the railway shall have entered the 'hitherto sacred valley of Purbeck.' Those who know the

difficulty of getting from Wareham, the nearest railway station, to the coast of the isle, will not perhaps so much regret that



'the iron horse is coming, smoking, panting, roaring, with his field-devouring strides,' even into Swanage, the one little watering-place of the island which, although invaded every autumn by as many visitors as it will hold, still carries on its grim occupation of stone-hewing in their midst, and makes the best part of its shore one long stone-yard. The truth is, the visitors to Swanage are not of the band-and-parade loving class; many of them are artists and geologists, and prefer the dismal sound of the chip, chip of the stone to the best brass band. But it is to be feared that all these quiet, nature-loving folk will have to desert Swanage when the railway comes to it, for there is an evident intention to make it a fashionable resort, like Bournemouth, and the ground is already marked out on large estates for building villas in the most approved modern fashion and so-called Queen Anne mansions to accommodate its crowds of future visitors. Meanwhile, however, it remains a pleasant, quiet, little nook, not distinguished by any particular beauty, but with a certain charm of its own for those who can perceive it.

Corfe Castle is the chief point of archaeological interest in Purbeck. It was here, according to tradition, that the wicked Elfrida stabbed her young step-son, King Edward the Martyr, when he called upon her while out hunting. The castle was used as a State prison by the Norman kings, and many stories of romantic interest, besides that of Elfrida, attach to it. Its history is related at some length, but it would have been more interesting, as well as valuable, if the author had not tried to be funny in telling it. This is the mistake made by Mr. C. E. Robinson throughout the book. Instead of saying what he has to say simply and succinctly, he digresses to all sorts of subjects, and tries to set his real information in a sort of smart frame. It is only fair to say, however, that the information is correct, and that the book altogether gives a very good idea of the pleasant Isle of Purbeck.

The smaller illustrations, by Mr. Alfred Dawson, are executed by the process called 'typographic etching.' They are remarkably clear, and sharp in outline without being hard. They represent picturesque little country scenes and buildings, and add much to the interest of the work. The larger etchings by the same artist are not quite so satisfactory, some of them having a muddy vagueness that is not pleasing, and cannot be taken to represent storm effects.

# PARIS.

## IV.—*Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle.*

THERE are absolutely only these two churches left standing in the island of the city, and there is nothing in the history of Paris which more clearly exhibits the modern disposition to make a *tabula rasa* of the past. The wonder is that *Notre Dame* and the *Sainte Chapelle* should themselves have been preserved down to our own time. There they stand, however, somewhat injured by restoration, yet happily not so much as they might have been, and likely to last for centuries still to come, considering their present excellent condition of material repair.

But where are the crowd of little churches that clustered round *Notre Dame*, as children round their great mother? In the middle ages she seemed to gather them about her as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings; but now they are all gone, and she would be left in the most complete solitude were it not that from the court of the Palace of Justice there still rises one solitary spire answering to hers, and still, as in the middle ages, the birds fly from one to the other.

But where is *St. Denis du Pas*, where is *St. Jean le Rond*, and where may *St. Christopher*, *Ste. Geneviève*, *St. Agnan*, *St. Landry*, *St. Peter*, *St. Denis de la Chartre*, *Ste. Marine*, and the Magdalen, find the churches once dedicated to them? Can you discover even the sites of *St. Luke*, *Ste. Croix*, and *St. Germain le Vieux?* Have you ever seen *St. Pierre des Arcas*, *St. Barthélemi*, and *St. Eloi?* 'There is my bridge still,' St. Michael may think, 'but as for my church, I seek for it in vain.' Where are all these churches of the past, which once stood in consecrated ground, and were thought to be safe for ever—churches adorned by the mediaeval architect, often repaired and injured by later experimentalists at the *Renaissance*, yet interesting always for the bits of beautiful old work to be found in them? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Before the present cathedral of Notre Dame there was a predecessor built by Childebert, of which we do not know very much. It occupied part of the site of the present edifice, standing near the Roman wall, and to the south-east of it there was another church dedicated to St. Stephen. The site of the original Notre Dame is now partly covered by the west front of the edifice and a small portion of the nave, and partly left open in the space before the cathedral. It was of Romanesque architecture and of some splendour. Probably, if it had been preserved to the present day, we should have looked upon it with great interest as a very early specimen of church-building, but it is not likely that it would have produced on our minds, accustomed as we are to the magnificence of fully developed Gothic, the effect that it produced on its own contemporaries. As for the site of St. Etienne, the present sacristy stands on a part of it.

The present cathedral of Notre Dame was begun in 1161, the first stone being laid by a Pope—Alexander III.—and in 1185 mass was said at the high altar. This would only prove that the choir was finished, or at least covered in. The southern entrance was begun in 1257, and the great western entrance from the *Place du Parois* was finished in 1223, up to the line of the gallery. The towers were finished in the time of St. Louis.

An important matter in the history of Notre Dame is the fire of 1218, caused by thieves, because that brought about an architectural alteration clearly described as follows by M. Drumont in 'Paris à travers les Ages:'—

> 'Before this fire the great flying buttresses of the nave and choir were constructed *à double volée*, which means that instead of crossing over the space between the buttresses and the vaults in arches of a single span, they were composed of two portions or arches, with an intermediate support. The fire probably injured the second span of the old flying buttresses. At that time other cathedrals had been erected, and their walls were pierced with larger windows, filled with brilliantly stained glass—a decoration which was rapidly becoming important. Instead of repairing the harm done by the fire, the restorers of that time seized upon the opportunity for suppressing the rose-windows pierced above the galleries, and brought the upper windows lower, cutting away their support down to the archivolt of the galleries. The flying buttresses *à double volée* were demolished, and the height of the windows of the triforium was reduced by lowering its vaults.'

The tall windows were filled with simple tracery, and in the opinion of Viollet-le-Duc the majesty of the first edifice was in a great measure sacrificed by these changes. So far as I am able to judge by M. Hoffbauer's drawing, which restores the apse to its primitive condition and shows the double-arched buttresses, the most striking difference between the first apse and the present one was in the successive stages of roof which were visible in the first, whilst at present only the highest roof is visible, the others having been so much lowered in pitch to make way for the elongated windows that they are no more to be seen. The change, in fact, is that change which we find everywhere in the progress of Gothic architecture,—from a simple, strong-looking, and dignified style, to a lighter, more airy, more delicate and elegant style. It is perfectly intelligible that a master of architecture like Viollet-le-Duc, who knew all about construction, should have preferred the first

apse, with its short, plain windows, its visible tiers of roof, and its substantial, doubly supported buttresses; but, at the same time, it is intelligible that most people should prefer the east end of the church as it exists at present, with its light, far-leaping buttresses, its long clerestory windows, and the rich windows of the chapels and aisle, decorated externally with crockets and finials. Besides, there are many pinnacles now (people always like pinnacles—the great popularity of Milan Cathedral is due to them), and it does not appear that there were any pinnacles about the first apse.

The great west front, where the towers are, is one of the chief architectural glories of France. There is hardly any work of architecture in the whole world, except one or two Greek temples, which has evoked the same kind and degree of admiration as the west front of Notre Dame. It is considered to be one of those rarest products of consummate genius in which imagination of the highest kind works in perfect accordance with the most severe reason. May I confess frankly that until I had carefully studied it under the guidance of Viollet-le-Duc, the front of Notre Dame never produced upon me the same effect as the west fronts of some other French cathedrals of equal rank? I believe the reason to be that Notre Dame is not so picturesque as some others, and does not so much excite the imagination as they do. It is well ordered, and a perfectly *sane* piece of work (which Gothic architecture is not always), but it has not the imaginative intricacy of Rouen, nor the rich exuberance of Amiens and Reims, nor the fortress-like grandeur of Bourges, nor the elegant variety of Chartres. A man of very high architectural attainments would probably value the romantic element less than I do, simply because much that seems rich and imaginative to an amateur in architecture is understood too quickly in all its details by a master for it to produce the same poetic feeling in his mind; and I observe that architects esteem especially the judicious *ordonnance* of parts, which is a great virtue no doubt, but a very sober virtue, imposing a very strict discipline on the imagination. The truth is that the virtues of the west front of Notre Dame are rather classic than romantic. Everything in it seems the result of perfect knowledge and consummate calculation. There are none of those mistakes which generally occur in works of wilder genius. Storey after storey the massive front rears itself to the towers, every division of it is acceptable either as a resting-place for the eye or as an attraction. First, you have the three great doorways, with the world of sculpture usual in the French Gothic portals, but the row of statues does not come out and round the buttresses as at Amiens and Reims. The buttresses are left plain except that there is a niche in each of them twenty feet from the ground, and one statue in each niche with its feet higher than the heads of the great statues. Above the arches the wall is perfectly plain instead of being enriched with crocketed gables, as at Amiens and Reims; and above this plain space comes the great gallery of the kings, with its twenty-eight statues in their niches. Over this gallery runs a sort of platform or balcony called the *Galerie de la Vierge;* and then we come to the great space of wall, very plain in itself, which is occupied by the great windows, the rose in the middle and the ogival windows, of two lights and a rose above, in each of the towers. Perhaps the most especially characteristic thing in this front is the light colonnade above the windows, which makes a sort of open screen in the space between the towers, and by this means prevents too much abruptness in the separation of the towers from the main mass of the

TYMPANUM OF THE *PORTE STE. ANNE.*

building. This colonnade is not only extremely elegant in itself, but it is placed with so much judgment as to give a lightness to the whole front, which could hardly have been obtained by any other means. The upper part of the towers is remarkable for the great length of the openings (about fifty feet), and both towers seem to terminate very plainly and abruptly, having no pinnacles and nothing to relieve the level line except the little turrets at the top of the staircases. This, however, is explained by the fact that it was intended to have spires, and that the towers we see were entirely designed with a view to them. That project was never carried into execution, and even the enterprise of the nineteenth century shrank from it when Notre Dame was restored. Is the absence of the spires to be regretted? We have some means of judging this question by a comparison of the west front as it is with the drawing of it with spires which was engraved and published in the 'Entretiens sur l'Architecture' by Viollet-le-Duc. So far as the towers only are concerned, the effect of the spires is excellent. They at once reduce the long louvre-windows to due proportions, and remove the otherwise unaccountable plainness of the summits of the square towers. But on the rest of the front the effect of the spires is not so happy. The arcade is tall enough not to be stunted by them, but the gallery of the kings and the great doorways are made to appear much more insignificant than they are at present. At the same time two considerations ought not to be forgotten. It is quite possible that the spires intended by the mediaeval architect may have been lighter in appearance than those designed by Viollet-le-Duc, and it is also to be remembered that an architect's elevation always produces quite a different effect upon the mind from the sight of the reality in stone. Had the spires been completed, no one approaching close enough to see the statues in the portals, and in the gallery of the kings, would have seen the spires at the same time, he would only have been conscious of their existence.

I have said that the virtues of the west front of Notre Dame are rather classic than romantic. It is a generally received idea that exact symmetry was one of the classical characteristics, but a closer examination of classical works reveals unsuspected varieties in measurements which are supposed to have had for their object the avoidance of mechanical dulness. The variety in Gothic architecture is so frequently apparent that the popular mind associates the idea of variety with Gothic work as it associates symmetry with Greek. There are, however, in Gothic buildings certain parts which appear to be symmetrical, and which frequently are not so. That this variety was intentional is quite certain. An architect is not like a landscape-painter who draws by the eye, and may accidentally make one object smaller than another when he intended them to be alike. An architect measures everything, so that, so far as dimensions are concerned, there can never be an undetected error in his completed work. The two towers of Notre Dame, which every careless tourist believes to be exactly alike, are not of the same size. The southern tower is narrower than the other. It has been suggested that this may have been to give better access to the bishop's residence, which was on that side, but the hypothesis is unnecessary. The difference is sufficiently explained by the dislike for exact repetition, which

PIER AND ONE OF THE DOORS OF THE *PORTE STE. ANNE.*

is a characteristic of living work in the fine arts. There are also differences in the details, sufficiently visible to give reasons for preferring one of the towers to the other. MM. de Guilhermy and Viollet-le-Duc preferred the larger tower, that to the north, as being more ample in its details and better executed.

A detailed description of the sculpture on the west front would occupy many pages, and be unreadable. Of the three portals that in the middle has the Last Judgment for the subject of its tympanum, that on the north side illustrates the life, death, and glorification of the Virgin: that on the south side is more confused. It is called the *portail St. Anne*, but is composed of fragments illustrating the lives of St. Anne and the Virgin also. It is curious for the adaptation of transitional work (from Romanesque to Gothic) to a purely Gothic purpose. As the carvings already existed, it seems to have been thought right to employ them, but they would not fit the new fashion of the pointed arch; so the space between the two kinds of arch had to be dissimulated by filling it up with an enrichment in sculpture. Notwithstanding the great ability of the architect, we may be allowed to remark that he did not manage his *raccord* so cleverly as he might have done. The lower arch should have been effaced, and the space above it filled with angels. One objection applies even to the most perfect Gothic tympana of this kind, namely, the varying scales of the figures, which deprive the composition of unity.

LES TRIBUNES.

One of the strong points in Notre Dame is the preservation of a few of her fine old doors. Those of the Virgin and St. Anne have still their magnificent original iron-work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The common people used to believe quite seriously that it was the Devil himself who had helped the smith in exchange for his soul, as mere unaided human skill was unequal to such a task. There was also a popular belief that an enchanter had shut the *porte Ste. Anne* so that it could not be opened, the fact being simply that for a long time it was disused.

The reader must excuse me if I do not enter into details with reference to the north and south sides of Notre Dame. We have not space for a study of the subject, and it is not of any special interest except as regards the buttresses, which are very massive, and from which spring two arches to prop the walls, one reaching to the wall of the higher aisle, by passing over the roof of the lower aisle, and another clearing the roofs of *both* the aisles in two leaps, with a rest on the wall between, and then giving its support directly to the lofty walls of the clerestory itself. Another notable feature in the north and south fronts is the great rose-windows in the transepts, which, from their height, may be seen from a distance.

Now, let us pass into the interior. The first thing that strikes anybody conversant with architecture, after the first strong impression of size and majesty, is that the columns of the nave are massive and Romanesque in character, and not so lofty, relatively to the height of the vault, as the columns at Westminster or Amiens, not to speak of the extraordinary ones at Bourges. There is, in fact, room for no less than five of these columns between the pavement and the apex of the vault. When Notre Dame was begun the Romanesque spirit was only just passing into the Gothic spirit, so that the church is not quite completely Gothic as yet, though very nearly so. Its double aisles are a remarkable feature, of great value in giving mysterious distances with many intersections of the vaults.

They run entirely round the building, and have allowed the architect the means of creating a great gallery above the inner aisle (which is wider than the external one); a gallery of much value in a cathedral where magnificent royal ceremonies were expected to take place. This gallery is always called *Les Tribunes* by French writers. The view we give is taken on the south side of the cathedral; and the reason why it seems to come to a sudden termination is because the transept occurs there. With the exception of the interruption caused by the transepts, this gallery goes round the entire edifice, and has four staircases of its own.* Not only is it very useful on great occasions, but it adds immensely to the elegance of the whole church, and looks all the more delicate and airy because it is lighted from the exterior.

In most of the French cathedrals the *pourtour du chœur*, or aisle between the apse and the chapels, excels all other portions of the church in the variety of its perspective and in the delightful changes occurring at every step as the visitor slowly advances. When he walks down the middle of a straight nave between parallel rows of columns, he may be impressed by the grandeur that surrounds him, but he always knows what to expect. In the *pourtour* there is the new element of the unforeseen. He sees first one part of a chapel and then another; he loses one beautiful and intricate composition of columns, vaults, and windows, only to exchange it for another not less beautiful; and so attractive is the desire for what is coming, so keen the regret for what is left behind, that it is almost equally difficult to stay in one place or to leave it. This, at least, is what I have always felt in the few great *pourtours* which are comparable to that of Notre Dame. This one, in particular, has the additional intricacy of its double aisle, and now that it is enriched with painted glass and mural illumination the effect is at the same time more splendid and more mysterious than in the chilly eighteenth century.

This brings one to speak of the restorations which have been carried out at Notre Dame in our own day. Nothing is easier than to condemn such restorations absolutely, but those who do so cannot surely realise what was the state of such edifices as Notre Dame before the modern restorer dealt with them. It should be remembered that no age but our own ever had the slightest respect for the work of any preceding age, that we are the first human beings who ever valued the architectural work of our ancestors, the first who were ever pained by injury done to the work of another time, the first who ever understood that unity of design might be one of the merits of a building. Instances of injury done to great edifices *before* the modern restorer came are infinitely numerous, but I must here confine myself to Notre Dame. First, let us rapidly survey the exterior.

In the west front the row of statues called the Kings had been all cast down at the Revolution. Were the niches to be left empty? Certainly the original architect never intended them to be empty, his intention was that there should be statues, and

THE 'POURTOUR.'

the modern restorer fulfilled that intention, so far by putting statues there. The subjects are supposed to have been the Kings of Judah, and as the real faces of those kings have not come down to posterity in portraits, the present set of statues are as much likenesses as their predecessors. The important point was to have statues in keeping with the character of the building; and this was done as far as possible by copying such fragments of the old statues as could be found, and by imitating others in cathedrals of the same date. The restorer could not have done less, and it is not easy to see how he could have done more. Now let us pass to the central doorway. Amongst the lights of the eighteenth century was a famous architect called Soufflot, who fancied that he could improve upon Gothic ideas, and who, unfortunately, had the power to alter as well as to criticise. So he removed the

* It also turns aside into the transepts to the extent of two large bays.

pier between the doors, with the statue of Christ, and made a wide pointed arch in the middle of the tympanum, cutting into its elaborate sculpture as coolly as if it had been a common brick wall. Then he put classical columns, with modern doors, and was perfectly satisfied with his improvement. Could Lassus and Viollet-le-Duc, the restorers, leave this incongruous absurdity untouched? Clearly not. They had the pier replaced, and they got an able sculptor, Dechaume, to carve a Christ for it which he did after careful study of the statues at Amiens and Reims. The tympanum was restored as far as possible, and Soufflot's renaissance doors were replaced by others more in keeping with those of the Virgin and St. Anne. Surely, in this case also, it would hardly have been possible to do less. Other details might be dwelt upon if we had space, but let us consider a little what was the condition of the north and south sides. Let us hear Viollet-le-Duc's account of the state in which he found them:—

ROYAL THANKSGIVING IN NOTRE DAME, 1782.

'They (the architects of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries) had altered in the most deplorable manner the architecture of the sides of the nave. One might say that this portion of the edifice had been, as it were, *planed*. One after another the architects had suppressed the advancing parts of the buttresses between the chapels, the gables, the friezes, the balustrades, in one word, the entire ornamentation of these same chapels, the pinnacles which decorated the tops of the buttresses with the statues that accompanied them and their flowering spires, the picturesque gargoyles which rendered the service of throwing the rain-water to a distance from the walls.'

Were the restorers to leave the sides of the cathedral in this naked condition, or were they to attempt to adorn them again as nearly as possible according to the first intention of the builders? They decided to make the attempt, and they felt authorised to do so because they knew more about Gothic architecture, and had more love for it, than any other architects since the Renaissance. At the intersection of the roof there had been a light spire in Gothic times,—light, I mean in appearance, made of oak, covered with lead. This spire was pulled down in 1793. Was its place to be left vacant? Certainly there was no inability to erect an elegant new spire, as the one now existing clearly proves. The architect Soufflot, who spoiled the great doorway, had built a vestry on the south side of the cathedral in a style which the reader may imagine. Part of it remained to our own day, but this was removed, and a new one erected by Viollet-le-Duc in thirteenth-century Gothic. There are two objections to this building, it looks rather too pretty and too intentionally contrived for the picturesque, and its newness is still out of keeping, but it does no harm whatever to Notre Dame. It would be difficult to suggest anything better.

Now, with regard to the interior. Here the ignorance and bad taste of the ages in which Gothic architecture was not understood had full play for several generations. The choir of a church is the part most richly furnished and decorated. In the

middle ages the choir of Notre Dame was completely furnished with all the elaborate works of art which the feeling of the time held to be necessary in a great religious edifice; and down to the close of the seventeenth century these things were still in existence. There were the old stalls of the fourteenth century; there was a magnificent carved screen in open stonework going all round the choir; there was the high altar, with its columns of brass, its shrine of silver-gilt, its winged angels. All these things disappeared to make way for costly Renaissance decorations, which have been respected as far as possible by the modern restorers. In 1741 the Chapter gave orders for the removal of the splendid stained glass which filled the windows of the nave and choir; and a man called Pierre Levieil was ordered to replace them with common glass ornamented with a border of fleurs-de-lis. Levieil set about his work honestly and innocently, believing that it was quite proper to destroy what future ages could never replace, and he has left in writing some record of his doings. Regret for all the magnificence thus lost for ever is happily tempered by rejoicing, as it most fortunately happened that the barbarians let alone the great rose windows of the transepts and the west front. Modern art has endeavoured in some measure to replace what was destroyed, being clearly authorised to do so by the intention of the original builders, who counted upon the effect of coloured glass in tempering the excess of light. Viollet-le-Duc went a little further in one detail, for he took the opportunity of opening new rose windows above the tribunes, near the transepts and choir, to recall the original arrangement by which such windows existed over the arches of the tribunes. This adds to the interest and peculiarity of the building, and has an historical reference.

All that remains to be said about the restoration is that the architects found Notre Dame entirely covered internally with thick coats of coloured washes, which they removed for two reasons,—firstly, because they were hideous, and, secondly, because they prevented the masons from examining the condition of the stonework and making the necessary repairs.

THE OLD COURT OF ACCOUNTS AND THE SAINTE CHAPELLE.

The degree to which Gothic architecture was appreciated in the eighteenth century may be judged of by the fact that when the old painted glass was removed the nave was turned into a picture-gallery, so as to hide every one of the arches—as if there could be anything more necessary than its arches to the effect of a Gothic church! The pictures are now, happily, removed. Good or bad they were equally out of place. Pictures, other than mural paintings of a severely conventional kind, always are out of place in spacious Gothic interiors.

The origin of the Sainte Chapelle is probably known already to most of my readers. It is nothing more than a large stone shrine to contain relics.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Saint Louis when he believed himself to have become the possessor of the real crown of thorns and a large piece of the true cross. He bought them at a very high price from the Emperor of Constantinople,* and held them in such reverence that he and his brother, the Count of Artois, carried them in their receptacle on their shoulders (probably as a palanquin is carried), walking barefooted through the streets of Sens and Paris: such was the thoroughness of the King's faith and his humility towards the objects of his veneration.

These feelings led Saint Louis to give orders for the erection of a chapel in which the relics were to be preserved, and he commanded Peter of Montereau to build it, which Peter did very speedily as the King laid the first stone in 1245, and the edifice was consecrated in April, 1248. There are two chapels, a low one on the ground-floor and a lofty one above it, so both were consecrated simultaneously by different prelates, the upper one being dedicated to the Holy Crown and the Holy Cross, the other to the Virgin Mary.

Considering the rapidity of the work done it is remarkable that it should be, as it is, of exceptionally excellent quality considered simply with reference to handicraft and to the materials employed. The stone is all hard and carefully selected, whilst each course is fixed with clamp-irons imbedded in lead, and the fitting of the stones according to Viollet-le-Duc is 'd'une précision rare.'

Like Notre Dame the Sainte Chapelle has undergone thorough and careful restoration in the present century. For those who blame such restorations indiscriminately I will give a short description of the state of the building when it was placed in the restorer's hands. It had been despoiled at the Revolution and was used as a magazine for law-papers. The spire had been totally destroyed, the roof was in bad repair, sculpture injured or removed, the internal decoration mostly effaced, the stained glass removed from the lower part of the windows to a height of three feet, and the rest patched with fragments regardlessly of subject. The chapel was an unvalued survival of the past, falling rapidly into complete decay, and surrounded by the modern buildings of the law courts, so its isolation made total destruction probable. There had been a time when the Sainte Chapelle had been in more congenial company. The delightfully fanciful and picturesque old *Cour des Comptes* had been built under Louis XII. (1504), on the south-west side, and there was the great Gothic *Cour de Mai*, and, finally, the Great Hall on the north. Not only that, but there was the *Trésor des Chartes*, attached to the south side of the Sainte Chapelle, itself a treasure, almost a miniature of the glorious chapel, with its own little apse, and windows, and high-pitched roof. All these treasures of architecture were gone for ever, replaced by dull, prosaic building, the Sainte Chapelle served no purpose that any dry attic would not have served equally well, and there seemed to be no reason why it should not be destroyed like the rest. The decision was to restore it, and give it a special destination as the place where the lawyers might hear the mass of the Holy Ghost. The work was done thoroughly and carefully by learned and accomplished men. M. Lassus designed a new spire,* an exquisitely beautiful work of art, much more elegant than its predecessor, as the reader may judge in some degree by comparing the etching with the woodcut.† Still, to appreciate the new spire properly, one needs an architectural drawing on a large scale, like that in the monograph by Guilhermy. It is of oak, covered with lead, with two open arcades. There are pinnacles between the gables of the upper arcade, and on these pinnacles are eight angels with high, folded wings and trumpets. Near the roof are figures of the twelve apostles. All along the roof-ridge runs an open crest-work, and at the point over the apse stands an angel with a cross. All these things, judiciously enlivened by gilding, with the present high pitch of the roof, add greatly to the poetical impression, especially when seen in brilliant sunshine against an azure sky.

Thanks to the restorers, the interior of the chapel once more produces the effect of harmonious splendour which belonged to it in the days of Saint Louis. Of all the gothic edifices I have ever visited, this one seems to me most pre-eminently a visible poem. It is hardly of this world, it hardly belongs to the dull realities of life. Most buildings are successful only in parts, so that we say to ourselves, 'Ah, if all had been equal to that!' or else we meet with some shocking incongruity that spoils everything; but here the motive, which is that of perfect splendour, is maintained without flaw or failure anywhere. The architect made his windows as large and lofty as he could (there is hardly any wall, its work is

* Some say that the crown of thorns was purchased from John of Brienne, the Emperor, and the piece of the true cross from Baldwin II., his successor; others say that both were purchased from Baldwin II. The cost to Saint Louis, including the reliquaries, is said to have been two millions of livres. So far as the King's happiness was concerned, the money could not have been better spent.

* The spire by Lassus is the fourth. The first, by Pierre de Montereau, became unsafe from old age; the second was burnt in 1630; the third was destroyed in the Great Revolution.

† The woodcut is from a picture now at Versailles, painted by an artist named Martin in 1705. It is possible that he may have stunted the spire a little to get it into his canvas, he certainly has depressed the roof, unless the roof then existing fell considerably short of the original pitch.

done by the buttresses); and he took care that the stonework should be as light and elegant as possible, after which he filled it with a vast jewellery of painted glass. Every inch of wall is illuminated like a missal, and so delicately, that some of the illuminations are repeated of the real size in Guilhermy's monograph. When we become somewhat accustomed to the universal splendour (which from the subdued light is by no means crude or painful), we begin to perceive that the windows are full of little pictorial compositions; and if we have time to examine them, there is occupation for us as the windows contain more than a thousand of these pictures. Thanks to the care of M. Guilhermy, they have been set in order again. The most interesting amongst them, for us, on account of the authenticity of the historical details, is the window which illustrates the translation of the relics. Here we have the men of the time of St. Louis on land and sea. In the other windows, the Old and New Testaments are illustrated. Genesis takes ninety-one compositions, Exodus a hundred and twenty-one, and so on, each window having its own history.

ST. LOUIS IN THE SAINTE CHAPELLE.

There are four broad windows in each side, though from the exterior two of these look slightly narrower because they are somewhat masked by the west turrets. The apse is lighted by five narrower windows, and there are two, the narrowest of all, which separate the apse from the nave.

In the time of Henri II. a very mistaken project was carried into execution. A marble screen, with altars set up against it, was built across the body of the chapel so as to divide it, up to a certain height, into two parts. Happily, this exists no longer.

The original intention of Louis IX. when he built the Sainte Chapelle was that the upper chapel should be reserved for the sovereign and the royal house whilst the lower one was for the officers of inferior degree. The King's chapel was on a level with his apartments in the palace, so that he walked to it without using stairs. The lower chapel has now been completely decorated like the upper one, on the principles of illumination. It is beautiful but comparatively heavy and crypt-like, and the decoration looks more crude, perhaps because the vault is so much lower and nearer the eye. A curious detail may be mentioned in connexion with the religious services in the Sainte Chapelle. They were of a sumptuous description as the 'treasurer,' who was the chief priest, wore the mitre and ring, had pontifical rank, and was subject only to the Pope. He was assisted in the services by one chanter, twelve canons, nineteen chaplains, and thirteen clerks. When Saint Louis dwelt in his royal house close by and came to the Sainte Chapelle the place must have presented such a concentration of mediaeval splendour as was never seen elsewhere in such narrow limits. His enthusiasm may seem superstitious to us, but he endeavoured earnestly to make himself a perfect king according to the lights of his time, so that his splendid chapel is associated with the memory of a human soul as sound and honest as its handicrafts, as beautiful as its art.

P. G. HAMERTON.

# A GIRL OF HYDRA.

ETCHED BY LUDWIG OTTO, FROM A PAINTED STUDY BY HIMSELF.

THE reader will probably remember an etching of more than ordinary charm, which appeared in the PORTFOLIO for March 1882, and was entitled 'A Lady in Mediaeval Costume;' that was also by Ludwig Otto, and to save the trouble of a reference, we may repeat here, that the artist travelled for seven years for the German Academy of Sciences, which has its chief stations at Berlin, Rome, and Athens. When at Athens, he painted the portraits of the Queen, and the Prince and Princesses of Greece. These distinguished personages did not, however, dazzle Mr. Otto's eyes to such a degree as to make him blind to the charm of humbler inhabitants of the country. One day, says a correspondent of ours who is a friend of the artist, 'he was attracted by the picturesque dress and graceful behaviour of a young woman, who, as he learned, was a native of the island of Hydra. She readily assented to sit as a model to him, and he executed a painting, and different smaller sketches, in remembrance of which the etching has been produced.'

'The jacket of dark crimson is richly embroidered with gold and black silk. The veil is of a tender cream hue, its ends embroidered with gold and with silk of lively colours. The turban-like head-dress may be a fashion influenced by the Turks who ruled Hydra before King Otho ascended the throne of Greece. The veil over the face is worn loosely and not so straight across as the Turks wear it.'

# BENOZZO GOZZOLI.

## II.

HIGH up on the top of its lofty hill, half way between mediaeval Siena and Etruscan Volterra, is the ancient city of San Gimignano, still wearing that diadem of towers which as far back as Dante's days made it famous as the *Città delle belle torri*, in poetic phrase—

> 'San Fina's town of the beautiful towers,
> Hailing the sun with a hundred hands.'

Thirteen of the seventy still remain to-day, witnesses of the jealous pride of Guelfs and Ghibellines, Ardinghelli and Salvacci, who tore the city in twain with their rival factions. Seen in the distance as the traveller climbs the hill-side from Poggibonsi they give the old town a unique and strikingly picturesque character, which agrees with the Gothic windows and carved doorways of its steep streets and the primitive customs of its people, unspoilt as yet by the ugliness of modern life and the rush of tourists.

San Gimignano is rich both in treasures of art and historic memories. Here Dante came in 1297 to plead the cause of the Guelf alliance. Here, in 1480, Savonarola, after his first failure in Florence, was sent from St. Mark's to preach to the simple mountain folk, and attracted crowds by the fire of his eloquence. Here Ghirlandajo and Benozzo Gozzoli painted, leaving more lasting traces of their residence behind them than their other illustrious countrymen. In 1464 a sudden visitation of the plague desolated the neighbouring towns without visiting San Gimignano; and its citizens, ascribing their escape to the intercession of their patron saint, Sebastian, resolved to commemorate their deliverance by painting a votive picture above his altar in the church of St. Augustine.

A learned Augustinian friar, named Domenico Strambi, who had lectured on philosophy both in Paris and Oxford, and had acquired the title of Doctor Parisinus from a long residence in the former city, took a leading part in the work, and secured the services of the Florentine painter Benozzo, who had acquired a great reputation by his recently painted frescoes in the chapel of the Medici Palace.

In the course of that year he came to San Gimignano and executed a large fresco, in which St. Sebastian is represented standing with hands raised to heaven, interceding for the multitude who take shelter under his outspread mantle. Old men, women, and children, some of these last innocently unconscious of the doom that hangs over them, crowd together at the saint's feet, with cries for mercy, while above the Almighty appears, surrounded by avenging angels, flinging fiery darts before Him. In the central part the Virgin and the Baptist kneel on the clouds, joining their intercession to that of St. Sebastian, whose prayers are borne heavenward by floating angels almost as fair as the seraphs of the Medici Chapel.

This noble work, executed in Benozzo's best manner, became the model for many compositions of the kind both in Tuscany and Umbria. Its merit was recognised by Friar Domenico Strambi, who immediately on its completion employed Benozzo to adorn the choir of the Augustinian church with

three rows of frescoes representing the life and death of St. Augustine.

The subject is one that seldom appears in the works of Italian painters, although the saint himself and one or two incidents in his life, especially that of the miraculous vision of the child on the sea-shore, are frequently to be found. The seventeen scenes of Benozzo's series at San Gimignano were no doubt chosen by the learned monk, but the charming fancy and lively humour displayed in the various incidents selected are all Benozzo's own. One remarkable feature of his genius, which he first developed at San Gimignano, his skill in depicting the joys and griefs, the innocent mirth and merry games, of childhood, appears in the opening scene, where Augustine is brought to school at Tagaste by his father. The boys of the class are seated at lessons under an open portico. In front of them stands the schoolmaster a stern personage, who with one hand points approvingly to the diligent child in the act of learning his task beside him, while the other is raised to strike the idle and refractory scholar. The unlucky victim, hoisted on the back of a bigger youth to receive a whipping, looks round, half in dread, half in curiosity, to know what will happen to him, while another chubby-faced boy, with curly locks and tight-fitting cap, sitting at his desk in the class, peeps up from his writing-lesson to look at his companion in disgrace.

In the sixth compartment, where Augustine is represented teaching rhetoric in Rome, we have an assembly of grown-up scholars, whose different impressions are depicted with the same vivid reality. Old and young are sitting or standing in little knots, listening to the animated discourse of the teacher whose eloquence has attracted them. Most of them listen attentively, but with an air of calm indifference on their faces, as if they were too much used to such teaching to feel any profound interest in the speaker's words; a few contract their brows, and are evidently following his argument eagerly. Doubt and questioning are visible on the faces of some, while earnest conviction is as plainly read on those of others. One man turns to his neighbour to ask for an explanation; another, less intent on the subject, is engaged in turning back the fur of a richly-trimmed sleeve which encumbers him. In the foreground a little dog with shaved back is sitting upon its haunches, and appears again in most of the following series as Augustine's companion.

A scene of a similar character is that of St. Ambrose preaching at Milan, which, like many of the series, has been much damaged and in part effaced. Here women are introduced among the congregation, of which Augustine and Monica are members, and close under the pulpit, from which the bishop preaches, two young Milanese ladies in rich dress are sitting on the ground, the one fixing her eyes in rapt attention on the face of St. Ambrose, the other, all too conscious of her beauty and of her handsome clothes, entirely absorbed in thoughts of self.

The backgrounds of these scenes are remarkable for their wealth and variety of objects, both in building and landscape. Through the windows of the hall where Augustine teaches rhetoric we see gardens and villas, the street of Tagaste is adorned with mediaeval towers and Gothic palaces, and in the fresco of Augustine's departure from Rome we have a complete panorama of the Eternal City. Benozzo manages to crowd into this landscape not only several of the chief monuments of ancient Rome—the Coliseum, Pantheon, and pyramid of Cestius—but also the battlements and towers, the loggias and campaniles, of the mediaeval city, with his favourite cypresses and palms among them.

The taste for splendid pageantry which had found suitable expression in the procession of the Magi on the walls of the Medici Chapel, strikes us as a little incongruous in the troop of cavaliers and pages who escort Augustine on his journey, in the brocaded draperies and jewelled trappings of his bay horse. But these details were the necessary setting of the picture, in Benozzo's imagination, and delighted his contemporaries by their fantastic richness as much as the Gothic arcades and pointed spires which rise among the classical buildings of pagan Rome. In the eyes of later generations, they give a special value to his work by illustrating Florentine life and customs, and by bringing us into close contact with the men and women of the painter's days.

Benozzo has certainly, in a rare measure, the art of reproducing little bits of life with the most perfect truth and reality. These separate groups of his, these figures engaged in some simple action or movement, maidens carrying baskets, young men stooping to lift a burden, or boys at play, meet us everywhere in his frescoes. Take, for instance, the charming group in the corner of Monica's death-bed scene—the young mother who sits on the floor with folded hands and looks upward with prayerful eyes, forgetful of the tiny child who clasps both its hands round her arm and clings trustfully to her side. There is nothing more natural, more perfectly true and beautiful, than the way in which he renders a simple motive like this one. Or, to take a different subject, let us look at the little band of friars assembled on their knees round Augustine, while he expounds the Scriptures in their ears. Nothing could be more closely copied from actual life, than these seven or eight friars pressing close to the new brother's side, to hear what he has got to say. It is just such a group as Benozzo must often have seen in some cloister at Florence or San Gimignano, as to-day we may still come across in some remote

monastery at La Vernia or Fiesole, where the last remnants of conventual life linger yet. The faces are of a common type with no special beauty or elevation of thought; the expression that predominates among them is that of strong curiosity, but each is strikingly individual, and interests us by its human, living meaning, as we feel that it interested the painter who could reproduce a group so exactly.

> 'Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
> For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
> The mountain round it and the sky above;
> Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
> These are the frame to? What's it all about?
> To be passed over, despised?—or, dwelt upon,
> Wondered at?—Oh, this last course! you say.
> But why not do as well as say,—paint these
> Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
> God's works—paint any one, and count it crime,
> To let a truth slip.'

So, in the poet's verse, Fra Lippo argues, and in these frescoes at San Gimignano perhaps more than anywhere else, Benozzo shows a marked leaning to the Carmelite friar's style. Both in stature and type, his figures bear a considerable degree of resemblance to those of Lippi, whose strong realism he combined in a singular manner with the tender purity and devout feeling of his old master, Fra Angelico. This new influence is no doubt partly owing to the fact that a former pupil of Lippi, Giusto d'Andrea, was Benozzo's assistant at San Gimignano, and certainly painted the lower row of medallions, with heads of the Apostles on the vaulted roof of the portal.

It was to intercede for a brother of Giusto, Giovanni de Mugello, that Benozzo wrote to Lorenzo de Medici on the 4th of July, 1467, begging his illustrious patron's good offices on behalf of the said Giovanni, who was, with some truth it appears, accused by the monks of a convent at Certaldo of stealing the bed-clothes from their cells. This letter was written from San Gimignano, where Benozzo was then engaged on the closing scenes of St. Augustine's history, at which he had worked during three years. Several of these later frescoes are unfortunately much injured. We regret especially the destruction of *Augustine Preaching*. The scene is laid in an ancient basilica filled with one of those motley crowds of monks, old men, richly-clad women and children, which afforded Benozzo a happy opportunity for the exercise of his fancy, and was evidently his most successful work. Fortunately two other fine examples of his best style remain—the death of Monica, to which allusion has already been made, and that of the saint himself. In this last scene—the grandest of the whole series—Benozzo follows the type originally invented by Giotto in the death of St. Francis in Santa Croce, and works it out into an elaborate composition crowded with figures and splendid accessories. The saint lies on a richly-draped mortuary couch, surrounded by a large company of monks and novices; a bishop reads the last offices, boy acolytes and friars hold cross and candles aloft at the foot of the bier, and the monks show their grief in the most varied ways. Some fling their arms back with gestures of despair; others bow their heads over the dead saint as if inconsolable for his loss; some, again, clasp their hands in prayer, and resign themselves with a touching patience on their faces, that is more affecting than the passionate lamentation of their companions. In all this Benozzo's skill is admirably displayed. The grouping and disposition of the figures, the graceful arrangement of the lines of conventual buildings in the background, and the marvellous variety of expression on the faces of the mourners, all show the greatness of his powers and the height to which he could occasionally rise.

Unluckily he too often traded on the reputation which he had achieved, and stooped to execute commissions with a haste and carelessness that are inexcusable in a man of his talent. This is especially the case with the altar-pieces which he painted during his residence at San Gimignano, both for the churches of this city and for those of neighbouring convents and chapels. Among these, the most worthy of mention are the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian in the Collegiata—far inferior to the earlier work in St. Agostino—and a Madonna with angels scattering flowers, originally painted for St. Andrea in 1466, but now removed to the Collegiata. He also restored the old tempera painting by Lippo Memmi in the hall of the Podestà where Dante had pleaded of old, and which still bears the inscription, '*Benotius Florentinus pictor restauravit Anno* MCCCCLXVII.'

(*To be continued.*)

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

## RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN.

M. AMAND DURAND has lately added to his reproductions from the early 'painter-engravers' a complete series in facsimile of the works of Lucas van Leyden. An example of the style of that short-lived but prolific Dutch master,—one of the most precocious and one of the most laborious that ever lived,—was set before the readers of the PORTFOLIO five or six years ago,* accompanied

* August 1877. See also PORTFOLIO April 1881.

with an account of his artistic character and career. The plate which we now reproduce illustrates another phase of his talent. Lucas van Leyden stands alone among the engravers of his age for the skill with which he designs and groups companies of figures stationed on various planes of distance, and for his care and delicacy of touch in expressing the effect of aerial perspective. The present plate hardly gives scope for such extreme complication and refinement of effect in these particulars as one or two others of his hand, such as the large Crucifixion, or even the Baptism of Christ; but it ranks for these qualities high among his work. Moreover, it is valued among connoisseurs for another and purely extrinsic quality, its rarity. The existing impressions of the piece are comparatively speaking few; not, indeed, by any means so few as those of the so-called 'Eulenspiegel,' or the large 'Expulsion of Hagar,' which for the collector are the almost *introuvables* choice morsels among the works of Lucas; but few enough to make it somewhat of a prize in a collector's cabinet. In some otherwise very rich collections it is not to be found, as for instance in that of the Fitzwilliam Museum. M. Amand Durand's reproduction leaves, as usual, remarkably little to be desired, and possesses all but the crispness and delicacy of a good early impression of the original. The work belongs to the earlier time of the master, about 1510 or 11. Lucas was then only in his seventeenth year, but such was his extraordinary precocity that his art had by this time reached its full development. A similar precocity declared itself also in the artist's form and features, according to his portrait painted by himself in the Brunswick Gallery: at least if we may trust the date supplied by Stock's engraving from it.

The intellectual and spiritual parts of the art of Lucas are less interesting than the manual. His patience and delicacy of hand are quite unsurpassed, but he has little of the imaginative force of his great contemporary Dürer, still less any spark of the Greek or Italian sense for beauty. Towards the close of his life, he took indeed to wooing the siren of the South, the spirit of classic grace, devotedly, but quite in vain. His earlier work almost always pleases and commands respect by its transparent earnestness and simplicity. His personages are full of honest, homely, uncouth and unpretending human character; their gestures are frankly conceived, and their costumes and accessories rendered with an infinity of scrupulous and interesting detail. But here his power ends. In this Return of the Prodigal, with its studiously designed bevies of spectators, and its spacious and pleasant landscape animated with little past or future episodes of the story, we perceive no such potent grasp of the heart and essence of the parable, no such feeling exhibition of the passions of contrition on the one hand, and repentance on the other, as Rembrandt has given us in his famous etching. And yet Rembrandt works with much simpler means, and employs according to his wont types still ruder and uncomelier than those of the earlier master. On the other hand, Lucas compares in this instance favourably with some of his own contemporaries in the treatment of the theme, and notably with Hans Sebald Beham, who has shown himself much more at home in depicting the Prodigal's orgies among his evil companions, and his degradation among the swine, than in realizing the poignant and moving crisis of his return.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

## ON THE TRUE COMPOSITION OF THE GROUPS OF PHIDIAS.

THE relation between a composition, either pictorial or sculptural, and the general form which frames it, is a very important condition of ultimate harmonious effect. The circular boundary can as little be superseded for the beautiful group of Michael Angelo at the Royal Academy as for the *Madonna della Sedia* of Raphael at the Pitti. The square, the long square, the upright, all the varieties of enclosing outline, are bound in consequence to be in sympathy with the combination of groups which they severally enclose.

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel gives varied illustrations of this principle; the Sibyls and Prophets are in style as much sculptural as pictorial; and the spaces in which they are disposed are, moreover, not simple framings, but represent architectural divisions and enclosures. It is easily conceivable what would be lost if these conditions were obliterated—as much as if the *Poetry* of Raphael, on the ceiling of the Camera della Segnatura, were enclosed in a square frame instead of a circle, or as if no bounding-frame at all were indicated.

Formal limitations tell upon the effect of a design in various ways. They determine the gracefully balanced proportion of the free space to the covered; their rigid lines give contrast and definition to the flowing lines of the figures or other objects, and materially affect our appreciation of the general slope of the more right-lined silhouettes. The sculptures of the metopes of the Parthenon—included within squares between well-marked triglyphs on either side, and cornice above, and architrave-band below—exemplify these relations. Certainly there is no appearance in any case that the group takes its quadrate

ordination under constraint of the space at command for free movement; it ever seems to fall into harmonious relation spontaneously, and only a jarring discord could result from transferring it to an enclosure of a contrasted form.

If this is the nature of the case with the metopes, how much more emphatically must the principle apply to the pedimental sculptures of this marvellous monument, enclosed as they were in a triangular frame of depressed proportions and that so distinctly marked by duplicated borders of right lines formed by the convergent horizontal and raking mouldings. The value of these contrasts must have told especially at the extremities, where the groups were disposed in the narrowed recesses given by acute angles. The terminal groups of the eastern—the more important—pediment of the Parthenon, which were originally so housed, have fortunately been preserved to us. Unapproached as they are in respect of the figures individually, they are no less unrivalled examples of what may be called antithetical symmetry. We recognise this despite their present distribution and ruin. But the full appreciation of their value in composition would require imagination to restore not only the effective contrast by the lines of the framing architecture, but some sense of primary relation to the central group, which is unhappily lost without a trace.

It is now as many as twenty years since the suggestion of an outsider was so far listened to by the Trustees of the British Museum of the day, that a rude experimental framing was erected about these groups, to indicate the slope of the raking cornice above them. Such a concession to independent expostulation was much,—yet it was but a moderate concession relatively to the full suggestion, and had no permanent result. The suggestion in its full extent was made by me in the interest of architecture as well as of the sculpture; it extended to the reproduction of the horizontal cornice of the Parthenon, with all its mouldings and details, as the proper base of the sculpture; and then, also, in like manner, of a portion of the raking cornice, with its beautiful cymatium at a slope over the groups by the angle as far as these extend. This reproduction, of which the value has been proved in the case of the inferior Aeginetan sculptures, can be made with most absolute exactness; it could not, however, be extended with advantage to a display of the triglyphs and metopal spaces below the cornice; this would involve raising the base line of the sculptures to at least six feet and a half above the floor level, instead of the present height of about four feet, which is very satisfactory. The true place for the reproduction of the entablature would be against the wall, exhibiting a sculptured metope between triglyphs and above architrave. Such a partial reproduction as is suggested, of the pediment cornices at the exact scale of the original, would have more value for the architect than any drawings, however elegant, or any small model, however complete. It would also give direct guidance to the consistent adjustment of the groups relatively to the slabs of the tympanum behind, and to the advanced horizontal line which they must conform to, and also relatively to approximation among themselves,—guidance and also a check which is not unneeded, to ill-judged displacements.

As this is not the place, even if the demand upon space could be conceded, to replunge into controversy respecting the treatment of the composition when complete, I state my own conclusions. I have given the reasons elsewhere, and thither refer the curious.* The general subject of the eastern pedimental sculpture was the first sudden appearance of the goddess Athene among the Olympians on her miraculous birth from the smitten head of Zeus; up to this point we have the authority of the traveller Pausanias. The goddess, so I have persuaded myself, occupied the central position in the action of rushing forward with elevated spear as described in the Homeric hymn, with the astonished and admiring deities around. These central groups, as immediate witnesses of the marvel, were brought into union with others at the angles, the groups of which we possess the remains however mutilated, which were symbolically intimated as more remote. Iris, the messenger of the gods, with looks scarcely as yet averted from the event, is hastening on one side to announce it to the Seasons, personified in Attic mythology as a pair, and to their frequent associate Dionysus. On the other side the triple Fates, a no less usual complementary group, appear as if suddenly and sympathetically conscious of the same crisis which is sending a thrill through the universe; while Nike (Victory) springs forward, as in representations of the incident on the vases, to greet both sire and daughter. The span of the pediment thus symbolised the universal *cosmos* including the entire cope of heaven. The Sun-God and his horses are emergent from encircling Ocean at one end; at the other, to the right of the spectator, where the most distant of the Fates is scarcely roused from slumber, Selene is sinking with her horses.

The celebrated horse's head on this side was so declined that the lower jaw partly advanced beyond,—in fact, was notched to the edge of the cornice,—an indication of descent the more expressive from contrast with the energetic lift of the heads of the horses of the Sun at the other end. As the marbles

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* The Eastern Pediment of the Parthenon. 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' vol. vii., new series.

The Central Group of the Panathenaic Frieze. *Ibid.*, vol. v.

Explanation of the Groups in the Western Pediment of the Parthenon. 'Classical Museum,' part xviii.

'The Age of Pericles,' vol. ii., p. 183.

are at present arranged, this cannot be properly given; and the horse's head is in consequence somewhat out of due relation to the level of the other figures. So, also, is the torso of the charioteer Selene, which has kept its place ever since I suggested its removal to that position. With the position and collocation of the three grand female figures which ensue,—unrivalled in all sculpture,—there was no ground for cavil until within rather more than a twelvemonth since. Certain discussions then arose with the result of disturbing a state of things which was quite satisfactory. The wave of objection, set in motion perhaps by Otto Jahn, was propagated from one German professor to another,—from Jahn to Friedrichs, from Friedrichs to even Michaelis,—with the overwhelming effect upon English disciples which we now have to deplore and would fain do something to remedy. Two of these figures are carved out of one vast block, and in consequence are only susceptible of misarrangement by being placed at a false angle to the front,—an error which, however slight in degree, would not fail to be most detrimental in effect. The goddess nearest the angle has been reclining in sleep against her seated sister, and is as yet only half aroused by her movement in the moment of agitation. This movement is surely sufficiently expressive and explained without being understood to imply that she is seized with an inopportune impulse to jump up (—'im Begriff ist vom Stuhl aufzuspringen.' Friedrichs; and also Michaelis). The heads of both the figures are unfortunately lost; but let the spectator only take station in the doorway opposite, which so happily allows of a more distant point of view, and restore in imagination the drowsy head just lifting from the supporting shoulder, and he will in some degree appreciate the gracefulness which has perished. The third goddess, while looking towards the central group, had her left hand on the back of the second, as if she were using the words which Aeschylus assigns on a parallel occasion,—'Rouse her as I rouse thee.'

The agitation which culminated in the lost central group was thus represented as not dying out towards either extremity, but as in process of extending thither, as a wave in mid ocean is gradually propagated, but with ever-subsiding energy, till it reaches and recoils from the bounding shore. It is by skilfully graduated animation that the sculptor succeeded in expressing within his limit of one hundred feet the very interval of the horizon from west to east, from sunrise to sunset, with the intermediate ethereal seat of the divinities of whom the ideals involved personification of all that was conceived as most imposing and majestic in the heavens. The remotest figure in each terminal group reclines at present undisturbed by consciousness of the great event; the next figure in either case is warned to give attention by the third, whose gestures distinctly indicate the direction from which the revelation of its significance is to arrive.

The distance that is to be understood as separating figures which are, in fact, in close proximity, is implied by artful management. Iris, with robes wafted and arched by her rapid movement, is approaching, while still looking back for a moment, the pair of Attic Seasons, but the one who is nearest to her turns her head, not towards Iris but to her sister, and only lifts her arm without excitement, as indication that an announcement is on its way. At the other side, the Fate who is nearest to the centre turns towards it indeed, but with no such movement as implies that she can see or expects to be able to see what is there proceeding, but rather as if stirred instinctively, and with expectation further aroused by the rapid rush of Nike (Victory), who is springing forward in the same direction. There are thus four figures on either side, or five if we include Helios and Selene, which are distinctly correlative in general arrangement and sentiment, while at the same time their symmetry is relieved by most artful modulation. Of the two luminaries, one ascends as the other sinks; the reclining figure on one side is nude and masculine and isolated; at the other, feminine, most gracefully draped and in closest association with a companion. Of the figures that come next and have the function of single links between the triplet groups and the main incident, the Iris moves towards the angle of the pediment and the Victory towards its centre. The whole treasury of ancient art supplies no other example that can compete in mastery of harmonious symmetry; and in modern times it is much if we may venture to compare with it the *Last Supper* of Lionardo de Vinci; or the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican.

It is interesting to observe in the Aeginetan pediments the earlier struggles and stratagems to combine true rhythmical symmetry with an escape from monotonous repetition. A wounded and prostrate warrior occupies the narrow angle at each extremity, but in postures that seem violently strained into contrast; one leans on an extended arm and bends the other to draw an arrow from his breast; the other leans on his bent right arm and extends his left towards a wound on his thigh; one crosses a leg over to the front, the other keeps a bent leg behind that which is extended along the front line of the cornice.

So much for the general principle of the composition of these groups of Phidias; but the general effect can only be duly conserved if the original positions of the figures and groups relatively to each other are most accurately maintained. Those who have been accustomed to make occasional visits to the Elgin Room, who 'have not spared to interpose them oft,' will have observed that the noble group

of the Fates, after long being left alone, has recently been subjected to a variety of interferences, under what particular circumstances or by what suggestions beyond those already indicated it does not concern us to inquire; but it must be mentioned as no matter for inquiry, because notorious, that a specific theory is responsible for these alterations. In substance it appears to have been, and, indeed, still to be, this, that the group does not represent the triad of Fates at all, and that in any case the goddess who is seated towards the centre of the pediment was in no such intimate relation to the two who are in close conjunction, as had previously been very generally, if not with universal consent, admitted; and that on this account, as also in the interests of graceful composition, the figure ought to be, as indeed it has been, not only moved further apart, but even turned away to a different angle with the line of cornice. This, at least, is the best case I can make out for the liberties that have been indulged in. Certain it is that no further support can have been claimed from the position assigned to the figure in the drawing which Carrey made, when the group was more perfect than at present. The value of this evidence we shall see is not conclusive as to details, but on this point I find independent reason to trust it implicitly.

So far as alterations have been prompted by a desire to bring the group into happier, self-contained composition, it must be observed that an error is involved in an attempt to make a subordinate group independent. It would not be fulfilling its function if it asserted self-contained completeness; true it is that contemplated alone it has a certain overbalanced air, a predominant *lean*, which demands explanation. Such explanation would, I believe, be given in part by the correcting contrast of the raking cornice which I should wish re-established above it in its original proximity, but still more, doubtless, by the relation of the swaying and swerving lines of the lost central group, and indeed by the contrasted action of a figure to the right, the Victory of which more is to be said. As a crucial illustration of what befalls a dismembered composition, cover the right-hand group of the demoniac boy and his friends in Raphael's *Transfiguration*, and the marvellously composed antithetical group of Apostles to the left will seem to be falling over in a cataract.

It has already been observed, that any inference from the drawings of Carrey must not be relied on too confidently. His sketch is certainly curiously accurate in some particulars, but what we possess of this group convicts him here of extraordinary carelessness and error. He represents the head of the reclining Fate in free profile and erect; the head, unhappily, is lost, but the marks of the marble where it was broken away, plainly show that it was reclining on the left shoulder of her sister, either perfectly tranquil, or certainly so little raised that it still was sloped away from the front and her hair continued in contact with her recent pillow. Again, he shows the right arm of the Fate next to the Victory as bent at the elbow, and lowered to a degree which is quite inconsistent with the lift and direction of so much of the upper arm as still remains.

These inaccuracies forbid us to claim him as a decisive witness for the great proximity of this third sister to the companion pair, the position for which I am concerned to contend, and should naturally be glad to have confirmed, but we have indications in the marbles themselves that in any case would make us independent of his testimony. I apprehend that there can be no error in assuming that the statues as now fixed upon the bed are in what those who have shifted them from time to time accept as final, and are prepared to vindicate and impose as the authoritative collocation. There is every sign that this is the case. The more is the pity. A glory has departed from the group, and what has been a source of delight for appreciators of the art of Phidias in the most admirable of the groups that are preserved to us, is most seriously impaired. The figure of the detached sister is now removed to such a distance from her companions, and turned to them at such an angle, that we have cross purposes substituted for the harmony of that arrangement which was held justly satisfactory for so many years. At the back of the group, behind the right shoulder of the intermediate sister, there is a cup-like hollow, rough with chisel-marks; this, I have no doubt, was made to receive the marble to which was attached the palm of the hand of the other Fate, and I should be content to rely on this alone for guidance as to the positions and proximity of the pair. But if an opinion no less positive is expressed that this was not so, then, even although no such alternative theory is offered of the purpose of this hollow as may fairly be demanded, and no consistent explanation given of whatever other disposition was possible for the hand which I would place there, an opinion may, perhaps, be thought by some to negative an opinion. In this case for their satisfaction other evidence must be summoned; it is not far to seek.

It has always been a subject of admiration that the ancient sculptor bestowed as much art and pains in finishing the backs of these statues as though they were not destined to be out of sight and inaccessible for all time when once erected before the solid face of the tympanum. Most striking examples of this devoted prodigality of labour are the backs of the figures which used to be called the Theseus and Ilyssus—now more consistently Dionysus and Cephissus. But supererogatory elabo-

THE GROUP OF THE FATES, AS AT PRESENT ARRANGED.

THE PROPOSED RE-ARRANGEMENT OF THE GROUP

ration was lavished upon drapery as well as upon the nude, as will be seen in the exquisitely worked folds and convolutions of the tunic or chiton of delicate texture of the reclining Fate, as it droops and spreads over her foot which is quite out of sight from the front; and what could ever be seen again even of the exquisite finish of the drapery over bosoms and on the laps of the Fates when once they were placed in position upon a cornice at an elevation of some six-and-forty feet above the level of the eye? The principle, so to style it, was carried out consistently in the architecture, a bead or pearl moulding worked out of the solid immediately under the cornice entirely round the building, was quite indistinguishable, indeed invisible from below. If, then, it is to be argued that the two figures of which the collocation is now in question were in closest proximity, we are bound to expect that, carved from separate blocks though they were, their draperies must exhibit signs of the approximation even in parts where contact would be out of view. It was in a conversation upon this general subject many years since with the late Mr. C. R. Leslie, that he told me, I forget upon what authority, of a strange extension of such conscientiousness, such luxury of consistency; it was to the effect that when the sculpture of one of the metopes was moved from its original bed it was found that the under surface of some drapery which was represented as resting on the ground had its flattened surface carved with a complete representation of compressed corrugations. Let this be as it may, I will admit of nothing as more certain than that the drapery of the figure which I will call the nursing Fate, is distinctly represented on her right side, as having been compressed by that on the left of her detached adjacent sister. The edges of the deep under-cut folds over the knees and thighs of these figures have suffered most unhappily, but the visible fractures show how sharply they were executed in ridge beyond ridge. We trace the continuance of this treatment to a certain distance in the intermediate space referred to; but suddenly treatment changes—the sharp and projecting ledges die into a smoothly undulating surface, which, when unaccounted for, as it is in the present ill-advised readjustment of the figure, is nothing less than an eyesore, because it is nothing less than an absurdity. So it is, however, that the group, as we have now to look on it, is violently dislocated—is torn 'limb from latchet.' Even apart from this particular proof, self-evident it is to me, and I expect will be to many others on impartial inspection, that the two figures are clamorous to be recomposed; the correspondences for mutual reception are scarcely less manifest than between cast and mould, seal and impression. The comparative value of the two arrangements, of the existing and of the proposed, is exhibited, surely, with conclusive force in the engravings. The first of these represents the group in the altered collocation in which the marbles have been permanently fixed; the other is the best representation that the circumstances admit, of an adjustment too hastily superseded, but which, we would fain hope, may yet be restored.

But still another change is demanded in justice to the genius of Phidias; this affects the adjustment of Nike (Victory), the unhappily mutilated, but still magnificent, figure which is placed, I do not doubt correctly, so far, next to the Fates. This figure is not seen in Carrey's drawing, and those who are familiar with the special providence which gives an advocate for every paradox will not wonder that its right to this place has been vehemently contested; vehemently, but I must here assume, vainly. The record of where it was found prostrate on the cornice appears to me trustworthy, and combined with the traditional propriety of the intervention of Nike at this point, and with the effect of the figure in composition, to be conclusive. But for this effect to be appreciated by establishment of its relation to the adjacent group, the figure must, in the first place, be restored to a natural pose and balance in accordance with its action.

It is now more than twenty years since, in the course of a delightful morning spent among these marbles in company with the late Professor Cockerell, I identified, among the loose fragments, the right thigh of this figure; the fracture gave only about half an inch of precise contact, so much was broken away, but when the readjustment was duly effected—not without some amicable contention with my late friend Mr. Westmacott,—the recovered movement had the magnificence that we see; still more decision has since been conferred upon it by the recognition and attachment of the left knee. But what has thus been regained has been more than compensated by falsity of pose. If we complete the legs of the figure as it is now immovably erected, we shall find that the right foot would not reach the level of the ground upon which the left must rest; and not only so, but it is clear, from the angle of the advancing right thigh with the body, that the responsibility for support was thrown chiefly on the right leg and foot, and, consequently, that the body, now falsely set bolt upright, must have had greater inclination in this direction. Here, again, argument and exposition may be superseded by appeal to the engraved representations of the proposed and the existing poise of the figure.

After this change is realised we are in better position to appreciate the effect of the figure in composition with the adjacent Fate. It becomes apparent at once that the sloping outlines of the two accord, and that relief is given by the bold and

firm movement of Victory. It would be required, however, for full satisfaction that we should be able to bring the figures, or casts of them, into actual approximation. There are certain remarkable indications that proffer guidance. It will be seen on examination that the folds of drapery of the Fate which hang down from below the right thigh do not reach the ground, but are abruptly terminated. There is every appearance that their continuation as originally finished has been deliberately removed. This was not by fracture, as appears by preservation of the original surface where one fold is bluntly cut off; in the case of another the violence has been palliated by carving a return in low relief upon the sheer surface. The slope which was thus effected has such agreement with that of the leg of Nike when the figure is restored to a natural and possible balance and action, that it claims to have had some distinct relation to it.

PROPOSED POSITION OF THE FIGURE OF VICTORY.

Again, low down in front of the left thigh of the Victory a stout metal plug is observable, and the insertion of such a plug at this place, with no relation to the delicate folds of the covering drapery which it penetrates, demands to be explained. I believe that we have here, again, an indication of the proximity of the figures; that, in fact, we have a trace of the provision for supporting the free arm of the Fate as it extended partially in front of her neighbour. This arm had not, like those of her sisters, supporting attachments elsewhere; and the great weight of it would seem to require of necessity some security beyond the strength of the marble itself.

PRESENT POSITION OF THE FIGURE OF VICTORY.

The Victory was fitted with wings, as appears by the deep hollows in her back formed for their reception and the peculiar adjustment of the drapery as confined between them; it is by these, indeed, that the figure is identified as Victory. In any attempt which may be made to certify the true collocation of the group it will be desirable to consider in what way the wings were disposed and contributed to account for the distribution of space.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

## ART CHRONICLE.

The painter-etchers opened their second Annual Exhibition last month at the Windsor Gallery, in Savile Row. One hundred and fifty of the works exhibited are shown for the first time, and about eighteen, as stated in the catalogue, may be said to have been previously published. It is mentioned in the same place that a feeling prevails among the Fellows that an annual exhibition should represent the whole production of the year; and that an arbitrary rule against what has in a technical sense been already published, should by rights be modified. Possibly some difference of opinion on this or other points may account for the fact that out of seventy-nine Fellows of the Society no less than forty-two are absentees, among them, unfortunately, a majority of the most distinguished Members.

The American etchers are for the most part non-exhibitors. Mr. Platt, who dates from Paris, however, represents the school of picturesque effect with five studies of American subjects on the coast and inland. Mr. S. Hayden, President, comes to the support of the enterprise only with two broad sketches at *Cowdray Castle*. Messrs. Frederick and Edward Slocombe send sylvan studies, successful in accustomed manners. A certain bold study of rough water and *Lobster Fishers* is of Mr. Colin Hunter's best work, in a style where neither tenderness nor delicacy are sought. Mr. Holloway, in *SS. Cornwall at Purfleet*, has overweighted the broad side of the big ship with shadow, and got his plate out of balance, which is a pity in such an honest piece of work. A large plate of the Romanesque church at *Limburg on the Lahn*, by Mr. Walter Burgess, is impressive in the setting of the piled-up towers dark against a cloudy sky, suddenly irradiated by sunset; but the very difficult matter of treating satisfactorily the large space of shadowed hillside and orchard ground below has proved too difficult for the etcher. Mr. Joseph Knight has sent several mezzotints of Welsh scenery, almost too effective and charming, so satin-like in softness, so appealing in contrast of light and shade are they. The clearly drawn and straightforward work in pastoral subjects of Otto Weber must not fail of record.

On the whole the figure work stands highest in this exhibition, a very unusual thing. This is partly due to the quality of certain studies by Mr. Menpes: vignettes of characteristic figures, peasants, children—in groups, or more often single;

drawn with delicate truth and in the most precise and comprehensive faculty of expression—in their way these little plates leave nothing to desire. Further, Mr. Strang is a contributor of eight characteristic etchings of figure subjects, treated in the style of the early masters, very broadly and simply, with strong emphasis, and an intensity of manner, which has more than a reminiscence of M. Legros' severity. In the treatment of the homely types so deliberately chosen one traces the study of German and Flemish masters even to the echo. Mr. G.W. Rhead has rather lost his way in the *Head of an Old Man;* and Mrs. Merritt's study of the striking head of the *Hon. J. R. Lowell* is perhaps more happy in matter than manner. Mr. Macbeth's contributions are of minor importance. A sketch of a girl, *The Lawn Tennis Champion*, by Otto Leyde, R.S.A., is spirited and emphatic, somewhat in Mr. Macbeth's manner. Mr. Jacomb Hood sends one slight figure-sketch, a *gamin* trying his first catch at *L'Ouverture de la Pêche*, which, though slight, is full of careful and delicate drawing and of close observation. There is considerable muster of works of a more or less amateur, or at any rate tentative character, often, nevertheless, ambitious enough, which it is perhaps most considerate not to notice, but rather to wait and see what another year may bring from the same hands.

THE exhibitions of the reorganized body now called the Dudley Gallery Art Society, commenced last month with a collection of water colours. Ninety 'subscribing members' contributed pictures of more or less merit, and there was a fair acceptance of work by outsiders, which sent the 'sky-line' towards the ceiling. The exhibition is in no way remarkable, but a tolerable average in landscape is maintained. Mr. Brett, A.R.A., sends two small clever coast studies. In figures, the dashing Oriental sketches of Arthur Melville are most noteworthy; and a new comer, Walter Langley, makes a mark with a single seated figure of a noble old woman of the lower class—a sincere and vigorous piece of work. The exhibition may prove a recruiting ground for the established Societies, but it must be confessed that the amateur element, in the least dignified sense of the epithet, is unpromisingly prominent. Also, though a slight matter for comment, it may be asked, in what unfortunate moment did the 'Council' pass the childish chromo invitation card,—an arrangement of rainbow and water-lilies, suggestive of the Christmas sale cards sent out from drapers' shops.

A NEW Gallery for water-colour drawings, and a room for the architectural designs, are to be added to the premises of the Royal Academy in Burlington House.

A SMALL collection of tapestries and fabrics gathered by the late Mr. D. G. Rossetti has been presented by Mr. R. H. Edmundson to the Manchester Fine Art Gallery.

IT is decided to enlarge the National Gallery on the ground at the north side, now occupied by a barrack-yard; and a Government grant for the extension will be included in the Estimates for this year. The question of lighting the galleries by electricity is still held in abeyance, the various new systems being considered as not yet sufficiently tested to justify their adoption in so important a public museum.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL, in Bond Street, have been exhibiting a series of small water-colour drawings by Mr. Birket Foster, thirty-three in number, executed with delicate finish and pleasing effect with a view to engraving.

MR. J. MCNEILL WHISTLER was good enough to plan his exhibition of 'Venice Etchings and Dry Points,' the opening of which was noted last month, as a practical joke for the amusement of the public. The small gallery of the Fine Art Society was 'an arrangement in yellow and white,' carried out with equal taste and affectation in white felt wall covering with yellow mouldings, yellow furniture, yellow flowers, and footman in yellow livery. Furthermore, the catalogue was made up of observations culled assiduously from the notices of the Daily Press or elsewhere upon Mr. Whistler's plates, ingeniously and whimsically misapplied, and here and there commented upon by marginal notes of a jocose character from the artist himself. Mr. Whistler's critics may be amused, some of them possibly flattered, by the diligent attention which he has evidently paid to their remarks; and the artist may be congratulated on the success of his original device for drawing public attention to himself and his work. As regards the plates, many of them have already been exhibited a season or two ago, and were noticed in this column. The effects sought in some of the new works are of such swiftly-seized impressions as in the Venice Pastels were happily and more suitably rendered. It would be easy to comment upon other and more elaborate examples in which there is wanting that charm of decisive and intelligent touch, which suggests all and details nothing—a quality which is conspicuous in Mr. Whistler's best work.

AMONG the art-sales of recent occurrence was that at Messrs. Christie's, on February 26, of drawings and sketches by John Flaxman. The most interesting lot was a MS. poem, in thin quarto, by Flaxman, entitled, 'The Knight of the Blazing Cross;' dedicated to the artist's wife in 'gratitude for fifteen happy years passed in her society,' and illustrated by forty-one pen-and-pencil sketches, and six finished drawings of the 'Acts of Mercy.' This was secured for the Cambridge Fitzwilliam Museum by Professor Colvin for 220*l.* 10*s.* It went in 1876 for 136*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Colvin also bought some drawings of pediments, heads, &c. Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., secured many good things. Twenty-seven illustrations to the 'Odyssey,' duplicates of the set purchased by Agnew for 70*l.* 7*s.* in 1876, now fetched in the aggregate 250 guineas; and twenty-three of an 'Iliad' series, twenty-nine of the originals of which went for 50 guineas in 1876, now obtained together 200 guineas. The advance in prices is noteworthy, if taken as a criterion of public taste. Flaxman's presentation silver-gilt and gold pallets from the Society of Arts, journals, autograph letters from celebrated persons—Goëthe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c.—were among the relics included in the sale. The drawings realised 1485*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*, and the entire collection 2292*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

THE Ossuna Library and art treasures, gathered by the late Duke, who was Spanish ambassador to the Court of Russia, are amongst the famous collections brought into the market. It has been stated that the Cortes would be asked to vote 200,000*l.* to purchase the whole for the Spanish nation. Manuscripts and documents of immense value are among the objects. It is said that Germany offered 4000*l.* for an authentic text of the 'Roman de la Rose.' The diplomatic correspondence of Rubens, and a copy of the 'Diary of Columbus,' written by Las Casas, are mentioned among the historic papers.

MR. GEORGE SIMONDS has finished his noble statue of *Perseus*, which will be ready for the Academy Exhibition.

WE have seldom come across a more delightful book in its way than 'Highways and Byways of New England,' by Wm. H. Gibson (Harper, Bros. New York). As the title indicates the letterpress is descriptive of rural life and scenery; a love of nature that is Wordsworthian in its reverence, the close and patient observation of an artist, the peculiar humour of a genial American in the study of men and things—these are qualities that give a quite individual freshness and vigour to Mr. Gibson's account of his wanderings, sketch-book in hand, up hill and down dale. The contents of the sketch-book furnish the illustrations to the book, most of them accurate and exceedingly careful and intricate studies of foreground material, or of groups of plants and flowers, of insects or birds, with also some general landscape subjects. The skill with which these notes and studies have been reproduced and printed by the wood-engravers is beyond praise. The varied tone, the imitative interpretation of the artist's touch, the intelligent following of his delicate effects of light and dainty drawing of form, make these among the most beautiful examples of the American school of wood-engraving which we have seen. The name of the engraver is printed against each title of illustration, a tribute only just where at least as much is due to the interpreter as to the designer.

WE have received a volume of lectures on 'Art, and the Formation of Taste,' published by Messrs. Macmillan, and written by the late Lucy Crane, sister of the artists, Walter and

Thomas Crane, who have drawn and engraved the illustrations. The worth of the book lies chiefly in this : that it places before the reader the principles and thoughts of certain leading

art-teachers of the day,—Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Wm. Morris chiefly, as interpreted by clear, good sense, expressed in intelligible, unaffected, if rather colloquial English, and applied with precision

to the studies, the tastes, and the practice of an ordinarily intelligent learner. This may be no ambitious task, but it is at least a useful one, and the success which attended the delivery of these lectures would indicate that the publication has a future as a prize-book, while it will be acceptable on many a study table.

THE distinguished amateur and collector, Baron Charles Davillier, died in Paris a month ago. His collection, especially of Oriental and Spanish objects, is of world-wide repute. He was Fortuny's executor, and brought out a splendid illustrated volume on that artist. Baron Davillier also published an authoritative work on Hispano-Moresque faïence, and other treatises on the industrial arts.

ANOTHER vacancy was made in the ranks of Royal Academicians last month by the retirement into honorary membership of the veteran painter, Mr. Cope. The new election took place on the 29th, too late for note here.

To be noted among changes in the art world in Paris is the succession of M. Kaempfen to the post of Director of the Fine Arts for France, vacant by the resignation of M. Paul Muntz. As President of the Managing Committee of the Society of French Artists, in whose hands are the affairs of the *Salon*, is elected for the year 1883 M. Bailly, with MM. Guillaume and W. Bouguereau as Vice-Presidents, and as Secretaries, MM. Ch. Garnier, Thomas de Vuillefroy, and Yon.

FROM the Autotype Company we have received a large reproduction of the picture of *Sir Galahad*, by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1881. The various gradations of tone are admirably rendered, the greys being light and tender, and the deepest tones full and rich. The glossiness of the surface, especially in the blacker parts, is now almost the only drawback to the use of this excellent process. *Idalia*, a graceful female head, from a brown-chalk drawing by Mr. Alfred Ward, is also a capital piece of reproduction. Another autotype issued by the same house is from a picture by Mr. Henshall, called *Behind the Bar*, the qualities of which appeal perhaps rather to moralists than to artists.

MR. MURRAY responds to a genuine demand in bringing forward a new and fifth edition of 'Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive and Historical,' by Dr. Wordsworth, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, with excellent and abundant illustrations. The volume as it now stands, prefaced by the admirable 'History of Greek Art,' by Mr. Scharf, and brought by Mr. H. F. Tozer's careful editing up to the level of the last antiquarian research, is a complete and unique text-book. Dr. Wordsworth's style is classic in dignity and reticence ; it contrasts forcibly with the colloquial picturesqueness of more recent writings ; what is lost by comparison in fervour is gained in scholarly reliableness. It is often remarked how little colour finds record in the Homeric narrative, and the same absence is to be noted in the otherwise graphic descriptions of the Bishop learned in classic lore ; yet another and more remarkable omission in a work, geographical as much as descriptive, is the paucity of facts about scale, the altitude of mountains, and so forth. This absence of measurement, taken together with the somewhat exaggerated treatment of scenery in the illustrations, is so far misleading that it is rather curious the point does not seem to have drawn the notice of the Editor. The materials supplied by Mr. Tozer as to recent discoveries are interwoven with the original text, not put into foot-notes ; for example, data as to the excavations of the Theatre at Athens by the Society of German Antiquaries in 1862 ; the discovery of the Treasure House at Orchomenus, in 1880, by Dr. Schliemann ; the excavations at Dramisus undertaken by M. Carapanos in 1875, which resulted in the identification of the site of Dodona in the very place which Dr. Wordsworth forty years before had foretold, and the great work at Olympia, carried on by the German Government from 1875 to 1880. The illustrations re-appear in wonderfully good condition ; the wood-blocks are here and there a little worn, but the engraved plates seem to have kept very bright and clean. The cuts in Mr. Scharf's Essay are after his own excellent outlines, and the text has been re-edited and completed by himself. To travel in Greece with this volume is in short to travel with a library ready arranged and collated.

# THE EARLIER WORKS OF ROSSETTI.

## I.

WRITERS and readers of biographies know that the most interesting and instructive portions of the lives and works of their subjects are due to the years during which the characters of the men are forming, developing, and, so to say, concreting their elements. In this period arises that ever-afterwards recognisable shape which the world accepts as, to use Mr. Browning's noble image,—

> 'The complete Sordello, Man and Bard,
> John's cloud-girt angel, this foot on the land,
> That on the sea, with, open in his hand,
> A bitter sweetling of a book. . . .'

As is the case with nearly every man who has achieved renown, and done something to advance the world's love of art and conception of its meaning, the career of Rossetti was not without shortcomings, including those which plagued Sordello. Sordello did nothing greater than protest and die; Rossetti did a great deal in art and verse, and, like that of all geniuses who do not quite fit their times, his work has hitherto taken effect as much by the minds and heads of others whom he influenced as directly by his own means. In future, I doubt not, the facts will be reversed, because the dual gathering of this year at the Academy and in Savile Row enabled most men to see the painter who was formerly 'cloud-girt,' and, like a Hebrew prophet, chiefly known by the voices of his acolytes. Still, in art at least, Rossetti did not, as I think, complete himself. However this may be, and whether or not the whole of the 'angel,' who undoubtedly had a stupendous message to deliver, will ever be revealed, it is not possible at this time to say. I, like one of the 'young men' of the Hebrew record, was among the first, if not the first, to prophesy about Rossetti as a painter, and hope yet to draw the largest figure of him in that capacity; therefore I ought to be able to think confidently as to this revelation.

Nevertheless, but one conviction seems possible on this point, and this is to the effect that Rossetti is only to be recognised solidly, effectually, and, so far as it is practicable, wholly, in his earlier works—the poetic, incident-abounding, and passionately dramatic 'drawings in red and blue,' as a Philistine of the Academy called some of them, at which, especially at Burlington House, not one in ten observers could be got to look carefully, much less to exhaust them with studies. In Savile Row, where the spectators had been to some extent sifted, there was a difference of attention in this matter, which was no doubt partly due to the absence of the more taking paintings of the artist's later life, and the relative predominance there of drawings such as those in question. The finer versions of some of the masterpieces in oil, such as *Proserpine* and *The Blessed Damozel*, were indeed in charge of the Burlington Club, but even these had been discounted by examples on the Academy's walls. The marvellous pictures called *The Bride*, *Monna Vanna*, that opalescent gem, *Il Ramoscello*, a very pearl of painting, and *Dante's Dream*, the larger version from Liverpool, took off the zest of most observers' enjoyment of the studies and exercises which accompanied them in Piccadilly, and to some extent forestalled the club's display. In both gatherings a large number of early drawings were to be found; but the best were, on the whole, in the Academy, and these received inferior attention; although in them the artist, as a designer, was to be seen in his true array, and as nearly complete as he was destined to be. It will be remembered that *Dante's Dream* at the Academy—the consummated representation of Rossetti's ideal of his most favoured subject—was but a developed version of a drawing (No. 32) lent to the Burlington Club by Miss Heaton, and eloquently elucidated by Mr. Vernon Lushington in the 'Oxford and Cambridge Magazine' so long ago as August 1856. It was designed in this form in 1854–5, and thus comes within that line which divides Rossetti's earlier from his later works. It was his most laboured subject, but not that which profited most by his genius; the attention it received was, it seems, proper to the circumstances under which the oil pictures of the same design (of which there are two) were produced. As an example of Rossetti's poetic and constructive powers it is of the second, if not the third, rank. In these qualities it must yield place to Mr. Boyce's *How they met Themselves* (1851, R.A. 329); that passionate version of a wizard's dream, Mr. Trist's *Michael Scott's Wooing* (R.A. 336), of which an earlier and very poetical example was (No. 37) in the Burlington Club's collection; *Hesterna Rosa* (R.A. 334);* *Borgia* (R.A. 346), dated 1851,

* This is a work of 1850, when it was originally drawn and given to me. For some reason of his own Rossetti inscribed it as given in 1853; this was the date of trivial alterations. It is a work nearly contemporaneous with the fine ink drawing lent by Mr. Rae to the Burlington Club, and called *Il Saluto di Beatrice* (No. 33), of which the artist intended to execute a large oil picture in two compartments, as shown by the drawing. Late in the autumn of 1850 he and I spent some weeks at Sevenoaks, and he began in oil, on a large canvas, the landscape of the compartment on our left of No. 33. This landscape was abandoned, and, like a large ink drawing of *Kate the Queen*, which is represented by *The Queen's Page*, the Hon. Mrs. Spring Rice's picture in oil (not water, as the catalogue has it), No. 12, in Savile Row, it has disappeared. *Kate the Queen* exhibited all the incidents and figures of *The Queen's Page;* its execution was that of 1850–1, in Rossetti's practice,

and in the modern strain of subject by *Found!*—of which the oil picture, still unfinished and not improved by comparatively recent additional details, belongs to Mr. Graham, and was No. 287 in the Academy galleries. This profoundly pathetic and original intention is to be seen in Colonel Gillum's ink drawing (B. C. No. 1), which is dated 1853, and was certainly begun at least a year sooner, not long after his removal to 14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge. Part of the old bridge appears in the background of the drawing, and is repeated in blue, for after-painting, in Mr. Graham's picture.

It is to still earlier examples than these we must look for predictions, and in them find previsions, of the genius of Rossetti. Such earlier drawings were at the Burlington Club and Royal Academy, and the group begins with a little sketch in sepia, called *The Sun may shine and we be Cold* (B. C. 27), which, in May 1848, was inscribed by 'Dante G. Rossetti to his friend, Alex. Munro.'* This was in the earliest days of the P-R. B., and the work is the first dated example of Rossetti's intention which has come under my notice, and represents a concreted idea of value. I here exclude the design of the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* (R. A. 286), not only because it can hardly be called a dramatic work, and exhibits a contemplative rendering of a subject which is as void of incident as an allegory, but because it is due to about six months later than B. C. No. 27. The next example is *Gretchen in the Chapel* (B. C. 101), which is dated 'July, 1848.' There is another drawing, called *Michael Scott's Wooing*, now belonging to the owner of the last, the representative of Mr. Alexander Munro, who lent it to the Burlington Club, as No. 37, which bears the date, 1853. This inscription refers, I have not the slightest doubt, to the gift of the drawing, not to its execution. The close resemblance between the styles of this drawing and that of *The Sun may Shine and we be Cold*, to say nothing of the likeness of their respective modes of design and conception, affirm that no long time had elapsed between the making of one and the other. Probably 1848–9 is the true date of No. 27; at any rate, it must have preceded the severe and laboured outline in ink entitled *Genevieve*, and representing an incident in 'Love' by Coleridge, which is dated 'August 1848,' and was given to Mr. Coventry Patmore, who lent it to the Club as No. 99. The large and elaborate drawing (B. C. 96), called *The First Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*, is dated 1849, and inscribed, 'Dante G. Rossetti to his P-R. Brother John E. Millais.'* Rossetti several times repeated this subject; see Mrs. Combe's water-colour picture, R. A. 362—a much finer and bolder rendering of the same subject, with a totally different design, which is dated 1853. The difference between these two examples fairly and fully represents the progress made by our artist in the interval. In the earlier, the intense but still passion of Dante's air and face, as he rises to receive the distinguished trifler whose coming troubled him in a moment of sad memories, is in itself a proof of noble powers immaturely expressed. In this, and in other examples of the class, the technical progress of Rossetti may be traced; we see him struggling with the difficulties of elaborate and exhaustive draughtsmanship, not, as in the sketches given to Mr. Munro, hastily emphasizing his ideas. There is extreme diffidence, not to say timidity, in the laboured and delicate outlining of Mr. Patmore's drawing, which was proper to a time (1848–9), when the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* and *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* (R. A. 288) were in prospect, if not, as was certainly the case with the former, in course of actual execution. We must put back the dates of these pictures a year; the inscriptions refer to their completion, not to their commencement, much less to their inception. In a large, dank, and depressing room at 7 Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, the *Mary Virgin* picture was produced with throes of unwonted and stringent application to one purpose during the summer and early autumn of 1848, and later, till it was barely finished in time for the exhibition at Hyde Park Corner in 1849.†

Encouraged by the affectionate counsel of Mr. F. Madox Brown, and the aid of other more advanced students than himself, Rossetti, who, at this time, was less than twenty years of age, and had not long submitted to the bonds of academical practice in art,

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and almost identical with that of Mr. Rae's drawing. Something of this style may be seen in Mr. Hutton's *Two Mothers* (B. C. 7), which embodies the original conception of the figure of the portly lady reading to the Queen in B. C. 12, above mentioned. The figure troubled Rossetti a good deal, so that he altered its design more than once, and variously adapted it to the composition in ink. The lady in *The Two Mothers* is an enlarged version of this part of the design; produced, or, at any rate, finished, about 1852, but it is properly due to 1850, and it differs materially in style and execution from that of the later works. This style may be recognised in the fulness of line of Mr. F. Madox Brown's *Venetian Lady in Red* (B. C. 9), which is dated 1850, and was painted from the model who sat for the Queen's reader in B. C. 12, a damsel who, because she was plump, was known as 'Fatty.' Mr. Boyce's *Borgia*, see above, exhibits the same characteristics.

* Alexander Munro was a clever young Scottish sculptor, who had come to London as a *protégé* of the Sutherland family, and attained some considerable reputation before he was cut off by consumption in early middle life.

* This was one of a number of designs given by the P-R. B.'s respectively to each other. R. A. No. 334, above named, is another of the same category of gifts. Mr. W. M. Rossetti retains the drawing by Mr. Millais which was exchanged for B. C. 96.

† This exhibition was held in a long, large, and lofty gallery, illuminated from the top, and, except as to its remote situation and difficult approach, admirably suited for the display of pictures. Originally, and not without enterprise approaching rashness, constructed for the exhibition of Chinese *bric-à-brac* and furniture, it was known as the Chinese Gallery. It stood (or stands) on the ground behind the site of the present Alexandra Hotel.

underwent discipline in technical matters, but it was against great difficulties that, with enormous courage, he strove to achieve full expression of the meaning which was in him. Friends helped him in these respects, and other touches than his may be traced in certain minor parts of the *Mary Virgin, e.g.*, the hands of St. Anne, the masterly precision of which differs from the less firm and more laboured manipulation of the pure and lovely faces of the holy women, their studied and sculpturesque draperies, the poetically inspired but weak landscape background, and the flat and jejune architecture. At this time, and onwards for some months, Rossetti was obviously striving to attain a technical ideal which previous discipline, or rather no discipline, had not put within his reach. It is needful only to look at the exquisitely wrought white draperies of both the figures in *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* (1849–50), which were actually finished with a black-lead pencil, to see how he strove to work with the most searching technique, as, with few exceptions, of which the delicious *Il Ramoscello* (1865) is a crowning instance, he rarely worked again. It would not be at all difficult to demonstrate in a group of pictures and drawings produced between 1847 and 1853 the technical influences of Rossetti's fellow-students and friends, severally, here of Mr. F. Madox Brown, there of Mr. Holman Hunt, and, with much less potency, of Mr. Millais. The more laboured parts of the execution of *Mary Virgin, Genevieve*, and *The First Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*, are referable to unflinching exercises in the light of Mr. Hunt. In the softer technique of *Gretchen* we see most of Mr. Millais, whose picturesque mode of composing masses and form, and light and shadow—to say nothing of a certain mode of grasping the inner passion of the subject, which we do not often find in Rossetti's inspiration. In (1) the extreme mastery and breadth of *The Laboratory*, lent by Mr. W. Bell Scott to the Burlington Club as No. 2, a work of 1849; (2) in the large style of the right-hand half of *Il Saluto di Beatrice*) (1849–50). In (3) the effective and highly dramatic arrangement of the complex and rich groups of *The Queen's Page*, qualities which prefigured great things in their very noble way; and (4) above all, in the massive and fully developed ideas of composition, not without a characteristic touch of quaintness, of Mr. Seddon's contribution to the Academy, No. 365, that superb fresco in small called *Giotto painting Dante's Portrait*, dated 'Sept. 1852,' but which was certainly in hand many months before, we have ample indications of the active and abiding influence of Rossetti's guide in technical matters, Mr. Ford Madox Brown.

In the sense we usually apply the term to the relations of old painters, Mr. Brown was Rossetti's master. Putting the latter's earlier works in chronological order enables us to see how frequently active this influence became. But it was never, even in technical matters, predominant, and Rossetti remained Rossetti even in the intensely energetic drawing of *The Laboratory*, which is said to be his first work in water colour, and not only shows the most of Mr. Brown's influence on the painter, but, by a critic of another age, might not unfortunately be ascribed to the master rather than the pupil. The small *Figure in Red* (B. C. 9), see above, might have come out of a picture by a Venetian of the mode of Moroni, if not Titian. It was, I believe, executed under the eye of Mr. Brown, and, unless I err greatly, owed its existence to studies for the undiscovered ink drawing, *Kate the Queen*, the entire design of which is fully preserved in the picture called *The Queen's Page* (B. C. 12). This last work, which was crowded with figures, greatly taxed Rossetti, and evoked all his resources of composition, order, invention, drawing, expression, and research, was undoubtedly among the most profitable of his designs. It was long in hand, and received so much of his energies that its loss is a thousandfold regrettable, if indeed it is not still concealed in some recondite collection. That the artist destroyed it seems out of the question, he destroyed, or painted over, less elaborate productions; he generously gave not a few away, and among them such fine examples as my *Hesterna Rosa*, and Mr. Millais's *First Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*, but this example was, as may be seen in the oil sketch, called *The Queen's Page*, much more elaborate than even these. Several of Rossetti's works escaped the zealous search of friends bent on enriching the Burlington Club's Collection, but some examples which had been long forgotten even by the surviving intimates of the artists' youth, were afterwards found in out-of-the-way places and shown to the world. Let us hope that *Kate the Queen*, now it may be in the former category, will some day be recovered, although it is too late to join the greater number in Savile Row.

Having ventured to express an opinion, which is not mine alone, that Rossetti the painter is only to be recognised effectually and solidly in his earlier dramatic works, it is incumbent on me to produce examples of his art to this effect. If I select such examples from the mass of designs lately on view in the Academy Exhibition and its supplement in Savile Row, it will at least be possible to show what seem to be the finer achievements of the artist. Not having the designs as examples in hand, I may fail to establish the transcendent claims which have been made on their behalf, but, being convinced that these designs received much less admiration than was their due, I may be allowed to plead in their behalf.

Reverting to the little drawing in sepia called *The Sun may Shine and we be Cold* (B. C. 27), which is the earliest of the body in question, a sketch made

when Rossetti was less than twenty years of age, and a small matter which had great issues. It is easy to see that it is a rough, frankly expressive work, made with a pen or small brush, and representing a girl or young woman seated in the deep recess of a window that opens on a street, is barred across, and curtained over nearly the whole of the lower portion, so that, while radiance and warmth of the declining sun flows overhead the dim figure is half obscured in a chilly shadow, and yet by its very solidity distinct against the screen and rough side of the vaulted space. The last, so deep is it, suggests an embrasure in a fortress or prison rather than an ordinary window-niche. Near her right shoulder are the Virgin and her Babe, statues erect on a bracket; significantly placed behind the woman is the Virgin's lily. Seated on the ground before the prisoner, and with a woeful face, is a figure of a little boy, doubtless an emblem of Love degraded, who has sorrowfully turned away from his companion, and darkling broods over her fate. All these elements are but accessories to the expression of the woman's face, and the attitude of her body, which is half supported by the wall, and otherwise stiffened, as if an over-mastering thought would not relax its hold on the form which seems to have kept its place in the chill of the vault for hours and hours, while quick feet and busy voices passed unheeded in the street, and the sunlight shifted from low to high, and high to low again. The face is not irreproachably drawn, but of its terrible sorrowfulness and significant outlook of a chilled heart there cannot be two opinions. Next in pathos to these fine elements is the clutching and twitching of the girl's hands, that, with a dreadful wringing, seem to move over and under one another in turns, and, except the creeping onwards of the shadow of the falling sun, are the only things that move within this chilly cell.

Reading such a design as this with the attention which is its due enables us to understand how to the youths of his own cycle Rossetti's genius was obvious enough to be recognised in a manner not common among young men. He became a focus of an enthusiastic circle of sympathetic and aspiring men of poetical instincts, not painters only, some of the members of which have not failed to appreciate all his best work, and still see how much modern art directly and indirectly owes to him. As a draughtsman, and, above all, as a painter, Rossetti was behind some of his fellow artists, who, nevertheless, gladly accepted his light of invention and those treasures of inspiration in which his talk and drawings abounded. A larger number of less robust spirits were content to admire without a thought of rivalling, or even following him. Others could not, or would not, enter into the circle in which his influence made itself felt; and not a few remained outside and scoffed at what they took to be excesses because they were mere eccentricities of young energies and courage unsubdued.

The drawing called *Michael Scott's Wooing* (B. C. 37) is, as before stated, in its inspiration and technique so closely analogous with the last-mentioned example, that its place in the chronology of Rossetti is next in order here. Leaving the date debateable, and reminding the visitors to Burlington Gardens that Mr. Trist of Brighton contributed a larger drawing (R. A. 336) of much later date and more developed motive than this comparatively crude, but highly poetized example, let us see what the artist has imparted of a legend he doubtless improved, if he did not actually and absolutely invent it as a whole. A notion floats in several memories that Michael Scott, the wizard, in order to fascinate a lady whom he was wooing, caused a weird pageant of Love and Death,—the terms are of the haziest,—to appear before her.

Mr. Trist's drawing is much clearer as to its general motive than that Rossetti gave to Alexander Munro, the above-named No. 37; which was drawn in bistre with a pen, and shows the wizard as a young man seated on a double bench, holding a round mirror in his right hand, and steadfastly regarding a naked youth, Love, whom his arts have raised to emblematise the passion, and made visible. Love is winged, and his long pinions are crossed before his feet in a manner which suggests comparison with a drawing belonging to Mr. Boyce, dated 1852 in the Club's catalogue (but not on the work itself), where a similar arrangement of wings occurs. This is the *Annunciation* (B. C. 3); Love plays on a lute, or dulcimer, which is suspended about his neck. He leans against an apple-tree, the shadows of the boughs of which darken his face; and out of that shadow the eyes of the spirit, eidolon, spectre, or soulless form, seem to gleam fixedly at the wizard who invoked it. The crowned serpent of the Fall twines about the trunk of the apple-tree; and a further reference to Eden is suggested by the disk-like plot of herbage at Love's feet, and from which the tree issues. The left arm of Michael Scott is placed about the shoulders of his mistress and companion on the double bench, who thus witnesses the incantations of her lover. She holds a fan and a book inscribed with lines of music, probably those proper to the exercise of the charm which has called up the mystical pageant of Love and the Fall. The woman is absorbed in contemplation of what she sees of the spirit. A maiden attends behind the bench, and adorns the lady's hair with flowers; possibly the vision is not revealed to her, at least she seems to be ignorant of its presence, and this gives an intensely effective air of mystery to the enchantment itself. A boy, exactly such a subordinate as Rossetti loved to place in his designs,

THE SALUTATION OF BEATRICE.

FROM A DRAWING BY D. G. ROSSETTI.

Beatrice Dead.

Study for the Oil-Picture of Dante's Dream.

By D. G. Rossetti

leans against the side of the bench, and seems to be waiting in moody silence for a call. Another attendant, who is turbaned like an Indian, stands with bent head and both arms crossed on his breast in the background, close to the wall of the chamber. Through the window we have glimpses of a river, town, and bridge. The whole design is instinct with the imagined enchanter's spirit; and an air of ineffable mysticism, here weird and romantic, there ominous and minatory, affects every element of the representation, roughly, or rather incompletely, expressed as it is.

It will occur to every one who studies the motive of *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin* (R. A. 286), the date of which is 1848–9, that another sort of mystic influence pervades that work and broods in its design. A child angel, with rose-coloured wings, attends the lily which prefigures the destiny and is the type of Mary, and the pale landscape is filled with a soft light unlike the day; the female figures are contemplative, self-abstracted, and almost emotionless. Mary's unfinished task of embroidery is symbolic, and the symbolism is continued in the companion picture *Ecce Ancilla Domini!* where the broidery-frame is closed, as if the task it served had been completed when the fire-footed angel came and brought the lily itself to the Mother of Christ. We see the like mystical spirit effectual in Mr. Coventry Patmore's highly dramatic design the *Parable of Love* (R. A. 330), the date of which is 1849, where a lady has been painting her own portrait in a mirror, while her lover stands behind;* and he, seeking to set the features true, leans over her shoulder and, seizing her painting hand, guides it in the right way. In the style so muscular and energetic, the movement and passion of the design, and the happily ordered composition of this instance, we see, more than in several other examples to the same effect, the influence, as above described, of Mr. F. Madox Brown. The whole is much more robust than Mr. Millais's drawing (B. C. 96), which was produced in the same year, 1849. In style it is closely analogous to *The Laboratory*, 1849 (B. C. 2), which, without any mysticism, has passionate movement equal to that of *A Parable of Love*, and still more vigorous dramatic qualities. In tracing, as I have endeavoured to do, the diverse influences in question on Rossetti's technique and varying treatment of his thoughts, I by no means intend to ascribe (even to his most potent guide) to any one but Rossetti the higher manifestations of whatever Rossetti did. Very far indeed was he from being, at any time, less than himself; least of all, did his independence depart or his idiosyncrasy fail to assert itself in the early years to which these remarks apply. He was, in technical matters merely, and in the order of his exercises, looking at one time at the practice of one more advanced companion, then at that of the second, then at that of the third; and his works, naturally enough, reflect something of the light in which their maker studied.

F. G. Stephens.

* This is a likeness of Mr. Woolner, R.A., who also, unless my memory deceives me, sat for the head, or part of it, of the announcing angel in *Ecce Ancilla Domini!*

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# PARIS.

## V.—*The Tuileries and the Luxembourg.*

Some readers may ask why the Tuileries should be a subject for a chapter in a work on Paris, when the palace is a thing of the past, and the last stones of it are just at this present time being carted away from its empty site.

To this objection there are two replies. The first is that the historical importance of the palace will make some mention of it inevitable in every work on Paris for ages yet to come; because, if the stones are no longer there, the site must ever remain. The second answer is of a more positive and practical nature, making no appeal to feelings with reference to past history, which exist powerfully enough in some minds but are entirely absent from others. The Palace of the Tuileries has always been held to include the two blocks of buildings at the northern and southern extremities, called the Pavillon de Marsan and the Pavillon de Flore; and by some authorities the lines of building running eastwards from these pavilions are held to belong to the Tuileries, as far as the pavilions de Rohan and Lesdiguières. Now all this exists at the present day, after much restoration, even after much reconstruction; and is still an

Note.—We publish in the present number a facsimile of Méryon's well-known etching of the apse of Notre Dame, and refer the reader to the voyage round the island in our March number. It is unnecessary to repeat what has been said elsewhere with regard to the qualities of this remarkable plate. The reader will find an account of it in *Etching and Etchers*. An illustrated work on Paris would scarcely be complete without some reference to Méryon. We expect to give in the next number a drawing of the Pavillon de Flore, which has just been executed for the Portfolio by Mr. Wyld.

architectural feature of Paris too important to be omitted.

Many readers of these pages will remember the Tuileries as they appeared in the time of Napoleon III. In those days the main body of the palace was a very thin and very long line of building, which extended from the Rue de Rivoli on the north to the bank of the Seine on the south; and included nine masses, each with its own roof. In the middle stood the Pavillon de l'Horloge, and at the two extremities, as I have just had occasion to observe, the pavilions Marsan and Flore. The remaining six masses of building were distributed symmetrically, three on each side the Pavillon de l'Horloge, but each pair of them differed greatly from the others.

The first impression produced by the Tuileries on a foreigner who knew nothing about its architectural history was that 'it was a vast and venerable pile.'

> 'Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
> By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
> Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined,
> Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
> Yet left a grand impression on the mind.'

I remember that first 'grand impression' well, and can easily recover it even now. The great length of the garden front gave a magnificent effect of perspective, ending admirably with the towering pavilions, and divided by the central pavilion and the range of different roofs which rose one behind another like mountains. The colour was a fine warm grey, turned to a golden grey by the effulgence of sunset, when the long range of windows glistened in the evening light. It is said that on a certain day in the year when the sun was to be seen exactly within the great, far-away arch of triumph, the last of the French kings would come out on the balcony of the great central pavilion and watch the rare and magnificent spectacle. It is not very long since then, in mere numbering of years; and there are people still living who have seen the King on the royal balcony, yet it belongs even now as much to the past as the princely life at Nineveh. The last King lies, nearly forgotten, in the mausoleum on the top of the hill at Dreux, wisely chosen far from the capital that the House of Orleans might rest in final peace; and where the long, picturesque old palace stood is a great gap of empty air.

The destruction of the Tuileries by the Communards was a lamentable event from the point of view of the historian and the archaeologist, but artistically the loss is not great. If the Empire had lasted, the palace would have been destroyed by architects, as the total reconstruction of it had been decided upon long before. In spite of the immense sums which at different times had been spent in making it habitable, it still remained one of the most inconvenient houses in the world. The extreme (relative) narrowness of it made communication troublesome and long, whilst there was a great want of proper corridors, and, in short, the structure was only the result of adding and mending, not the realisation of a logical and orderly plan. I cannot say whether the projects for the new palace had ever been elaborated in the shape of finished drawings; if they were, it was thought judicious not to show them to the public; but long before the fall of the Empire I was told, by one who knew the imperial intentions, that the old palace of the Tuileries was condemned. The first step was taken by pulling down the *Pavillon de Flore*, and when the new one was erected in its place, a short piece of new work, equally magnificent, was carried northwards and stopped abruptly, to accustom the public to the idea of its ultimate continuation. At the same time it does not appear that Louis Napoleon contemplated the immediate rebuilding of the Tuileries, as he arranged a very beautiful and costly suite of private apartments for the Empress within the shell of the old palace.

Hardly any old country-house in England has been built in such a haphazard fashion. The first architect no more thought of uniting the Tuileries to the Louvre than the builder of Buckingham Palace thought of joining it to the Horse Guards, and yet this notion ultimately governed everything, entirely depriving the Tuileries of completeness and independence, and making it only part of a colossal whole, which, from the artistic point of view, was simply a colossal error.

The history of it begins in the year 1564, when Catherine de Medicis conceived the idea of having a palace to herself near the Louvre, yet independent, in which she might be near enough to her son Charles IX. to have influence over him. She wanted it to be a country house, or what we should call suburban, just well without the walls of Paris. Here the reader must be reminded that in 1564 the wall of Paris was no longer that of Philippe Auguste, which went through the present square of the Louvre, but that of Charles V., which went through what is now the Place du Carrousel, just to the east of the *Salle des États*, or a little to the west of the pavilions *de Rohan* and *Lesdiguières*. It was a fine strong wall, with square towers, and a round tower at the corner near the Seine, called the *Tour du Bois*, which remained long afterwards, and is a familiar object in old prints.

There is this very curious coincidence in the first construction of the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries. Each of them, in the beginning, was intended to be just outside the wall of Paris, the Louvre being west of the wall of Philippe Auguste, the Tuileries west of Charles the Fifth's wall. The difference in the style of architecture adopted marks the difference between the temper of Gothic and Re-

naissance times. Philippe Auguste built the Louvre as a strong Gothic fortress, Catherine de Medicis, with ideas imported from Florence, wanted a Renaissance palace of graceful architecture where she might dwell in elegance and comfort. She got her elegant dwelling, but had not much comfort there, as it happened.

And now, from an artistic point of view, comes the saddest part of the whole story. Catherine had a man of taste and even genius at her orders, the great architect Philibert Delorme, and he had a plan for a palace of moderate dimensions but of perfectly rational conception, such a palace as would have been a really complete work of art, and a great ornament to Paris in our own day, had it been preserved so long. Catherine appreciated and employed him, but she was short of funds, and he unluckily only lived a few years, so that his complete plan could not be carried out in his lifetime, which would have settled everything.

As the name of Philibert Delorme is so closely connected with the origin of the palace, there is a common popular belief that at least the central pavilion and the wings nearest it were built by him, as we knew them, and such is the power of fame that they were often admired on the strength of his reputation. If his shade could have revisited the garden, and seen the front in the time of Louis Napoleon he would probably have found more pain than pleasure in the knowledge that his name was connected with it at all. The whole of his work, even including the central pavilion, was altered by subsequent architects till the beauty and grace of it were effectually taken away. Delorme's building consisted simply of a ground-floor and an upper story which was lighted by beautiful dormer windows, with rich stone panels inserted between them. Above these rose a well-pitched roof, and care, of course, was bestowed upon the chimneys. But the most important feature in Delorme's design was the pavilion (he only lived to erect one, in the centre of his front). The basis of this pavilion was a strong square mass two storeys high, with a central doorway between two pairs of columns, and a window above it, also between two pairs of columns. The whole square mass was surrounded by a balustrade at the top, and there was a large round dome standing upon an elegant arcade and accompanied by four small domes, occupying the angles of the square mass beneath. These satellites were supported on arches like the great dome, and on the top of the great dome was a lantern, also on little arches. The windows in the front were set in pairs near the pavilion and at the extremities, but between these pairs were three single windows,* the composition, as a whole, was extremely elegant, and, though quite palatial and fit for a queen, it was neither cumbersome nor pretentious. If the architect had lived, and if the queen had been richer, they would have completed a quadrangle measuring about 270 metres by 168 in that manner, but with corner pavilions, one of which was erected by Jean Bullant on the south side after Delorme's death, which occurred in 1570, after he had worked eight years for Catherine de Medicis.

As the quadrangle was never completed, only one side of it having been built, the palace was found to be too small in later reigns, and so it was increased in length and in height, as I shall have to explain shortly, and Lelorme's work was spoiled by heavy superposition. He had chosen the Ionic order as more feminine than the Doric, because the palace was for a lady. He himself gives this reason, the Ionic having been employed for the Temples of Goddesses. At the same time he gave the palace an air of elegance of which it was afterwards deprived.

It is remarkable that Catherine hardly used the Tuileries. It appears to be certain that she only went there as people go to a summer-house, for a few hours at a time, or, at most, for a very short stay, and that the palace was not even furnished, as the officers of her household sent on each occasion the furniture that she required, and had it removed when she was gone. The architectural works were completely abandoned by Catherine in 1572; either she was tired of her hobby, or there may be some truth in the commonly repeated tradition that she was frightened away from the Tuileries by the prediction of a fortune-teller.*

Some readers will remember the large space behind the Tuileries between the palace and the railings across the Place du Carrousel. In recent times the space was nothing but an arid desert of sand, very useful for reviewing troops, but as monotonous as a barrack-yard. In the early days of the palace this was occupied by a beautiful garden, and even before the building of the palace was begun a fine garden, in the formal taste of the time, had been made to the west, on the ground occupied by the present garden of the Tuileries. There were six great straight walks going from end to end, and these were crossed by eight narrower walks at right angles; the beds were consequently all rectangular, and even within the beds the same rectangular system was

* This description is from what is now the Place du Carrousel.

* The story is in the guide-books, so it is scarcely necessary to repeat it, but to save the reader the trouble of a reference I may say that the fortune-teller tried to be agreeable to her Majesty by predicting for her a quiet end 'near St. Germain,' as the Tuileries was in that parish. Catherine avoided the palace afterwards to prolong her chances of life, yet died near St. Germain after all, as the priest who attended her bore that name.

carried out in the subdivisions. At a later period, whilst the stone borders of the beds were preserved, there was a violent reaction against angles inside them, and the most intemperately curved flourishes were substituted. I have no doubt that this intemperance in curvature was the direct consequence of the straight-line system which had created a great hunger for curves. In Catherine's original garden there was not a single curve of any kind except the semicircle of the echo. With regard to the general principle of the formal French garden, it may be defended as a suitable accompaniment to symmetrical architecture. Such gardens, when of great size, are wearisome in the extreme, but a small one is valuable close to a building, as a sort of extension of the building itself upon the ground.

The new palace of the Tuileries had been so much neglected that when Henri IV. came to it he found it already nearly ruinous. He was one of the great building sovereigns; the constructive instinct was strong in him from the beginning, so of course the unfinished condition of the Tuileries excited him to architectural effort. Unfortunately for the future artistic consistency of these great palatial buildings, he conceived the idea of uniting the Tuileries to the Louvre by a long gallery on the riverside, which of course involved from the first the necessity of a corresponding line of building on the north, along what is now the Rue de Rivoli. The enterprise was so prodigious that nine sovereigns reigned over France before it was completed, and no sooner had it been finished by Louis Napoleon than the incongruousness of old and new made him decide to build the Tuileries over again. If Henri IV. had simply confined himself to carrying out the first intentions of Philibert Delorme by building the whole of that architect's projected quadrangle, the result would have been charming. What he actually did spoiled the Tuileries completely; he built the *Pavillon de Flore*, which, by its great mass, made Delorme's dome too small for its central position, and the heavy architecture of the long gallery, with its big pilasters from top to bottom, set an evil example for future work on the Tuileries. It is believed that Henri IV. built the long gallery for reasons of prudence, and that he desired to plan for himself a way of retreat in case of a popular attack on his palace of the Louvre. The reader is asked to remember that the Tuileries was still out of Paris, and that the wall existed still except where it was pierced by the new gallery. Henri had a private garden between the Tuileries and the city wall, and special precautions were taken to secure the completeness of its privacy.

It is an interesting fact that from the beginning the great gallery was used for works of art, whilst it served as a means of communication; and it is also a remarkable proof of the interest taken by Henri IV. in the arts, that he lent the extensive series of rooms on the ground-floor to workers in painting, engraving, tapestry, and sculpture. These rooms appear indeed to have been employed as schools of art; and French writers believe them to have constituted at that time a sort of *conservatoire des arts et métiers*, a free school of fine and industrial art.

When Henri IV. had done his work the edifice must have presented a strikingly awkward and unfinished appearance. Fastened on one corner of the quadrangular Louvre was a mass of building going down to the quay, and from this the long gallery went to the *Pavillon de Flore;* the length of it not having been determined by any architectural consideration whatever, but simply by the distance which happened to exist between two different palaces. At the west end the appearance must have been most unsatisfactory. There was the big *Pavillon de Flore*, and a mass of building to connect it with the poor little palace of the Tuileries; and on the other side there was nothing. Between the Tuileries and the Louvre lay a confusion of garden, ditch, wall, and various habitations.

Henri IV. was able to walk under cover from one palace to the other in the last year of his life, but the device for escaping from the city did not save him from assassination. After him Louis XIII. went on with the work; but the great builder was Louis XIV., who was displeased with the one-sided appearance of the palace, and also with the extreme irregularity of the roofs. By that time the ditches and wall of Charles V. had been removed, and the east garden (called the Jardin de Mademoiselle) had been made into a desert; so on the 5th of June, 1662, the King held a great equestrian festival in the space between the Tuileries and the Louvre (but nearer to the Tuileries), from which that piece of ground has been called ever since then the *Place du Carrousel.* The festival was a mixture of costume cavalcades and games; the King himself took an active part in it, and so did the flower of French nobility. The minute accounts left by eye-witnesses make it certain that the scene was one of extraordinary splendour; but the architectural background was so incomplete, that perhaps the King's resolution to take up the work may date from that very day. Nothing could be done to save the Tuileries of Philibert Delorme. A great northern pavilion, the *Pavillon de Marsan*, was erected to make a northern angle answering to the southern *Pavillon de Flore;* and it was joined to the other buildings, but these were so disproportioned that it was thought necessary to raise some of them by adding another story (or more), and to bring the front more nearly to a level by building across its cavities. The central pavilion was raised a storey, and a heavy dome with angular corners was substituted for the elegant round dome of the first

architect. This was the Pavillon de l'Horloge, that we remember.

I have said that the Tuileries consisted of nine masses of building. It may be convenient to remember that the architect, Philibert Delorme, only completed three of these—the central pavilion and two wings—Jean Bullant added a pavilion to the south. The architects of Henri IV. added two masses still farther to the south; those of Louis XIV. added three to the north, so that in his time the nine ultimately attained were already complete. It is difficult to see how his architects, Le Vau and d'Orbay, could have dealt effectively in any other way with the difficult problem before them unless they had completely demolished the old palace. The real blunder was not committed by them, but by Henri IV. and his architects, Métezeau and Du Cerceau, when they made the work of Louis XIV. an inevitable necessity of the future.

THE TUILERIES IN 1837.

We have clear evidence that in the time of Louis XIV. it was already intended to build the long northern side of the great square. An engraving by Israel Sylvestre, representing the famous equestrian festival, anticipates the future by showing the Pavillon de Marsan as already erected; and not only that, but he even shows the beginning of what was afterwards done by Napoleon I. to unite the Tuileries to the Louvre.

The Great Napoleon was not quite so passionately fond of building as Napoleon III., but he liked to leave his mark on Paris, and his military love of order and completeness was vexed by the confusion behind the Tuileries. Where the eastern garden once had been there were three spaces divided by hoardings, and also separated by hoardings from the rest of the Place du Carrousel, whilst there were a number of wooden booths within them, and a number of very ordinary houses just behind. It is surprising that preceding sovereigns should have tolerated such a state of things just behind their palace; and it is a remarkably apt illustration of the wise old French proverb, '*Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint.*' The space included in the great scheme was so vast that it was never properly dealt with until our own time. Napoleon I. had two objects in view when he began his improvements, he first wished to keep people at some distance from the Palace for reasons of privacy and safety, and then he wanted a convenient place for small reviews of troops. He therefore cleared away all the hoardings and booths, and made an open gravelled space, which he separated from the Place du Carrousel with a railing. He also made it his business to clear away the houses and to build the north side according to the intentions of Louis XIV., in a plain, rather heavy style, with tall pilasters, suggested by the long gallery of the Louvre.

The work done by Louis-Philippe was considerable, but principally in the interior. The details of these changes would not greatly interest the reader, and would scarcely be intelligible without a plan. They included a new grand staircase, a new great saloon, and the improvement of the *Galerie de Diane*, with other alterations, which placed the floors of a long series of state apartments on the same

level. These rooms in the aggregate were eight hundred feet long, and the bill for these improvements reached the handsome sum of 211,656*l.*

Then came Louis Napoleon, who determined to complete the whole vast edifice of the united palaces. He had the builder's passion quite as strongly as either Henri IV. or Louis XIV.; and during those years when nobody could resist his will, he indulged it to the uttermost. The greater part of his work belongs to the Louvre, as it lies east of the pavilions de Rohan and Lesdiguières, but he did much to the Tuileries of Henri IV. He pulled down the Pavillon de Flore, and rebuilt it, and he did the same for all that part of the long gallery that used to have long pilasters. In the execution of this important work every opportunity for improvement that was consistent with a respect for the original idea was seized upon with avidity. The long pilasters were abandoned, and the new work treated in storeys, like part of the older Louvre, with much elegance of design and richness of sculptured detail. The Pavillon de Flore was in some respects more ornate than its predecessor, especially in the upper parts; and on the whole it was a more lively composition, with better contrasts of effective sculpture and plain wall surface. An unquestionable improvement was in the roofs, which were made rich enough in lead-work to accompany the sculptured ornaments of the walls. The tiresome length of monotonous gallery running eastwards from the Pavillon de Flore was happily and intentionally broken by the large gateway called the *Guichets des Saints Pères*, by the twin pavilions of that gateway, and the masses of building on each side of them, which are loftier than the roof of the gallery. Besides this, the space comprised between the *Pavillon de Flore* and the *Guichets* is itself wisely interrupted by a minor pavilion rising above the cornice, though not above the roof. By these devices the great fault of the river front, inordinate length, is made less visible. As for perfection of detail there has never been any epoch of French architecture in which the essentially national style was worked out with more thorough knowledge and skill than under Napoleon III.

It is a constant pleasure to examine such good workmanship closely, to see what a remarkably high level the decorative sculptors have attained when none of them disgrace the rest. Much as we admire Gothic architecture, we have to acknowledge that the modern work on the Tuileries is what Gothic sculptors could never have accomplished. The renewal of the art by the study of Greek antiquity was a necessary preparation for palatial work of this kind.

It is a pity (from our present point of view) that Louis Napoleon did not remain in power long enough to rebuild the Tuileries with the help of M. Lefuel, who erected the new *Pavillon de Flore*. The new palace would, no doubt, have been lofty and massive enough to hold its own against the new buildings of the Louvre; and the central pavilion, especially, would have been a stately and imposing work of great size and magnificent decoration. The intended imperial palace is, however, gone to the shadowy realm of the things that might have been. In the place it was to have occupied we have seen for some years a blackened ruin; certainly one of the most beautiful and interesting ruins that ever were, and so impressive by its combination of dire disaster with still visible traces of royal splendour that only a poet could describe it adequately. Meissonier has worked in it carefully, and his minutely faithful brush will preserve for posterity those fire-crumbled columns, those shattered walls on which were still to be seen strangely preserved spaces of gold and colour, as in some ruin at Pompeii. Even the king's balcony was still there, and the sunset light, indifferent to human vicissitudes, refreshed its gilding in the summer evenings.

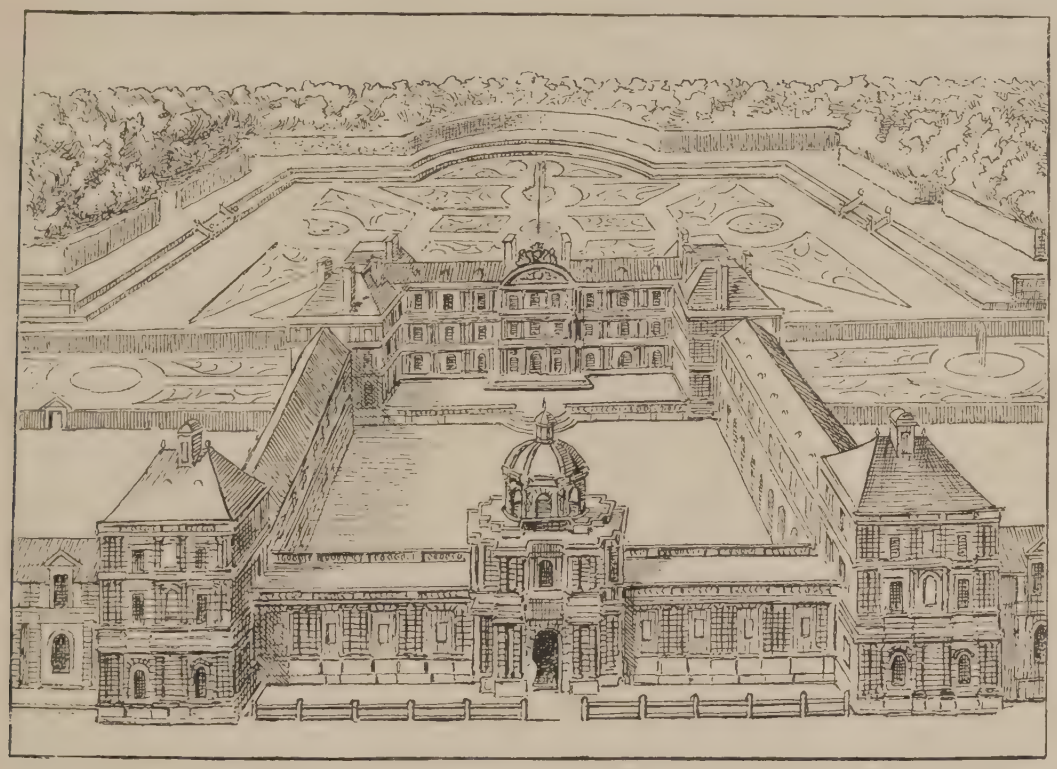
What the Republic has done since its establishment may be told in a few words. The fire had destroyed the *Pavillon de Marsan* and much of the line of building along the *Rue de Rivoli*. These have since been rebuilt, as magnificently as the new *Pavillon de Flore* and the new part of the great gallery on the waterside. There appears to be an intention of continuing the work in the same style as far as the *Pavillon de Rohan*, or, perhaps, of erecting some great hall to break the line, for the new work stops abruptly; and as the new building is much broader than the old, the walls can never meet. The architects of the new portion have avoided the heavy long pilasters of Napoleon I., and adopted the more elegant system of division in storeys already so successfully carried out on the south. No decision has been arrived at yet with regard to the space occupied by the destroyed buildings of the Tuileries. All that is certain is that nothing will be joined to the pavilions of Marsan and Flore, as these pavilions are finished on three sides. The open space seems to call for a noble edifice of some kind, and it is probable that some public building will ultimately be erected there. If this is ever done, it will be highly desirable that it should be set further back towards the Louvre, so as to give to the two great pavilions the effect of advancing wings. This would do more than anything to relieve the great length and monotony of the garden front.

Through all their errors and experiments the architects of the Tuileries and Louvre have been developing a style of architecture which, in its ultimate stage, is really imposing and palatial. The great pavilions are very nearly related to towers

and their steep square roofs are like truncated spires, but the idea is so completely adapted to the needs of a palace that we forget its origin in mediaeval churches and fortresses. Such pavilions are useful and necessary in edifices where the lines of building are long. They serve as landmarks, and by their perspective they enable us to measure easily the scale of the whole edifice. The full maturity of this architecture has only been reached in the present generation. The new parts of the Tuileries are finer than the older work which they replace—finer, not only as being more magnificent, but because, after so many experiments, the resources of that kind of art have come to be better understood. A contemporary French architect eminent enough to be employed on a national palace would naturally produce more elegant work than the old river-front of the long gallery or the alterations made under Louis XIV. The principles of this architecture having been settled, it has reached that mature stage when nothing remains to be done but to perfect the application of them in detail.

I have not had space to speak of the historical interest of the Tuileries, and can only do so now on the condition of extreme brevity. The palace was never very long or very closely connected with the history of the monarchy. It is not at all comparable to Windsor in that respect. Henri IV. liked it, Louis XIV. preferred Versailles, Louis XV. lived at the Tuileries in his minority. The chosen association of the palace with the sovereigns of France is very recent. Louis XVI. lived in it, and so did Charles X. and Louis-Philippe. The two Napoleons were fond of it, perhaps because it gave them a better appearance of sovereignty than a new residence could have done. The last inhabitant was the Empress Eugénie, as Regent, and her flight has a pathos surpassing the flights or last departures of other sovereigns, since we know that the palace was never again to be brightened by either royal or imperial splendour.

The parliamentary history of the Tuileries is important, as it has been not only a palace but a parliament house. In old times the royal stable was to the north, close to what is now the Pavillon de Marsan, and in the present Rue de Rivoli. The exercising ground was in a long, narrow enclosure, which occupied the ground of that street as far as the Rue de Castiglione ; and at its western extremity there was a building called the *manége*, which served as a parliament house for the *Assemblée Nationale*, whilst Louis XVI. lived in his apartments in the palace and rarely came out of them. In May 1793, the Convention began to sit in a newly arranged parliament house within the walls of the palace itself, and for some time after that the palace included Government Offices of all kinds, so that the first rough-and-rude beginnings of popular government in France were carried on in the royal house itself. The reader may be reminded also that Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire took place within the Tuileries, where Parliament was



THE LUXEMBOURG AS IT WAS BUILT.

then sitting. The most important events in the Tuileries have sometimes been simply the arrival of a courier with news, or its mere reception by the quiet-looking telegraphic wire. I was in Paris when that little wire brought to the Emperor's private cabinet in the *Pavillon de Flore* the terrible news about Maximilian. I stood with a friend and looked on the sunny outside of the great palace, and we said, 'It is a dark day for Napoleon the Third.' From that day everything went wrong with him till he was laid in the sarcophagus at Chiselhurst.

The Tuileries and the Luxembourg have this in common that each was built by a queen, and that each of the queens was a Medicis. Marie de Medicis began her palace in 1615. Unlike the elder edifice it has preserved at least its original character, but in order to obtain more room in the interior the garden front has been replaced by a new one farther out; and though the original style of the building has been carefully imitated its proportions have been inevitably destroyed. Unluckily, too, the addition (begun in 1836 and finished in 1844) was of a nature to increase the only serious defect of the first design, which was the doubling of the southern pavilions. The first plan may be briefly described as follows:—there was a quadrangle with one pavilion at each corner towards the street, but two pavilions at each corner (or very near it) towards the garden. The garden pavilions were so near each other as to lose the advantage of perspective and appear heavy. The enlargement carried out by M. de Gisors, Louis-Philippe's architect, consisted in constructing two new pavilions in the garden close to the four already existing, so that at the south end of the palace there are now six heavy pavilions, three on each side. The new ones were connected by a new front which gave great additional space inside for a library and senate-house, but the result externally was to make the heavy end of the palace look heavier still. Nevertheless, as the building had to be enlarged to receive the senate, it is very difficult to see how any equivalent increase of size could have been conveniently obtained with so little deviation from the first design. The garden front is practically the same, the interior of the quadrangle is untouched, at least so far as this alteration is concerned, so is the street front, and it is only the east and west sides which are lengthened without any alteration in their style.

The architecture of this palace is not at all comparable, so far as the one quality of elegance is concerned, with the most beautiful parts of the Louvre and the Tuileries, but it is serious and dignified, and almost in faultless taste in its own grave way. It would be difficult to find a more appropriate building for a senate-house. The situation is pleasant and easily accessible, whilst the great space of beautiful garden gives the palace a degree of quiet not always attainable in a great city, and which, we may suppose, ought to be favourable to legislative deliberations. It is thought more prudent, in France, not to have the two Chambers in one building; and it was principally for this reason that a recent proposition to rebuild the Tuileries, as a great parliament house for both Chambers, met with few, if any, adherents.

The garden of the Luxembourg is a precious breathing-space for that part of Paris, and is still of fine extent in spite of its mutilation at the south end, one of the very few attempts at economy made by the Imperial Government. It has a great population of statues, including many portrait-statues of famous Frenchwomen, but the charm of it in spring and summer is in the abundance of bright flowers, fresh well-watered grass, and graceful foliage. The reader must not expect from me any adequate description of a garden, as I greatly prefer wild nature to all gardens whatsoever, but if I were compelled to choose between the lawns and alleys of the Luxembourg and a dusty street pavement I would bear with the artificiality of the horticulturists.*

P. G. HAMERTON.

* I have said nothing of the interior, which is inaccessible to the public, with the exception of the galleries, about which there is nothing in the slightest degree remarkable, except some of the pictures and statues which they contain, and which lie outside the scheme of these papers.

## APPLE BLOSSOMS.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

THIS plate may be welcome to our subscribers as a variety, no etching of any similar subject having hitherto appeared in the PORTFOLIO. The charm of colour in flowers is so great, that they are naturally more interesting to the painter than to the etcher. But being as beautiful in form as in colour, the etcher, no less than the carver and the modeller, may find in them a study full of pleasure. Mr. Murray has already given us many examples of his skill in rendering both landscape and the figure, and the present plate affords additional proof of his versatility.

# DANISH AND SCANDINAVIAN ART.*

SEVERAL important additions have lately been made to the series of Art Handbooks published for the authorities of the South Kensington Museum. There are now more than a score of these handbooks are connected with catalogues and collections of art-treasures belonging to the Museum; but the two treatises now before us were called forth by a Loan Exhibition illustrating the Industrial Arts of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden—an exhibition which was held at South Kensington in the summer of 1882.

FIG. 1. SWEDEN.

FIG. 2. DENMARK.

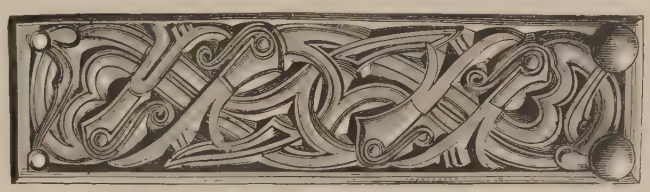


FIG. 3. GOTLAND.

extremely valuable volumes—compact, profusely illustrated, and cheap. The greater number of these

FIG. 4. SWEDEN.

* 'The Industrial Arts of Denmark.' By J. J. A. Worsaae. 1882. 'The Industrial Arts of Scandinavia.' By Hans Hildebrand. 1883. Published for the Committee of Council on Education by Chapman and Hall.



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We are glad to welcome the permanent records of these loan collections, which two distinguished northern antiquaries have prepared for English use. In Mr. Worsaae, the Director of the Royal Museums

FIG. 5. NORWAY.

of Denmark, and Dr. Hans Hildebrand, the Royal Antiquary of Sweden, the Museum authorities have secured two writers perfectly competent to deal with the subjects they have undertaken. There are certain differences of treatment, and even some divergences of opinion, in these two volumes; but such variety is not without advantage. Had the plans for the two works been brought into more complete harmony, freshness and originality would have been, in some measure, lost; while there would have been less room for those large developments of particular subjects in which all investigators and specialists delight. So it happens that while Dr. Worsaae devotes more than one-half of his pages to the arts of the stone and bronze ages in Denmark, Dr. Hildebrand puts all he wants to say about what he considers to have been the corresponding times in Scandinavia within the compass of three hundred and fifty lines. Again, the latter writer enters but rarely into discussions as to the meanings and migrations of the symbolic designs so frequent in objects of northern workmanship; while Dr. Worsaae bases his treatment of Danish industrial arts upon the assumption that religious ideas, connected with the great phenomena of Nature—the sun, the moon, fire, and lightning, had a great share in the development of the decorative and figurative representations employed in the industrial arts of primitive times.

In further comparison of the contents of these two volumes we may remark upon the fuller and minuter classification of the various ages in the Danish handbook; while the 'technical observations' on iron, bronze, the precious metals, wood, bone and horn, pottery, glass, and textiles, gathered into a special chapter by Dr. Hildebrand, are to be found in a less compact and characteristic form in Dr. Worsaae's volume. The latter work is, however, adorned with 242 woodcuts, nearly double the number introduced into the companion handbook.

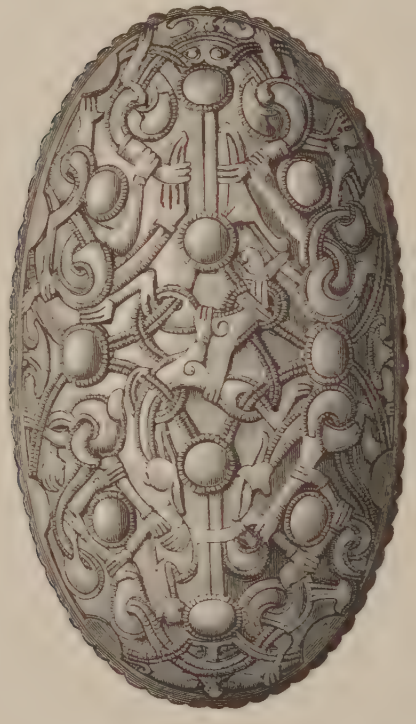


FIG. 6. SWEDEN.

FIG. 7. SWEDEN.

But the greater prominence given to the work of the earlier and ruder ages in Denmark makes the Scandinavian handbook a more attractive volume from a purely artistic standpoint. Very few of the objects figured therein are otherwise than beautiful, and some show a refined sense of proportion and of the fitting use of decorative elements. True it is that, in the 'later iron age' of Sweden and Norway, there are not wanting signs of the decadence and debase-

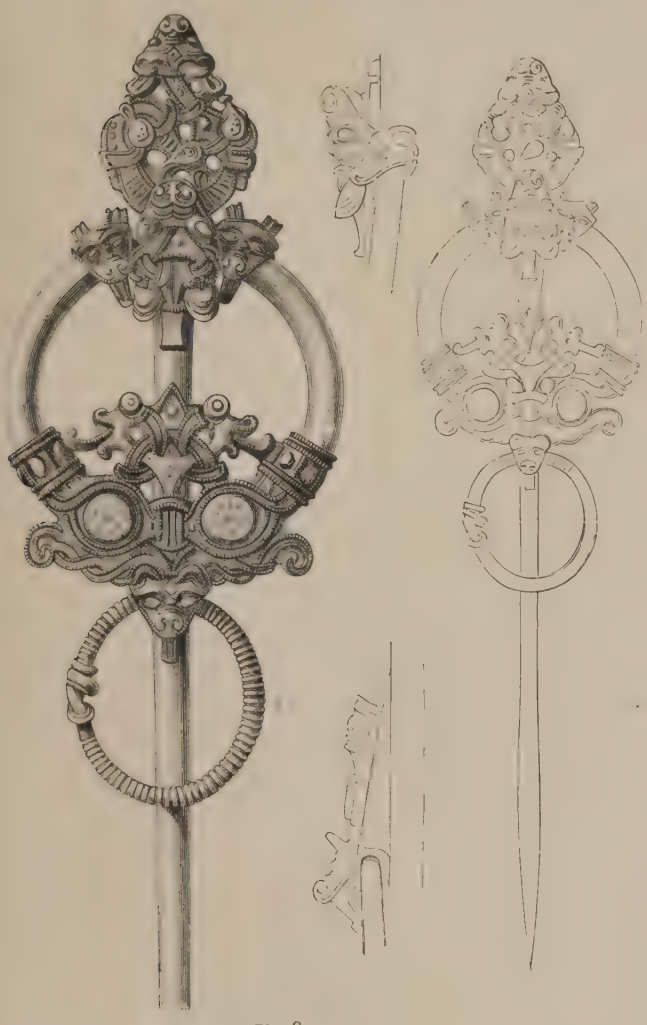


FIG. 8. GOTLAND.

ment of art. But although in the closing years of the pagan time there were exaggerations of form, and the early symbolic ornaments were so modified (or even muddled) as to lose all their meaning, yet much technical skill was still exhibited by the Scandinavian metal-workers, and they often succeeded in securing a graceful and happy general effect by the use of disjointed and meaningless ornaments derived from the traditions of a more vigorous time.

Beginning with the simpler and earlier objects and the less complex ornamental 'motives,' the design on the bottom of a bronze vessel from Sweden shown in fig. 1, and the bronze shield-plate from Denmark, may be cited as characteristic examples. Long-billed birds'-heads and connected spirals are found on these objects as well as on some of the bronze hatchets and brooches which are assignable to the same stages of development. Fig. 2, a large and thin bronze shield, shows a similar kind of decoration.

According to Dr. Hildebrand, the last stage of the earlier iron age in Gotland is characterised by the prevalence of certain interlaced designs, which may be studied in such a portion of the trappings of a horse as is given in fig. 3. From Vendel, in the province of Uppland, Sweden, came the parcel-gilt silver sword-hilt, decorated with strap-work and inlaid with garnets: this is figured on page 46. A later specimen, with lacertine enrichments, in which

FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

the animal forms have been overwhelmed by fantastic dislocations and enrichments, is seen in the great gilt bronze fibula from Gotland, given on page 50. This magnificent specimen is assigned by Dr. Hildebrand to the later iron age. Reverting to Dr. Worsaae's illustrations, we meet with a remarkable series of bronze horns (pp. 89–91). They may have been used in worship or in war, and present, though much larger, some resemblance to one or two specimens found in Ireland and now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. We are tempted to quote many illustrations from Dr. Worsaae's volume, but must content ourselves with fig. 4 (p. 191), which represents collar harness of wood mounted in metal enriched with gold, silver and niello-work; it belongs to the Viking period.

Amongst Scandinavian objects belonging to the Later Iron Age — an age which Dr. Hildebrand regards as distinctly separated by the style of its ornaments from the preceding age — there is a beautiful so-called Celtic ornament, which (fig. 5) exhibits, we are bound to acknowledge, some feature

in common with many Gotland pieces of what is called an earlier time (see fig. 3); and in the British Isles some not dissimilar specimens are by no means unusual. Of more characteristically Scandinavian examples of this Later Iron Age, the brooches figured on pp. 91 and 93 may be adduced: we give them as figs. 6 and 7.

Hundreds of these handsome brooches have been discovered in Norway as well as in Sweden; the prevalent ornamentation includes numerous linked and clasping limbs with occasional reminiscences of the head of an animal.

The silver pin (p. 116) probably belongs to the ninth century, a magnificent example of late pagan workmanship, fig. 8. Another fine piece of late silver-work is the cup (p. 138).

We cannot conclude this inadequate notice without once more commending these two handbooks to the careful attention of every one interested in the present, as well as in the past of industrial art. But the South Kensington Art-Handbooks generally deserve a wider recognition of their merits than they seem to have yet received; and we are glad of the present opportunity of commending a series of volumes, of which the two works just laid under contribution are recent and valuable members.

## BENOZZO GOZZOLI.

### III.

BENOZZO had, in 1465, entered his name on the books of the Florentine guild; but if he returned to Florence at all when his work at San Gimignano was ended, it was only for a short time, and we hear of no important works being executed in his native city. He was already in correspondence with the magistrates of Pisa, who were eager to secure his services for the decoration of the still unfinished Campo Santo, and, in the spring of 1469, he signed a contract, by which he agreed to continue the series of stories from the Old Testament which Puccio of Orvieto had begun more than eighty years before. The south wall of the Campo Santo had been covered with frescoes by seven or eight of the best artists in the last century, but since 1392 the war in which the republic of Pisa had been engaged with Florence, had stopped the painting of the north wall. Now that the supremacy of her rival had at length been acknowledged, the long-delayed work was resumed, and a Florentine artist chosen for the task. The deeper mysteries of life and death, of judgment and retribution, which filled the minds of Dante and his contemporaries in the earlier age, had already been set forth in the frescoes attributed to Orgagna's name; and now another Florentine was to show the gentler side of mediaeval culture, the idyllic grace, the living poetry, and human-hearted tenderness which breathes in so many passages of the 'Divine Comedy.' Like Dante's great poem, the Campo Santo was to embrace within its limits the whole range of contemporary Italian thought.

Puccio da Orvieto had only completed three subjects, *The Creation*, *The Death of Abel*, and *The Flood*, so that almost the whole of the north wall still remained to be covered. 'A task,' says Vasari, 'immense enough to discourage a whole legion of masters.' But Benozzo was not the man to shrink back from work however arduous, and the twenty-four great frescoes which he accomplished during his sixteen years' labour in the Campo Santo, are the best witness to the unwearying perseverance of his hand and the bright freshness of imagination, which to the end never deserted him.

On the whole, the last cycle of frescoes is the most important of Benozzo's works, and forms his chief title to fame. Here he painted on the grandest scale, and undertook subjects beyond anything which he had ever before attempted. Here we see at once his highest merits and his worst defects, on one hand, the rich exuberance of his fancy, on the other, his want of dramatic power and frequent failure to express the extraordinary variety of images which thronged his brain.

In the first place his method of fresco-painting was ill calculated to resist time, and must account in part for the present melancholy condition of his works. Besides this the whole series has suffered terribly from damp and neglect, and the latter subjects are almost all irretrievably ruined. It is easy to see that much of the work has been hastily executed, and that certain parts are singularly unequal and some positively weak. Although Benozzo brought the experience of a long life spent in the service of art to this his last work, his drawing shows but very slight advance on that of his earlier productions. True it is he often introduces some of those clever bits of foreshortening which had already captivated general attention in the Medici Chapel, and which show how well he knew how to profit by the learning of his contemporaries. But in the drawing of the human body he fails invariably. His figures are often stiff and wooden, and their gestures wanting in animation and freedom. His power of expressing those varied emotions which his imagination was so quick to seize is in consequence seriously limited, and

has to depend almost entirely on the play of the features, in which he certainly excels.

In the same way the temple and triumphal arches of his backgrounds are often incorrectly drawn, and, when compared with the works of contemporary artists, betray the same want of study, the same carelessness and neglect of form. Again, he may be accused of want of taste, both in the architectural ornament with which he overloads his scenes and in the multitude of figures which he crowds into a single picture. But where we feel his deficiency the most is in a subject like the *Destruction of Sodom*, where, in spite of all his efforts, he fails to impart the energy of despair, or even the haste of panic, to his terror-stricken fugitives on whose heads the avenging fires are falling. One or two of the angels hurrying through the air are finely imagined, and we feel that the painter has tried hard but has not succeeded. The subject was unsuited to his genius and should have been left for men like Signorelli or Michael Angelo.

And yet, when all has been said,—when we have recognised Benozzo's faults and failures, his inability to render profound emotions or rise to tragic grandeur; when we have owned his want of feeling for abstract beauty, and acknowledged his occasional tendency to exaggerated and fantastic ornament,—these frescoes of his in the Campo Santo have a charm that is not easily explained. They breathe the fresh, healthful gladness of pastoral themes, the delight in natural beauties, in youth, and mirth, and laughter which filled the painter's breast with ever-new rejoicing. Every form of joyous life is pictured there,—youths and maidens dance together under vine-laden *pergolas* at Rachel's marriage-feast; the sons and daughters of Noah pick the grapes at the time of vintage and bear them in large baskets to the wine-press; boys and girls play together on grassy slopes, mothers welcome their children with a thousand caresses, cavaliers ride out in glittering troops down the hillside, and the shepherd-patriarchs stand at the door of their tents counting their flocks. The tower of Babel rears its lofty pile to heaven between the palaces and hanging gardens of a populous city, and the lovely stillness of a rural valley, watered by the streams that descend from the hills. The birth of Esau and Jacob takes place in a sumptuous chamber; a splendid triumphal arch occupies the ground of the scene where Esau sells his birthright to his brother; and a triple arcade adorns the hall where Joseph makes himself known to his brethren. Angels with flowing locks glide to and fro on their heaven-sent errands among the patriarchs, and fair-faced Jewish maidens cluster round the tents of Israel, or walk dryshod through the waves of the Red Sea.

A hundred different episodes, such as Benozzo loves to paint in the background and corners of his pictures enliven the scene. There is an abundance of these simple motives which he enjoyed so thoroughly and which excited the wonder of his contemporaries, as, for instance, the action of the famous '*Vergognosa di Pisa*,' who looks back at Noah through the fingers of the hand which she has raised to cover her face. He dwells with all his usual fondness on domestic incidents, and children play a prominent part wherever it is possible to introduce them. They are always natural and always charming, whether he paints them toddling along by their mothers' side or clinging in terror to her skirts, carrying their lesson-books to school, or having a game of play with a favourite dog or bird. Portraits of distinguished personages are introduced rather as spectators than actors in several of the subjects, especially in the *Building of the Tower of Babel* and in the *Meeting of Jacob and Esau*. Among these the members of the Medici family are conspicuous, as in the *Adoration of the Magi*, at Florence. Lorenzo de Medici carelessly resting his hand on his side, after his habit, his brother Giuliano, Cosimo, Politian, Platina, Marsilio Ficino, and other illustrious scholars of the day, appear in turn; while Benozzo has painted himself riding a brown horse in the *Adoration of the Magi*, which forms the subject of the fresco introduced in the midst of the Old Testament stories above the door of the Capella Ammanati. The last fresco of the series, the *Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon*, has been almost entirely obliterated; but an old drawing of the subject is preserved in the Academy of Pisa, and a group of Florentine scholars are still to be seen on the wall.

Benozzo received payment for this last fresco on the 11th of May, 1485, exactly sixteen years from the time when he entered on the work. During that time, besides executing this mighty task, he painted a number of altar-pieces, of various merit, for the churches of Pisa. The best of these is the *Glory of St. Thomas Aquinas* which Napoleon removed from the Duomo to Paris, where it still remains. The subject was a favourite one at the time, and Benozzo's composition closely resembles an altar-piece by Orcagna's scholar, Traini, in St. Catherine of Pisa. But in our master's work Guillaume de St. Amour is substituted for Averrhoes, as the heretic, over whom the Dominican doctor triumphs, and the Council of Anagni where these heresies had been condemned, is introduced in the lower part of the picture. Other remnants of frescoes in the neighbourhood of Volterra and at Castel Fiorentino, which bear Benozzo's name and the date, 1484, prove that he undertook commissions beyond the walls of Pisa, or at least supplied drawings which his pupils executed in fresco.

He had brought his family with him to Pisa, and a taxing-paper of 1480 shows that he lived in the Via S. Maria of that city, but still owned house and

land in Florence. He gives his own age as sixty, that of his wife, Mona Lena, as forty, while his seven children range from the ages of eighteen to one year. The dowry of his eldest daughter, Bartolommea, a girl of fifteen, is returned at three hundred and fifty florins; and that of his youngest, the infant Maria, is not yet fixed.

After the completion of the Campo Santo frescoes, we hear little of Benozzo, and are not told whether he remained at Pisa or returned to his old home at Florence. In any case, he must have paid occasional visits to his native city, and we know that his reputation there was as great as ever up to his dying day; for in January 1497, he is mentioned as the first of four painters who were chosen to value Alesso Baldovinetti's frescoes in a Chapel of the Trinità Church. In this office the old man of seventy-seven was associated with Perugino, Filippino Lippi, and Cosimo Rosselli, all painters who belong to the next generation. The men of his own day were long since dead, and he had even survived Lorenzo de' Medici, for whose grandfather, Cosimo, he had painted, and lived to see the convent of St. Mark's—which he had known in the days of Angelico—become the centre of Savonarola's revival.

He had worked harder than most of his contemporaries, but had not worn himself out with useless strivings or unsatisfied aspirations. The currents of life had flowed smoothly for him, and his own cheerfulness of heart helped to make his way easy and brighten the evening of his long day's toil.

His death took place about a year after this last public appearance, since, in 1498, a return of the property which had belonged to him is made by his daughter Bartolommea, who had married a Florentine and lived in the Borgo San Spirito.

But it was not in Florence, proud as she may well have been of her son, that his bones were laid. Twenty years before, as long ago as 1478, the grateful citizens of Pisa had given the painter a tomb in the Campo Santo, immediately under his fresco of the *History of Joseph*, and in this grave, exactly in the centre of his great work, Benozzo Gozzoli was buried.

Above his resting-place, in the central arcade of the ancient cloister, on a tablet supported by cherubs, is the Latin epigram in which his contemporaries expressed their admiration of the genius which had animated these pictured walls with life, and had made beasts and birds and fishes, green woods and lofty palaces, youths and children, grey-headed fathers and mothers, the beauty and wonder of nature, and the joy of action, rise up before their eyes as no artist had ever done before him. Such was the meed of praise—not scantily or grudgingly paid—which Benozzo the Florentine won from his contemporaries. And we, too, thank him for his freshness and his joyousness, for the pleasant stories which he tells so well, and the sunny pictures which his fancy painted for us.

'A very lovely and noble mind, though still one of the second order,' was the judgment passed on Benozzo by Mr. Ruskin many years ago. The phrase describes him exactly, and most of us will acknowledge its truth. The creative genius, the passion and might of a Mantegna or a Signorelli, were not given him; he was without the Umbrian instinct for beauty of line, and did not penetrate into the secret depths of soul and spirit like a Botticelli or a Piero della Francesca, but in his own sphere, with all limitations, he is a delightful and a fascinating painter, never dull and never formal,—a master whose heart beat with quick response for all earth's fair things and all human interests, and across whose vision there sometimes shone a gleam of a higher life and of a more perfect beauty.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

## ART CHRONICLE.

SOME 'studio notes' will indicate the contributions of a few of the leading artists to this season's Academy and Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions, which open close upon our May issue. To commence with artists within the Academy: Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., true to his beauty-loving creed, paints more 'fair women;' one, ivory pale of complexion, seated, supporting her head on her bared arm and hand, is draped in dark green Oriental stuff starred with silver, most deftly cast and painted; a young girl in garments of the red purple crocus colour which Sir Frederick has affected of late, bends sideways among the silken cushions of a couch, and her exquisite, rosy-tipped feet, modelled with a tenderness no artist excels, just touch the marble pavement. A third is a bust profile of a Vestal, with soft white drapery drawn hoodwise over the head. Over the thinly painted golden flesh tones is floated, also thinly, delicate grey, which gives a pearly, luminous quality that assimilates the peculiarly pure contour of the face less to flesh than to the shadowed inner side of a shell. To a frieze, illustrative of the art of dancing, intended for the decoration of a private house, the painter has adapted types and forms familiar in his pictures, here ordering them with a certain symmetry of line and colour on either side a seated statue of the appropriate muse. The figures are for the most part quiescent or in attitudes of motion rather than in act to move. The corresponding frieze will illustrate music. Finally, a bright portrait of a little boy completes the group of Sir Frederick's pictures, none of which, however, can be said to compete with his best work. He is far on with a nude statue on heroic scale of a man stretching himself, the small model of which promises much. The arms are thrown out, and the torso bent backwards from the hips, the whole figure falling into counter-lines, the difficulty of which the artist successfully overcomes. Next year will, if the fates be propitious, see the completion of a large picture of the classic incident of Iphigenia and Cymon.

Mr. Calderon has several pictures: a portrait study of a handsome woman, a subject picture of girls bathing in a woodland stream, a small study of a nude female figure, and others. Mr. Armitage sends a portrait, truthful and naturally not more alluring than the pictures of wrinkled worthies by Denner,

of a very aged woman, who has endured, with cheerfulness apparently, more than a hundred years of life in this 'vale of tears.' The artist has in hand an important picture of Mary Magdalen announcing to the disciples the resurrection of Christ; and another, which promises to be a noble work, representing a Christian burial in the catacombs. Mr. Hodgson sends a picture of a character dance at Tunis, and an Egyptian city on fire, with thronging figures. He has also two clever statuettes of Eastern figures. Mr. Marcus Stone is one of the few painters who still cherishes a refined and delicately close execution, a little over smooth perhaps, but beautiful in quality, and in accord with the artist's style of subjects. He is very successful this year with an upright picture of elegant life, in which, on a summer garden terrace, a girl has just submitted her lover's letter of offer to her old guardian or father seated at the tea-table in cocked hat, with an orange silk bandana spread on his dark-suited knees. A more difficult matter has been the painting of a girl, dressed in white, who has fallen asleep in her chair on a drowsy summer afternoon, in the midst of the pleasant task of making a rose-wreath. Again the execution cannot in its genre be praised too highly; the figure, which presents foreshortened proportions at every turn, is admirably drawn, and the colour scheme, which repeats with variations the skilful harmony of tawny, brown red, salmon, and creamy yellow, pale pink, and a touch of cool blue, which was observable in a portrait picture of last year, is original and agreeable.

Mr. Marks' contributions are a series of single figures, shrewdly characteristic, admirably painted, as usual, in the dry, solid manner of the artist. Here is a lover of the 'gentle craft;' a man searching his desk for a lost paper; a 'professor' lecturing to an invisible audience, among which the spectator finds himself irresistibly amused, and a man solemnly winding up 'the old clock.'

Mr. Leslie has some single figures on a larger scale than usual to which his style and mode of execution cannot be said generously to lend its aid, and a pleasant subject picture of young folk beneath the summer trees. Mr. Storey has put good work, a little hard of manner, into a telling subject, Teniers hawking his own pictures, the background suggested by one of Teniers' own, into which he introduced his house.

Mr. Yeames has forsaken his usual line to paint a single figure picture of an Oriental beauty. Mr. P. R. Morris, who is apt to be as unequal in power as he is ready with invention, will be very strong with a picture of children and a group of fallow-deer in startled encounter on a woodland glade, a subject with figures on the sea-shore that may recall the Première Communion, and a portrait picture. Mr. Prinsep brings forward a full-length of the graceful actress, Mrs. Kendal, in the character and beautiful Florentine costume of the 'cruel' lady in Tennyson's Boccaccio play of the 'Falcon,' an impersonation which was unique for a poetical refinement that is hardly the quality most apparent in Mr. Prinsep's clever figure. Mr. Watts sends only one picture, and that an unimportant one, of a little fair girl, in a ripe apricot colour, shining gown, and red stockings above her black boots.

In the landscape and sea-study line among artists still outside the Academy, whose pictures are of their best this year, are Mr. Henry Moore and Mr. Alfred Parsons. The former has a large picture of sapphire water beneath a glorious sky of broken, lustrous cloud, the sandy coast-line near Bournemouth curving the distance, also a still larger study of a far-stretching expanse of smooth sea, full of pearly shades and dropping lights, and a sky of soft cloud permeated with light, the whole an accurate and beautiful sequence of gradations. A smaller picture of restless waves goes to the Grosvenor. Mr. Parsons has several thoroughly English subjects; his work is closer, more compact, while fully as vigorous, as heretofore. He has never yet painted a more admirable page from outdoor nature than his chief picture of autumn woods beside a rivulet, where the nearly bare boughs stretch long arms above the ruddy bed of dead leaves, and the figure of a girl in dark dress descending the bank. The well-considered harmony and the loving care that seeks detailed truth without sacrificing largeness of effect, are most notable in Mr. Parsons' work. In another picture, by a pleasant partnership, the figures are from the hand of Mr. Abbey, the American artist. Mr. Alfred Hunt has two pictures, an expanse of grey Thames water washing past the grassy banks and through the lank reeds of its bed not far from Sonning, and a very careful study of the clear reaches of a river in early summer time when the hanging foliage of the trees is brilliant and pure, the shadows are warm and thin, the vistas are full of trembling lights and delicate details. Mr. Brett, A.R.A., has been painting on the Welsh and on the Cornish coast with his full power of vivid realisation and his wonderful imitative closeness. We must speak later on more fully of his pictures.

'LOST.' FROM A DRAWING BY BASIL BRADLEY.

WE reproduce, by kind permission, Mr. Basil Bradley's picture of *Lost*, from the artist's own sketch made for the Illustrated Catalogue of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour.

A FEW figure pictures by 'outsiders' may be added to our list now. Mr. James Archer, R.S.A., makes a new departure with an important historic picture of Peter the Hermit preach-

ing the Crusade in Italy. The monk stands outside a church at the top of a flight of steps, below him a multitude of figures, men, women, and children, in tumult of excitement press forward with vows and prayers; the background of buildings with a fine equestrian statue, has been studied at Pavia. The artist has grappled bravely with a difficult subject requiring both passion and dignity in the treatment; he has been careful of type and illustrative matter, and the colour is negatively if not positively right. Mr. Herbert Schmalz has finished the picture begun last year, Procession to the Temple of Eros, a work of poetic aim and studious workmanship. The figures are full of sentiment and narrative interest, without a touch of mawkishness, and are skilfully varied in pose; the colour is harmonious within a subdued range. A half-length figure of a girl standing in the embrasure of a lattice window that opens towards a mountain gorge, will go to the Grosvenor Gallery. The manner of Mr. Schmalz is not English; in power of sustaining a romantic sentiment by strong and deliberate style, it is rather allied to modern German Schools. Among the good pictures of an ideal aim, which are ever in distinguished minority at Burlington House, will be the Ophelia by Theresa Thornycroft, a life-size half-length figure, into the singularly lovely pathetic face, and into the white drapery, of which is put such artist-like delicacy and thoroughness as would honour our greatest names. As study of texture, the heavy figured curtain which Ophelia lifts aside is quite admirable, while this and all realistic detail are kept subordinate to the poetic impression of the figure.

Mr. Frank Holl has been elected full Royal Academician.

Earl Granville's Bill for authorising the loan of objects from national collections to provincial museums, was read a third time in the Commons in April. As the Bill sanctions no loan to be made without permission of the Council and Trustees of the National Galleries, the alarmist 'scare,' which has been raised in some quarters will, it is to be hoped, prove unnecessary.

The subject of the unfinished decoration of the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament was again brought up by Mr. Schreiber, M.P. for Poole at the end of March. He proposed that the designs in mosaic, of which only Mr. Poynter's *St. George* have been executed, should be carried out; he calculated that between four and five thousand pounds would finish the hall. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck opposed the use of mosaic, and declared, with contemptuous expressions, that neither in England nor Venice could mosaic workers of sufficient art capacities be found to carry out the commission satisfactorily. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Commissioner of Public Works, replying on the subject, pointed out that it had twice come up for discussion within the last ten years, but that so little unanimity of opinion prevailed among members that it had before and would be still impossible to obtain a vote for the necessary expenditure. A committee of artists had, under Mr. Adam, late Commissioner, condemned mosaic and recommended frescoes, but the hostility to expenditure on fresco was very strong. Mr. Lefevre also stated that the sum mentioned by Mr. Schreiber would be insufficient for completion of the mosaic decoration, as the work must necessarily (the South Kensington School of Mosaic no longer existing) be executed on the Continent. Under the circumstances he felt it was no use to enter on the subject without a greater prospect of general concurrence of opinion among members than at present could be expected. A letter subsequently appeared in the 'Times' from Mr. Layard, in which he maintained that mosaic decoration was most suitable for the Central Hall, and referred to the scheme which, when First Commissioner of Works, he wished to carry out of general rich decoration in mosaic and marbles on ceiling, recesses, &c., had not the scheme been too violently opposed, although, thanks to the offers of co-operation from distinguished artists ready to prepare cartoons for nominal remuneration, the cost would then have only been about 8000*l.* Finally, Mr. Layard upheld the credit of the mosaic workers of Venice, whom he stated, from intimate acquaintance, to be capable of executing work of the highest quality, not inferior to that of the best period of the art.

The Fine Art Society opened last month an exhibition which, if true to its title, 'pictures of children,' should have been pre-eminently delightful. The result, however, in spite of distinguished names, was most disappointing. Mr. Millais' contribution was a handsome and fancifully attired girl of sixteen or more, who posed as *The Captive*, with no charms of childhood. Mr. Long and Mr. J. Collier sent portrait pictures, *Little Maud* and *A Sonatina*, a little girl playing violin, capitally painted in their several manners, but not attractive. Sir F. Leighton's little *Yasmeench* is a fair English child, on whom the Oriental word for jasmine flower sits well enough by reason of her cream and gold draperies and fragile appearance. Mr. Calderon sends a bonny boy, painted up to a brilliant key, standing alert as *Captain of the Eleven;* Mr. Marcus Stone, a pathetic, dark-eyed little girl grieving over her empty birdcage with her *First Sorrow*. Mr. James Archer's childish sketch profile, *Spring Flowers*, has the secret of Reynolds in fresh innocence and loveableness. The lady artists, Mrs. Perugini and Mrs. Morgan, send large and rather showy pictures. Mrs. Allingham's popular little water-colours, *The Little Customers*, *Children's Tea Party*, and *In the Hay Loft*; Mr. Leslie's companion pictures of a little girl on the *First* and on the *Last Day of the Holidays*; Mr. Millais' and Mr. Calderon's figures, and Mr. Herkomer's well-known *Grandfather's Pet*, are all to be engraved or have already been thus reproduced.

In the larger room of the same gallery opened a week or so later an exhibition of very different character, namely 'War Pictures,' three in number, *Tel-el-Keber* by De Neuville; *Kassassin* by R. Caton Woodville, and the *Bombardment of Alexandria* by W. L. Wyllie.

The usual Picture Exhibitions, more or less Continental in contents, opened last month in the Haymarket and Pall Mall. The French Gallery collection is above the recent average, and contains several pictures of mark, new and old. The famous *Ferry-Boat* of Troyon reappears within the Gallery whence it went unsold, at the fixed price of 400*l.*, some eight years since; the same figure in thousands instead of hundreds would not now, it is said, reach its monetary value. A brilliant, not, however a recent example of the weird colour and fantastic manner of Madrazo, free from the inky shadows that so often mar his harmonies, is a *Matinée Musicale* held in the boudoir of some Spanish lady of the *demi-monde;* the blending of motley and contrasting tints is here no less than a feat in colour schemes. The Eastern scene, *An Arab School*, held in the open, and flooded with hot light, by Professor Müller, will not draw the interest of artists so much as a collection of his forcible oil sketches, heads, bits of building, and landscapes, shown upstairs. German art is not so conspicuous in the exhibition this season as of late. A characteristic group of Tyrolese figures, a girl listening to a *Zither Player*, by the famous Defreggor, and two elegant combinations of toilettes and sentiment in the persons of pretty ladies, painted, with eminently artistic truth and style, by C. Kiesel, are chiefly notable of the German contributions. Last year's *Salon* has furnished to the Gallery M. Billet's pastoral,—women bending over the scattered gleanings beneath a lurid sky portentous of storm, called now *The Harvest of the Poor;* also the unflinchingly realistic and powerful *Les Choux*, of M. Laugée, wherein a hard-featured, hard-handed daughter of toil waters her cabbages with ostentatiously ungainly slouch of shoulder, and set of big feet in the *sabots;* further the *Repudiée*, or exiled Queen, of M. Maignan, who has thrown a pathos and purpose into the figures that hardly make amends for the more than careless incompleteness of execution: these sum up the group of French pictures of importance, unless we add the tasteful if artificial *Promenade sur l'Eau, Bougival*, by G. M. Heilbuth. The influence of Fortuny, with more or less individual character superadded, permeates many clever little works by Pasini, Palmaroli, Pradilla.

# PARIS.

## VI.—*The Louvre.*

THE present writer once met, in Paris itself, with a very prosperous manufacturer from Yorkshire, who was not at all aware that there were any pictures in the Louvre. He considered it 'a good, large building,' but had never heard of its connexion with the fine arts; and it is believed that he returned to his native county without having visited the interior.

This case, amongst visitors to Paris, is no doubt very exceptional, and there are even great numbers of people in the world who have never been to Paris, and are yet perfectly aware that the Louvre is a palace of the fine arts. For myself, so far as memory can go back into the hazy land of childhood, I can still recover the dim grandeur of the as yet unknown Louvre, a palace of colossal, fantastic architecture, like a dream, with endless halls filled with solemn, sombre pictures in heavy gilded frames. To see the reality was the longing of my youth, and when at last I found myself in that interminable gallery of Henri IV., it seemed as if the whole earth could not offer a delight so glorious.

Meanwhile—and in this I resembled nearly all other English tourists—I knew nothing of the noble castle which the present Louvre had replaced. It seemed to me that the building had been made entirely as a museum for works of art, chiefly pictures, and that nothing of any consequence had ever stood upon the ground it now occupied. Deeply interested in all remains of the middle ages that were to be seen in my native island, and passionately mediaevalist at heart (for all young people who care at all about the past are enthusiasts for some particular epoch), I little dreamed that one of the most romantic royal castles that ever existed once stood on the ground now occupied by chilly halls of antique sculpture. Such a castle, if its ruins yet rose on some lonely height by the Seine, would be visited by every tourist, and sketched by every landscape-painter; but as it had the misfortune to be enclosed within the walls of a very great city, where the past is effaced to make way for the present, as accounts are sponged from a slate, not a stone is left standing, and only the learned have measured its site or counted its lordly towers. Yet the time when they were new and perfect, with conical roofs and gilded vanes is not exceedingly remote from us in the great past of history, and if they could have been simply left undemolished, even without repair, we should still have had an unrivalled example of the fortress-palace of the middle ages. The buildings formed an oblong court with round towers at the angles and in the middle of the sides, whilst nearly in the centre of the court stood a massive round keep, and to the south and east were well-defended gateways. All this was moated, and on the side towards the river were other walls and towers, the last of which maintained a threatened existence down to the seventeenth century.

The origin of the word *Louvre* is believed to be a Saxon word, *Leowar* or *Lower*, which meant a fortified camp. Littré, however, does not go so far as this, but contents himself with the base-latin *lupara* or *lupera*, which was a subsequent creation as a latinised form of *louve*. Surely no two words could be more distinct than *louve* and *louvre*, whilst *lower* (pronounced, of course, by all French people as *lovver*) is a very near approximation to the name of the modern palace. Nor is there any reason to imagine a connexion between the castle of Philippe Auguste and a she-wolf, whereas, in its scheme of fortification, it bears a striking resemblance to a Frankish moated camp. In *Paris à travers les Ages* M. Fournier borrows a drawing of one of these camps from Viollet-le-Duc's 'Dictionary of Architecture,' and the resemblance of its plan to that of the Louvre Castle is most striking. It stands near a river, which defends one of its sides; it is moated just as the Louvre was; the central round tower is placed in the great enclosure precisely in the same position; the gateways are in the same places, and the principal part of the fortress is withdrawn somewhat from the river, with an extra defence towards the river side, exactly as in the Louvre Castle. There seems, then, to be no reason for doubting that the name of the present picture-gallery is due to the early use of its site for military purposes.

Although nothing of the Louvre Castle is now visible from the exterior, there still exists a small remnant of it enclosed within the modern palatial buildings. There is a considerable piece of the old wall in the *Salle des Cariatides*, and even a small corkscrew staircase which belonged to the old castle.

The transformation of the castle into a palace began long before the present Renaissance palace was thought of. The first step was a consequence of the enclosure of the Louvre within the walls of Paris. Under Philippe Auguste it had been outside, under Charles V. it was within the wall; and therefore, being no longer a fortress dependent on its own strength for resistance, it could be made more habitable without danger. Charles V. increased its height for the purpose of giving more room, and made great alterations in the arrangement of the apartments. Under that sovereign the Louvre still retained all the appearance of a feudal castle. The moat still sur-

rounded it, and all the towers, including the great keep, were still in their places; but the general aspect was richer and more elegant than before, the towers were loftier, the masses of building between them had become more spacious, and some new and graceful domestic architecture had been added within the courtyard. Lovers of books remember this epoch in the history of the Louvre in connexion with the royal library which was established there. It is unnecessary to observe that even a royal library in the fourteenth century was but a small collection; and yet if that library of Charles V. could have been preserved to our own day, few collections would have been more valued by the curious. Some rooms in a particular tower were set apart for it, two rooms at first, and afterwards a third above them, the whole containing rather more than nine hundred volumes. The collection was afterwards increased, and amounted in 1410 to 1125 volumes, many of which were afterwards lent or lost; and it is said that the Duke of Bedford carried off the remainder with him to England, after a sort of purchase, in 1429.

After being a splendid Gothic palace the old castle of the Louvre was almost entirely abandoned by the French sovereigns, and was employed as a prison and an arsenal. Then succeeded a long period of utter confusion, during which the new Renaissance palace was gradually coming into existence, whilst the remnants of the Gothic castle were devoured one after another, looking more and more miserable as less remained, till the wonder is that so late as Callot's time anything should have been preserved at all.

The appearance of Francis I. upon the scene is the doom of the old castle. With the help of an inventive and tasteful architect, Pierre Lescot, he began the Louvre that we know—colossal in scale, magnificent, palatial—utterly different in all ways from the domestic architecture of the great building sovereigns who preceded him; a building of which Philippe Auguste and Charles V. could have had no conception whatever; a wonderful result of the study of antiquity, and of its influence coming to the French through the Italian mind.

THE LOUVRE, FROM THE SEINE. FROM A DRAWING BY H. TOUSSAINT.

What a strange revolution it is, how radical, how complete! The beautiful and picturesque French Gothic cast aside as barbarous, and, in its place, not at all a dull imitation of the antique,* but rather a new modern art having its roots far away in the past of Greece and Rome, and drinking nourishment from those distant sources. Imagine a French sovereign brought so completely under this new influence as not to care in the least for the beautiful Gothic art

* It is curious that Frenchmen in the time of Francis I. always spoke as if the new style were simply an imitation of the antique. They did not realise the fact that it was something more.

which had so delighted his ancestors! Charles V. had taken an honest pride in his Gothic towers, his tapestried halls, his comfortable wainscoted parlours, the round rooms where his books were kept; we know that he was proud of them because he showed the place himself to the Emperor. Had the old Louvre castle come down to our own times it would have been restored in every detail with scrupulous accuracy, like Pierrefonds; and every mediaevalist in Europe would have visited it. Paris would have preserved it, as she now preserves the Hotel de Cluny or the Sainte Chapelle. But Francis I. did not care about it in the least. Everything Gothic visiting the Duchess d'Etampes was probably in the old Louvre.*

The new structure was begun in a very strange manner. The first part of it erected was a great classical pavilion, occupying the site of the south-west corner tower; and from this went a line of classical building as far as the Gothic south-eastern tower, which was preserved. It is impossible to conceive an effect more incongruous than that of these huge new buildings introduced into an old Gothic castle of moderate dimensions.

Francis I. did little more than decide the fate of the old Louvre by introducing the new fashion. His

THE INTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE. FROM A DRAWING BY H. TOUSSAINT.

had gone completely out of fashion, and whatever he built was to be in the new Renaissance manner. He, therefore, deliberately began certain buildings at the Louvre which must, of necessity, either establish a permanent incongruity, or compel his successors to remove every fragment of the old castle. If any Parisian of those days yet held the Gothic times in affection, he must have foreseen regretfully the ultimate consequences of this new departure. '*Ceci tuera cela*,' he must have said to himself. Contemporary expressions of regret have come down to our own times; especially for the great tower, which was first demolished. After that the old castle seemed to take a new lease of existence. It was furbished up thoroughly to receive the Emperor Charles V. The scene of the well-known picture by Bonnington of the King and the Emperor successors went on with the work; and the progress of it may be followed, reign after reign, till the last visible fragment of the Gothic castle had been ruthlessly carted away. The north-eastern and south-eastern round towers are still to be seen in Israel Sylvestre's etchings done in the year 1650. It is very remarkable that the short building which connects the Louvre with the long gallery on the water-side, and which now contains the *Galerie d'Apollon*, should have been first erected, as well as a considerable portion of the long gallery itself, when the great square had as yet made no approach to completion. The scheme appears to have been from the beginning of the most confused kind. A liking for the water-side, and a consequent tendency to build in that

* See PORTFOLIO for January, 1873.

direction, appear to have entirely over-ruled whatever intention there may have been to carry out a decided plan. As soon as the erection of the Tuileries had been decided upon, the notion of a long gallery from one palace to the other began to fix itself in royal minds, and this long before the Louvre itself was finished. Charles IX. began the long gallery at his mother's instigation, and when Henri IV. finished it, neither the Tuileries nor the Louvre presented anything like a complete appearance. It is the strangest story! Image an English sovereign, too poor to complete either Buckingham or St. James's palace, spending vast sums in a line of building to connect them! The conduct of Catherine de Medicis is more wonderful still, for when neither the Tuileries, nor the Louvre, nor the connecting gallery was finished, she began (with these three huge enterprises on hand) a new and most costly palace in a different part of Paris.

Whilst the long gallery was slowly proceeded with, and the great new buildings had gone no further than the western side of the great quadrangle, there was a confusion of buildings round about these great structures which it is surprising that a powerful sovereign could tolerate. The rulers of France, in the midst of the most gigantic plans, lived surrounded by eyesores. It has been supposed that Henri IV. intended to clear the ground and embellish it with a garden, but he did not live long enough. Vast as is the Louvre that we know, it is as nothing in comparison with the prodigious scheme imagined by Richelieu and Louis XIII.; a scheme which, though never carried out, gave a very strong impulse to the works, and ensured the completion of the present building, at least in a subsequent reign. It is probable that of all palace-building ever seriously imagined by a prince, the Louvre of Louis XIII. was the most colossal. If the palace contemplated by him had been carried out it would have extended to the Rue St. Honoré, and included four great quadrangles of the same size as the present quadrangle, which, in its turn, is four times the size of the old castle of Philippe Auguste. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of royal living than the great increase of scale that came in with the Renaissance. In the old Gothic times kings were contented with houses of moderate size, and with the exception of the great hall where the retainers assembled the rooms were seldom very large; but no sooner had the Renaissance revolutionised men's ideas, than kings everywhere suddenly discovered that vastness was essential to their state. In France this new idea began with Francis I., and it is curious to observe how it worked out its full consummation. He began, as we have seen, with a spacious royal pavilion in the place of a narrow round tower. After him, the long gallery was conceived and executed. Then Louis XIII. imagined an immensity, which he only partially executed; finally, Louis XIV., still preoccupied by the same idea of hugeness, imagined another immensity, but this time outside of Paris, at Versailles, and executed it. Thus at length the new demon of the colossal got satisfied.

Happily for the Louvre Louis XIV. interested himself in it before he engulfed his millions at Marly and Versailles. Whilst still quite young he felt urged to set to work by the provokingly incomplete appearance of the palace. Although Louis XIII. had demolished the last towers of the Louvre castle, he had not done very much towards the completion of the palace. Only two sides of the quadrangle, the western and the southern, were as yet erected. Louis XIV. determined to build the two others, and as he had a clever and laborious architect at his disposal the work advanced rapidly. We see Le Vau's work at the present day in the interior of the courtyard; but outside, especially towards the river, it has been modified or concealed. The story of this able architect, and his labours and tribulations, is one of the most pathetic in the history of the fine arts. It appears to be the doom of great architects, from the earliest times to our own, to be plagued by their employers, and compelled either to modify their plans or abandon them; but few have had to bear such mortifications as Le Vau. The reader no doubt remembers that eastern end of the Louvre where the great colonnade is. That was the beginning of his troubles. He had made his plans for that part of the outside, which in his opinion was of paramount importance, and had even begun its actual construction, when Colbert became superintendent of public works, and put a stop to it. Rival architects were appealed to for their opinion, and of course they all condemned Le Vau who up to that time had been preferred to them. Not satisfied, however, with their propositions, or not feeling himself competent to decide amongst so many divergent professional schemes, Colbert sent their drawings to Rome, to have the opinion of the Italian architects of the day. In those days Italian architects were as firmly convinced that nobody but themselves knew anything about architecture, as are the French painters of the present day that English artists cannot have any knowledge of painting, so their decision might have been accurately foretold. They simply condemned everything that was sent to them, and said that the French sovereign stood in need of a real architect, who must of course be an Italian. Louis XIV. allowed himself to be dictated to by men who were supposed to be the leaders of Europe in architectural matters; and he engaged the famous Bernini, who came to Paris animated by such a sense of his own importance that he not only treated Le Vau and his

plans as non-existent, but claimed the right to remodel the entire edifice without regard to the intentions of the earlier architects, Pierre Lescot and Le Mercier. Everything in Bernini's project was to be subordinate to stately architectural effects. The convenient arrangement of the interior was of no consequence to him, and it is said that he even failed to provide for the comfortable accommodation of the sovereign. Notwithstanding these very strong objections to Bernini, he seems to have imposed himself for awhile so that works in stone and mortar were actually commenced under his superintendence. Bernini was treated like a prince—paid, lodged, and served magnificently; but he did not produce a satisfactory impression, and many French influences united themselves against him, so on his departure to winter in Italy it came to be understood that he should not return, and he was consoled with a sum of three thousand louis d'or, and a life pension of twelve thousand livres for himself and twelve hundred for his son.

Then came a very strange thing in the history of the Louvre. Claude Perrault, a doctor of medicine and amateur architect, had elaborated a plan of his own for an east front, but had carefully refrained from putting it forward when the plans of the professional architects were sent to Italy, to be condemned by the national prejudice of the Italians. When Perrault's plan was shown to Louis XIV., the King had had enough of foreign opinion, and even of professional home opinion, and was in a humour to judge by himself. He had only two projects left to choose between—that of Le Vau (modified and enriched) and the new one proposed by Perrault. Unfortunately for poor Le Vau there was a stateliness in Perrault's colonnade which pleased the pompous mind of the great king, so it was adopted with very little regard to suitableness. The final discomfiture of Bernini was most fortunate for the Louvre in one respect—it saved the great quadrangle which Bernini wanted to spoil in various ways, especially by putting huge staircases in the four corners; but though the interior of the quadrangle was saved, it cannot be said that the adoption of Perrault's plan was by any means an unmixed benefit. The east front does not really belong to the edifice; it is merely stuck on, and when it was built the fatal discovery was made that it did not fit. Surely this cannot have been a *mistake*, in the common sense of the word, as a joiner makes a mistake of an inch in a piece of wood. Perrault's front was more than seventy feet too long for the building it was to be applied to. He must have known this. Most probably he was determined to have his fine long colonnade at all costs, and so deliberately exceeded the measurements at each end, regardless of the consequences, which were sufficiently serious. It became necessary to advance the river front further towards the river. It was

THE COLONNADE. FROM A DRAWING BY H. TOUSSAINT.

quite new. The architect who had built it, Le Vau, was still alive, yet the huge extravagance of building another, to mask it, had to be committed. This was the last drop of bitterness in the cup of sorrow served to Le Vau in his old age.

The consequence of Perrault's audacity is that the buildings on the south side of the quadrangle are much thicker than those on the other sides. It was not thought necessary to advance the north front in the same way, but the length of Perrault's colonnade made it necessary to build a projecting mass at the north-east corner. The external north front always seemed to have received less attention than the others, though now, in consequence of the much-frequented Rue de Rivoli, it is as much seen as the colonnade itself.

The colonnade has a great reputation, and is no doubt majestic and noble in its proportions, but it is wonderful how little it seems to belong to the building. This effect of being something separate is felt more strongly when we come out of the quadrangle by the east entrance, and then look back on Perrault's front. In all the alterations executed about the palaces nobody has ever touched that front, and, indeed, it is evidently one of those works that do not admit of change. Like all severely classical conceptions, it is an organic whole from which every diminution would be mutilation, and to which every addition would be an excrescence.

The western front of the Louvre remained extremely simple until the time of Napoleon III., when a feeble attempt was made to decorate it with some applied ornament, so that it might hold its own against the new buildings; and when this was found to be impossible it was masked by a new front of adequate magnificence. Until our own time this west front looked upon an accidental agglomeration of the commonest dwelling-houses, which filled what are now the 'Squares du Louvre' and the 'Place du Carrousel.' The completion of the great project, by which the Tuileries and the Louvre were to be united, has led to the clearance and embellishment of these spaces.

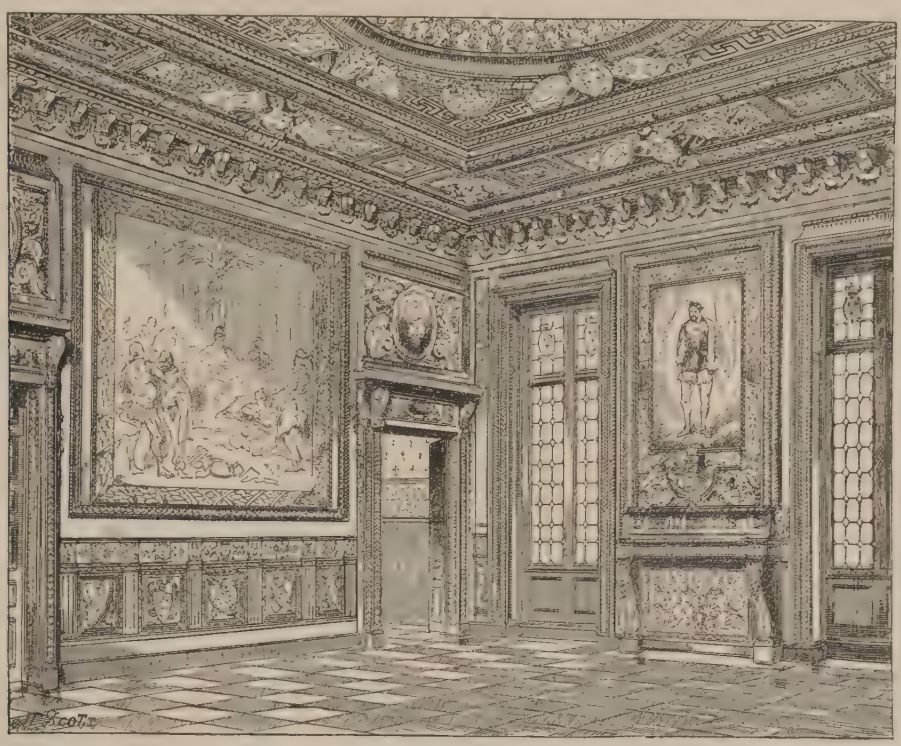
One of the greatest difficulties about the union of the two palaces was that they were neither parallel nor at right angles to each other. The degree of inclination is such that if a line drawn along the front of the Tuileries, and another along the west front of the Louvre, were both prolonged northwards, they would meet within the walls of Paris near La Chapelle. Every architect who had studied the union of the palaces had proposed some means of hiding this defect. In 1810 no less than forty-seven different projects were submitted to the Government. That of Percier and Fontaine was accepted, but never carried out. Those architects intended to hide the defect by carrying a line of building from north to south, straight across the middle of the *Place du Carrousel.* When Napoleon III. came into power he found Visconti in office as architect of the Louvre, and Visconti had another plan, which was executed. If the reader will refer to any recent map of Paris, he will understand Visconti's scheme at a glance. It consisted in the creation of a new court as wide as the inside of the old quadrangle, but longer and open at the west end, in the direction of the Tuileries. Behind these massive lines of building are smaller enclosed courts to the north and south, the irregularity of which is only seen by the few who visit them. By this means it was hoped that the want of parallelism between the Tuileries and Louvre would be in a great measure concealed, but, unfortunately, the new buildings only made it more visible, by directing the eye towards the Tuileries in such a manner as to show plainly that the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* was not in the middle of the view. Again, it is easily seen from the *Place du Carrousel* that the new buildings do not occupy the same space on the north and the south sides. If, however, they are a failure as a means of hiding a defect, they have certain merits of their own. Considered in themselves, as examples of magnificent palatial architecture, they deserve little except praise; but in their relation to older buildings round the *Place du Carrousel* they were from the first objectionable, because their imposing size and rich ornamentation made everything else look thin, and low, and poor. To borrow a term employed by painters, the huge Visconti buildings simply 'killed' the Tuileries. Their erection was the doom of the older palace by making a grander one a necessity of the future. The new pavilions *Richelieu*, *Denon*, *Turgot*, and *Mollien*, being very splendid in themselves and near together, made the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* of the Tuileries look miserable and lonely. Besides this, the massive lines of building that connected Visconti's pavilions, with their richly carved arcades surmounted by colossal statues, and their numerous groups of sculpture on the balustrades in front of the roof, made the long wing built (or begun) by Napoleon I. look fit for little else than a barrack yard; and so we see it already replaced, in great part, by a much more magnificent structure, which will certainly join Visconti's buildings ultimately at the *Pavillon de Rohan.* It is narrated that Napoleon III., after gazing one day with a friend at the new buildings from a window in the Tuileries, turned away with a look of disappointment, and said, 'If I listened to my own feelings I would begin the whole thing over again.' There are limits, however, even to the extravagance of a Napoleon III.; and though he might easily have squandered as much in other and less visible ways, he could hardly indulge in such a

public *repentir* as the reconstruction of his own Louvre.

The most obvious defect of Visconti's Louvre, considered in itself, is that the two great fronts which face each other across the gardens are so near that the spectator cannot retire far enough to see them completely. They can, in fact, only be seen in all their majesty diagonally from the *Place du Carrousel.* There the effect is stately in the extreme, and very original; there being, I believe, no other palace in the world which offers a perspective of the same kind. Another great merit of the new buildings is that as they enclose a considerable space with their hidden courts and cover a large extent of ground, they *furnish* the space between the Tuileries and Louvre better than some other projects would have furnished it; and this is a merit of some importance, considering the distance between the two palaces. Indeed Visconti's plan seems to bring the Louvre, by continuing it, as far as the pavilions Turgot and Mollien.

Visconti's buildings have been frequently and severely criticised as 'overcharged with ornament.' This is an unintentional compliment, for the fact is that his walls are extremely plain, incomparably plainer than the new long gallery of the Louvre, or the new building running east of the *Pavillon Marsan.* The great effect of richness in Visconti's work is due to the art with which he lavished ornament on certain conspicuous places, especially on his pavilions. A juster criticism is that his work is heavy. No doubt it is massive rather than graceful, but its appearance of enduring strength is not out of place in a public edifice; and though some parts of the old Louvre are more delicate and charming, none are more imposing. The abundance of statues has been blamed, but they are not more numerous than in mediaeval architecture and they are better detached.

A simpler plan than that adopted by Visconti would have been to dissimulate the want of parallelism between the palaces by making two or three large quadrangles, and losing the radiation in the thickness of the buildings between; but such a plan would have lost the majestic effect of space and distance which it was Visconti's desire to preserve. By his plan the pavilion of the old Louvre could be seen distinctly from the central pavilion of the Tuileries.



AN OLD ROOM IN THE LOUVRE.

The united palaces make so vast a building, that it has been found necessary to give a distinct interest to certain parts. Thus the openings towards the *Pont des Saints Pères,* called '*Les Guichets des Saints Pères,*' form an architectural composition in themselves; and that part of Visconti's Louvre which is opposite the Palais Royal is a distinct work, composed for that place and not repeated elsewhere. It is highly ornamented, and contrasts strongly in this respect with the simple work on each side of it.

The sums of money expended on the Louvre and Tuileries defy all calculation. The palaces have not been erected according to any sound principles of economy, but by a system of additions and alterations involving immense sacrifices. As the old

castle was pulled down before it was really decayed, so many parts of the Louvre and Tuileries have been replaced prematurely. The river front erected by Le Vau and masked by Perrault is a case in point. Even the long gallery and the Pavillon de Flore erected by Henri IV. cannot be considered to have lasted very long, as they had to be rebuilt in our own time. The greatest spender on these palaces was Napoleon III. Visconti's plans,* when finished by Lefuel, had cost him sums greatly exceeding the first estimate of a million sterling. I believe that the total expenditure on the palaces in our time has reached at least four millions; and if the older work could be accurately estimated in our money it would be equally costly. The total value of the palaces before the destruction of the Tuileries can scarcely have been less than ten millions sterling without their contents; and the value of the site, with its vast area in the best part of Paris, is prodigious.

I have little space to speak of the interior, and it is not a part of my plan to attempt any description of works of art other than architectural. Many rooms in the Louvre are simply plain receptacles for interesting things, but others are interesting in themselves, especially the old wainscoted rooms lined with delicately wrought wood-work from the chambers of the kings. The most sumptuous room is perhaps the *Galerie d'Apollon*, with its elaborate ceiling, its tapestries in panels, and its collection of precious objects; but the most imposing is the lofty *salon carré*, gravely magnificent, and realising the grand ideas of Henri IV. As for the long gallery, it is too long to produce its due effect upon the mind, which would be equally potent if it were considerably shorter. It appears to be simply a very magnificent tunnel with pictures on the sides, and nothing near enough to be really visible at the ends. The mere sensation of being in an almost endless tunnel has a distracting effect upon the mind. A room of moderate dimensions, with a few pictures well isolated and well lighted, is much more favourable to the concentration of the faculties in study. The clever comic sketcher Robida has shown us the tramway which, according to him, will be established in that gallery next century. The idea is not unreasonable. A neat little carriage on rails, arranged like an Irish jaunting-car, would be a great convenience for the thousands of tourists who now wearily plod from end to end of that gilded and painted tunnel, with minds distraught and eyes that gaze on vacancy.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* Visconti died suddenly in his carriage in 1853.

## A BRETON BEGGAR.

ETCHED BY M. L. MENPES.

MR. MENPES is familiar with Brittany, where he often goes for purposes of study. The present etching is one of his many sketches from nature done in that region. The picturesque costume of the Breton men and their habit of wearing the hair long make them favourite subjects with artists. From Rembrandt to the present day etchers have liked mendicants, because their dress has certain virtues from their point of view which would be vices in the opinion of a tailor. It is evident that Mr. Menpes greatly enjoyed the study of his model. For students of etching we may remark that all the lines are put in with a sharp point, and that there have been very few bitings. In short, this is a genuine sketch upon copper.

## THE EARLIER WORKS OF ROSSETTI.

### II.

THE preceding account and criticism of the very earliest of Rossetti's productions dealt mainly with drawings in ink, and to Mr. F. Madox Brown ascribed the leading part in directing the steps of his pupil in technical matters. To such matters alone, of course, this guidance was given. Rossetti remained Rossetti at all times and in all ways, and the tutelage of Mr. Brown had a comparatively brief term; in fact, so early as 1850 our subject had seen his way to an independent course, which involved studies, or rather the completion of studies, undertaken in a somewhat desultory manner in previous years. It is time to speak of two great distinguishing motives of Rossetti's genius, *i.e.*, (1), the vigorous dramatising energy, and, (2), the subtle mysticism, which is in itself ineffable, although its manifestations may be analysed and even described.

I closed the former half of this text with references to two very remarkable illustrations, one of each of these motives—these are the *Parable of Love* and *The Laboratory* (Royal Academy, No. 330; Burlington Club, No. 2). The former is to a certain extent an allegory embodying mystical motives, which, in Rossetti's mind of 1849, were perhaps some-

what nebulous, although they were pure and brilliant, and potent enough for after-development of the most effectual kind, and finally crowned themselves and their author in the transcendental works of his middle life and later productions. The same general division of his genius in two similar parts, that were correlative yet distinct, is even more readily observable in Rossetti's poetic than in his pictorial art. We see this mysticism in its religious phase, with little of the dramatic element, in the *Parable of Love*, in the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* (R. A., 286), and *Ecce ancilla Domini!* (R. A., 288). It occurs tinged with the changing hues of romantic wizardry in *Michael Scott's Wooing* (B. C., 37); the whole large category of illustrations of Dante's and Beatrice's lives is more or less inspired by that occult and intangible, but ever-present mystical influence; and to it is due his innermost power of the superbly original *Blessed Damozel*, which in art and verse he absolutely created. With such mysticism Rossetti's very soul took the highest flight, so to say, as with *The Bride* (R. A., 227), that masterpiece of super-sensuous imagination, charged, like the Song of Songs itself, to which its motto referred, with potentialities of mystical desire the reverse of sensual. Also with regard to *Astarte Syriaca* (R. A., 322). The last is an example of a motive, the ultra-mystical one of all the subjects Rossetti inspired with his genius. Unhappily the picture itself, large and elaborate as it is, does not, in technical or pathetic respects, so fortunately illustrate the inner purpose of the author's mind as does the drawing which is called *A Female Head* (B. C., 71), and was lately the property of Mr. Fry, who owns the picture. This drawing, if ever a face embodied thought in stillness, concentrated and abstract, gives form and substance to the poet's words, expounding it in the sonnet entitled 'Astarte Syriaca,' and beginning:—

> 'Mystery: lo! betwixt the sun and moon
> Astarte of the Syrians: Venus Queen
> Ere Aphrodite was.'

and concluding:—

> 'Torch-bearing, her sweet ministers compel
> All thrones of light beyond the sky and sea
> The witnesses of Beauty's face to be:
> That face, of Love's all-penetrative spell
> Amulet, talisman, and oracle,—
> Betwixt the sun and moon a mystery.'

Rossetti's 'mystery' was the secret of Beauty, and his later works attest him searching it and illustrating it in many ways. Thus, he placed the Syrian Astarte, whose very name had charms for his mind, between emblems of the Sun and Moon and torch-bearing, winged figures of beautiful youths, who chant antiphonies in her honour. These very figures may have been intended to represent the artist himself as poet and as a painter, thus doubly an acolyte of Beauty. The face of Mr. Fry's drawing has dark, entirely abstracted and brooding eyes, saturated with fire that is beyond and quite distinct from mental effort or passionate fervour; and it has set lips of solemn peacefulness, in whose stillness is something of that mystery of sentiment which the Greeks aimed at in carving the features of the reposeful and contemplative greater gods. Something there is in these features of Astarte which, let it be noticed, the Egyptians gave to their steadfast masks in granite and syenite. The Egyptians, a much livelier people than the Greeks, imparted to these immobile masks a soft and genial smile which has a dash of humanity; but which neither the graver Greeks' nor Rossetti's types of mystical beauty, shadowed with the brooding sentiment as they were, affected in any degree.

Having thus traced in what is, I fear, a vague and general outline, the impression produced on the student's mind by the course of Rossetti's search after mystery in beauty, and having suggested his attempts to illustrate mystery by means of beauty, it is time to turn from that part of his biography which is, after all, subordinate to considerations of the text of these papers, that text being the art-manifestations of the painter's earlier life. The *Parable of Love* may be taken as the prototype of all the mystic designs of Rossetti, which, being sometimes allegories pure and simple, sometimes manifestations of dream-like images, are, at other times, recondite abstractions suggested by human beauty and stilled emotions. *The Laboratory* is, on the other hand, the prototype of that larger class of works of his which are studies in human passion and sentiment dramatically expressed and delineated with success of the most precious kind. Such works as the before-mentioned *Michael Scott's Wooing* occupy the border-land of these provinces of Rossetti's intellectual kingdom in art. Their sentiments have the enchanting hues of mysteries; but they are not mystical, they are imaginative, and they do not so much deal with contemplation as with action; and, above all, they are wholly dramatic in their mode of expression, whereas the mystical designs are remarkable for total absence of dramatic elements. *Proserpine* (R. A., 314, and B. C., 80), although embodying one of Rossetti's finest imaginations, is dramatic and not mystical, because it relies on incident and character for its triumphant effect. *The Bride* is mystical in sentiment and motive, and dramatic in treatment; and that picture which has been represented as the most mystical of all Rossetti's painting, the *Beata Beatrix* (R. A., 293, and the exquisite replica, B. C., 83) is a vision of sentiment of the finest fabric ever made by wizard Fancy with Love and Sorrow for his weft and woof; yet it is not a mystery at all, nor dramatic, but, its homogeneity of design and treatment apart,

sentimental; being suggested by the painter's loss of his wife some years before, this work is instinct with the very luxury of grief, which, when it was painted, had become

'. . . . half in love with easeful Death.'

In the former portion of this essay I have ventured to say, that in the 'poetic, incident-abounding, and passionately dramatic' works of Rossetti, the most solid and effectual idea of the artist is to be found.* This opinion of mine and others is based on the incontestable fact that the man as a whole, his genius, technical power, and poetic spirit being in well-balanced relationship, is to be found in that numerous body of designs which were produced between 1849—the date of *The Laboratory*—and 1865, when Mr. Rae's *The Bride*, a transitional work with dramatic elements, was painted to embody the mystical inspiration which, however early it had been developed, was not predominant till after this date. Thenceforward he produced little serious work which had not mysticism, so called, as its inspiring agency, or was not a new version of some previously painted dramatic idea. The latter category may be, for purposes of analysis, dismissed from the reckoning of characteristic works of the later period, and referred to the earlier one. So completely did the genius of Rossetti assume new attire about the date of Mr. Rae's glorious picture that it is hardly possible to find an example of an original dramatic design produced after that epoch.* As we see Rossetti after 1865 developing his genius in one direction only, it is obvious that we must look for the entire figure of the man in a period of his life anterior to this specialized development. This is, of course, quite apart from our estimate of the value of his art in either stage. It matters not whether his powers were greater or less, or whether we are content to exchange the profound pathos and dramatic energy of the earlier stage for the super-abundance of mystical inspiration which signalised the later one, and allied itself with glorious coloration and expression of the most subtle order, as well as with physical charms, such as those of *The Bride*, the *Blessed Damzel*, *Proserpine*, *La Donna della Fenestra*, *Rosa Triplex*, *Venus Verticordia*, and *Monna Vanna*. These noble and beautiful manifestations might have belonged to the culmination or the decline of Rossetti's powers, but in either case they do not thoroughly represent the man, but rather a transcendental phase of his powers than the whole of them in an equal balance. It is therefore to some of these earlier drawings that I continue to direct the attention of the reader.

That chronological order which was observed in the former portion of this essay affords in this, as in every similar case, the true key to the problems attending the examination of the works of Rossetti. It is deplorable that the late collections of these pictures and drawings were not disposed in strict chronological order. Beyond a doubt, such a mode of arrangement would have cast strong light on points of importance in the painter's history, elucidated some of his motives, and enabled even hasty observers to see the progress of his powers, and would have supplied to critics the most precious and exact indications of his studies and the changing phases of his intellect, as well as of the growth of his technical attainments. Nothing could be less instructive than the merely decorative or pictorial method of hanging pictures which obtained in Burlington House and in Savile Row.*

* One of the latest of these pure dramas is a drawing belonging to Mr. J. Anderson Rose, which was sent too late to the Burlington Club to be included in the Catalogue; it represents, with splendid originality, the arrest of Joseph by the Egyptian soldiers, Potiphar being present, and that dignitary's wife standing behind while watching the effect of her treachery. Her attitude resembles, and is as expressive as, that of a cobra about to strike. This superb drawing is dated 1860.

* In reckoning the great influences which affected the technical studies and practice of Rossetti at this early period of his life, attention has been already drawn to several painters his seniors, and, to some extent, his teachers in art. It would not be well, however, to omit in this place all mention of another and most potent influence exercised on his taste, his sympathies in choice of subjects, and, to compare art with poetry, peculiarities of expression, intensity of passion, wealth of local colour, variety of incidents, and, above all, his power of making picturesque analyses. I refer, of course, to the poems of Mr. R. Browning, in an early example of which Rossetti found the themes of *The Laboratory* (1848–9) and *The Queen's Page* (1849–50), or rather its missing original, *Kate the Queen* (see page 89 *ante*). The poetical version of *The Laboratory* was first published in 1844, in 'Hood's Magazine,' by the

'Subtlest assertor of the Soul in Song'

himself; it appeared again in 'Bells and Pomegranates,' No. 7, 1845. In one of these publications Rossetti must have met the verses, and he probably executed the design which belongs to Mr. W. Bell Scott by means of a manuscript copy, such as he was fond of making, at the Museum and elsewhere, from texts not readily obtainable in those days. It was not till after the making of this design (B. C., 2) that the 'Poems by Robert Browning' (2 vols., 1849) were issued, and were found to contain that astoundingly forcible study of the *ancien régime* which is now in question. Every old friend of Rossetti must remember the energy and zest with which he and his immediate *entourage* threw themselves on the poems of Browning. Rossetti was at all times a magnificent reader aloud of verse, and no tax exhausted his ever-copious and exact memory of poetic texts, no allusion was too delicate or recondite for solution by his sympathies or his accomplishments. He would sit for hours surrounded by friends, who listened to the energetic yet correct 'lilting out' by him of noble verse and the enunciation of superb thoughts, or wit, or humour, with a clear, precise, and rolling voice, which seemed modulated like a trumpet or sonorous as a bell. Young wits were sharpened on 'Sordello,' and young fancies stirred by 'Paracelsus' and 'Bells and Pomegranates.' I have seen youths' tears flow rapidly on hearing 'A Blot on the Scutcheon' read aloud by Gabriel Rossetti. 'Pippa Passes,' at that time and long after a great favourite with him, was published in No. 1 of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' 1841, and not again until the 'Poetical Works' appeared in 1849. From this poem was taken the suggestion of *Kate the Queen*, as above.

Observation of this rule of chronology brings to the front—the previously examined instances being passed over—the already mentioned drawing called *The Laboratory*, which is a faithful and intensely energetic rendering of Mr. Browning's early poem of the same name. In fact it is an 'illustration' of this poem in the popular sense of the term, and one of the few of his making to which that sense could, with justice to Rossetti, be applied. When he took a subject he generally made it wholly new, or displayed it in a new light, so that it became practically a fresh thing. On this account this almost unique instance of Rossetti's sympathetic treatment, illustration, and very brilliant elucidation of the dramatic achievement of a brother-poet, has peculiar attractions for those who would fain study the earlier life and works of the great artist. The work is, moreover, said to be Rossetti's first water-colour drawing; by which description we are of course to understand that this is the first complete production of his in that mode of art, not that in this we see the first experiment of that kind made by Rossetti. The incident delineated is the interview of a wicked and jealous beauty of the *ancien régime* with a gaunt, half-starved, old chemist, of the order to which the 'Apothecary' in 'Romeo and Juliet' belongs. The lady has gone to his laboratory, a very 'devil's smithy,' and bought of the poison-maker some diabolical brewing of a 'drop' which would

> '. . . . free
> The soul from those strong, great eyes,—say 'No!'
> To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go'

of the wicked woman's lofty and beautiful rival in love. The visitor, like a cat, half crouches upon, half lolls against, the table of her host, and is in the act of taking off her jewels for the fee of the lean, dried-up, and pallid old man sitting at her side, while his long claw-like fingers extend themselves and fantastically bend in the air as if clutching his prey, in the mode of an obscene bird. With all his greed he is half frightened at the vehemence of his fair employer, the splendour of whose dress betrays her wealth and distinction, while the rich ornaments and frank display of her exuberant charms attest the luxury of her surroundings. That is a fine dramatic point which indicates the old man's fears, and leaves him, villain as he is, at the mercy of the fierce woman, who clenches her little fist and spitefully denounces her foe, while her brows are knit and her bosom seems to heave with anticipated triumph in the fall and death of her enemy. The arrangement of her hair, being set wide on either side of her low, flat, and sloping forehead, is at once cat-like and snake-like, and the green gleam in her eyes suits either creature. The very colours of her dress of a dull green, changing silk, with a petticoat of dark amber, suggest any hideous reptile we like to think of.

In the same year (1849) to which we owe *The Laboratory*, Rossetti produced that which is the first of his large series of designs in colour relating to Dante. It illustrates a subject this painter many times essayed and delineated in more forms than one; it is called *Dante's Meeting with Beatrice*. Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., lent it to the Burlington Club in whose exhibition it was No. 6. Produced in the year after the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* was designed, and *The Sun may Shine and we be Cold*, and other examples were executed, to which reference has been already made (p. 88, *ante*), it is a striking proof of the rapid development of Rossetti's powers. It is not only an extraordinarily dramatic, but a very complex piece of art, wealthy in design, and enriched with colour so fine and vigorous that it is in no sense unworthy of the artist's after fame; in fact, it needed only to be painted on a huge scale in fresco, for which mode the design is eminently adapted, to have established the fame of the painter in the first rank of his time.* No. 6 represents the entrance of the church where the involuntary lovers first had distinct sight of each other, and one at least 'experienced love.' A close group of girls in green and blue, their hair adorned with white flowers to symbolize the occasion and the time of the procession, advance, or rather stream as a body, towards the door of the sacred edifice. Beatrice, who is near the middle of the design and the central figure of the group, steps onwards with her head held high and she looks forward with some *hauteur*, as if she disdained to meet the earnest gaze of Dante lingering at the porch with a friend while the fair bevy passes on. In the consciousness of beauty and a cold impulse of chastity Beatrice rejects the poet's admiration, and, girl-like, holds herself erect. Girl-like, also, her companions notice this duel of love and pride: some titter as they go, some are abashed, or pretend to be so—Rossetti was too subtle a designer to make this point clear—and blush in their self-consciousness. A bride and her spouse, and nobles old and young, accompany the bevy of girls. Some young fellows of this group stoop to exchange *badinage* with a pair of rough, wind-blown, and sun-stained vine-dressers, ruddy daughters of the plough, who are at work near the church gates where the nobles pass.

The movement of the principal groups, and the spontaneity of the design, attest the painter's grasp of the subject in its entirety. The sweetness of

* Rossetti repeatedly delineated the meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Paradise and on earth—see Mr. Rae's *Il Salute di Beatrice* (B.C., 33), and the examples which were at the Burlington Club (Nos. 20 and 143) and the Royal Academy (Nos. 289, 323); likewise the studies for a picture (left unfinished by him) described in the catalogue of the works sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, May 12, 1883, lots 25, 56, and 204. This sale included the drawing of *Astarte Syriaca*, which is named above.

some of the girls' faces, the brilliant *espièglerie* of others, the noble disdain and proud self-consciousness of Beatrice's air, attitude, and expression, are the leading qualities of this superb work, which in style and felicity of character, to say nothing of its charm of powerful colouring and its splendid illumination, ought to have been sufficient to prove to observers, with the weakest instinct for Art, that a great master lived in the gaunt, dark-haired, dark-complexioned, carelessly-attired, and often laughing, often sarcastic youth of twenty years, who moved among his fellows with a swinging gait and some excess of half-Italian gesticulation. So far was this now patent fact from being generally recognised by students of art in those days, that this very design was jeered at and provoked sneers where nothing but admiration ought to have been insured. Only Rossetti's own circle, the 'P-R. B.' and its immediate associates, recognised the greatness of the work. *Il Salute di Beatrice*, which I have alluded to before, a work of 1849-50, followed the above-named brilliant version of one of its sections. It was in the autumn of 1850 (see the note on p. 87, *ante*) that the destroyed or lost beginning of the large oil-picture of the meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Paradise was begun at Sevenoaks.

On the 1st of January, 1850, the first number of 'The Germ,' the so-called organ of the 'P-R. B.,' was issued. This number, in Rossetti's noble tale called 'Hand and Soul,' contained the declaration of his art-faith at the period, according to the speech of the soul of Chiaro dell' Erma, painter of Arezzo and hero of the tale, in pursuance of which speech Rossetti supposed Chiaro painted that remarkable picture which is signed (so the author of the tale alleged) '*Manus animam pinxit*,' and dated '1239.' The poetic motive of the tale, and the strange and new 'invention' of the picture to which it referred, well represent the mystical side of Rossetti's genius; while the rich colour, high finish, and that energetic expression of the dramatic order which animates the story, are the literary analogues of that passionate fervour of design at once impulsive and realistic, which distinguishes examples of the author's art hereinbefore described. Thus we see the manifold and multiform character of Rossetti expressing itself dually by his earlier works; that is to say, simultaneously in both the modes he afterwards triumphantly cultivated. So long ago as 1849 the original version of 'The Blessed Damozel' was written. In February, 1850, it was published in 'The Germ,' and embodied the idea and motive to which the author in after-life gave pictorial shape in masterpieces bearing the name of the poem. These are Mr. Graham's picture (R. A., No. 313), and Mr. Leyland's version of the same ideas (B. C., 72). Thus we may, as before stated, gain from his earlier works some knowledge of what was to come, and are enabled to recognise the 'man and bard' 'solidly, effectually, and wholly.'

In strict chronological order, the next theme for our observation would be Mr. Rae's noble diptych *Il Salute di Beatrice* (B. C., 33), a work of 1849–50, which is virtually a conception of the former epoch, and shows Rossetti affecting the subject of *Dante's Meeting with Beatrice*, the already described No. 6. I propose, however, to pass one half of this example with reference to what has been already said of its history and character, and with expressions of the warmest admiration for the more important half, that on our left, the right of the pair of designs.* The parallel of No. 6 may well attract us, because it is a beautiful example of the painter's early powers. The scene is a passage or inner portico of a church, where Dante, on entering, is in the act of taking holy water from the stoup. Beatrice is likewise entering the building; she is accompanied by two ladies (one of whom was drawn from the model playfully called *Fatty*, see p. 88, *ante*, note), and holds a feather fan. A page attends the ladies. Dante, with one hand to his chin, turns towards Beatrice and steadfastly regards her, holding a book to his breast as he does so. The still passion of this regard of the poet's is analogous to the expression imparted to Dante in other designs of the same group, but this example differs materially from its fellows. Rossetti never repeated himself, although when solicited to do so, or desirous of utilising a much-favoured idea, he not seldom produced replicas of designs and pictures of all degrees of importance. The style of the execution of this half of the diptych is almost identical with that of *Kate the Queen*, as represented in *The Queen's Page* (B. C., 12).

The last-named instance—an example which has been repeatedly alluded to here—deserves our most careful consideration, not only on account of its own merits and its extraordinary wealth of incident and general importance, but because it was due to the very prime of Rossetti's youth. This, the Hon. Mrs. Spring Rice's picture, represents, as I said before, a pen drawing of about the same size which has disappeared: it may be that the drawing is under the picture, but this is very doubtful. At any rate it preserves the essential elements of its forerunner. The subject is one of the fruits of Rossetti's delight in Mr. Browning's 'Pippa Passes.' The scene is the interior of a large saloon, with a fountain in the centre, and opening on our right to a balcony, whence is obtainable a wide view of the landscape surrounding the palace, which, by the way, is supposed to be that at Asolo, where, after her deposition

* By a slip of the pen, obvious to readers of the context, the words 'our left,' were substituted for 'our right' in the note on this diptych (see page 87, *ante*).

Desdemona's Death Song.

from the throne of Cyprus, the beautiful Catherine Cornaro lived, and where, it is said, Titian painted her. Seated on the parapet of this balcony is the page who is the hero of the verses Rossetti chose for this text :—

> "'Hist!" said Kate the Queen.
> But "O!" said the maiden, binding her tresses,
> "'Tis only a page that carols unseen;
> Crumbling your hounds their messes,
> Fitting your hawks their jesses."'

The boy is clad in red, and, leaning on one elbow, carols aloud in the sun-lit air, and looks up to the blue sky overhead, waiting for the hawk to return, whose mate is still mounted on his fist. The boy's ringing voice and joyful tones have filled the large chamber, where, in the middle, sits the Queen in a dress of lilac and white, while two of her ladies in red and green robes attend the arranging and combing of her Majesty's long, bright, almost flaxen tresses. A third damsel of honour is at the back of her mistress and holds a tray, on which are vases with essences. Kate, conscious of the boy's clear notes, stops one of the maidens in her talk and bids the party 'Hist!' The actions of these figures are perfectly spontaneous and highly expressive; the faces are full of meaning; the colours of the costumes, carnations, hair, and ornaments, are admirably combined to assist the chiaroscuro of the picture, of which this is the chief group and central element. The portly dame already alluded to as the original of the elder female in Mr. Hutton's *Two Mothers* (B. C., 7) sits before the Queen, and, stopped in her office of reading aloud, looks up with a natural action, and lets the splendidly emblazoned volume sink in her lap. This reader's dress of rich and solid black is the strong, dark key-note of the tones of the whole picture, exactly as the gleaming pale-golden tresses of her mistress and her white *peignoir* are the high bright key-notes of the illumination of the work, and the scarlet and green dresses of the central group, are the highest notes of the chromatic scheme of the composition. Behind this central group and its accessories is a row of damsels clad in red, the varied illumination on which changes the local colour of each figure, so that ample wealth of tints and tones is secured. The girls are seated side by side on a bench, and although diversely posed, are occupied in common by the task of finishing a large piece of embroidery or tapestry. This is shown by a purple cloth, which, extending along their knees, links the figures to each other in colour and in line. In front, on our left of the lady reader, a quaintly clad zany stoops at the edge of the fountain, and with his breath blows to their destruction by the falling jet paper-boats he has launched there. Several groups of figures in the background are enjoying flirtations and a *jeu de paume*. On one side, behind the central group, we have a glimpse of the Queen's private chapel: the *portière* of this chamber, being partly drawn aside, reveals its altar, crucifix, and stained-glass window. From the condensed description of this picture, an account which fails to represent the splendour of the coloration, to exhaust the copiousness of the incidents, or make plain the spontaneity of the design, the reader may gain impressions of the power of the man who, in his twenty-third year, produced a work so complex, so thoroughly studied, and so rich in all the higher qualities of dramatic art. A score of instances supporting these testimonies of Rossetti's genius might be added to the above, which, let it be remembered, refer mainly to the dramatic development of his powers, and have comparatively little to do with their mystical phase, and take no concern with that later super-sensuous manifestation which has attracted more notice than any other of the modes to which the painter's life was devoted.

F. G. Stephens.

# ON A GREEK VASE FROM KERTCH.

## THE WARNING OF THEMIS.

THE Greek vase which furnishes the subject of this paper was originally published in the *Compte rendu* of the Russian Archaeological Commission for 1859 (Taf. II, p. 39), and is at present preserved in the Museum at St. Petersburg. It was discovered in 1851 in a tomb near Kertch—a large chamber excavated near the summit of a hill, and roofed by a false vault of advancing horizontal slabs. The sepulture had continued through the centuries undisturbed; but nevertheless the only undecayed remains of its occupant were a few fragments of bones. That they were those of a female of distinction was evident; exquisite feminine ornaments lay around—golden filagree earrings with solid pendants, a Maenad on each, one with a panther on her shoulder, the other with a hind, a small gold necklace, two gold rings, one engraved with a grasshopper on a flower, pins, engraved stones, a spindle, a mirror. Traces remained to show that a wooden bier, ornamented with columns, colour, and vitreous half-spheres, had been covered with a thick mantle. Besides the amphora which we are concerned with, the tomb contained another vase of fine style, of the form usually recognised as a *pyxis;* a broad, shallow

vessel on low foot, and with a cover of which the surface receives an elaborate circular design. The subject on this is a scene of fourteen female figures engaged at the toilet of one who is sufficiently indicated as a bride,—a subject so usual on vases of this type as to imply an accepted propriety of association.

The style of art of these vases refers us to a date most probably within such limits as 400–350 B.C., or a little anterior to Alexander the Great. Kertch is the site of the ancient city of Panticapaeum, on the western margin of the entrance to the Palus Maeotis, and access to the embouchure of the Tanais. This was one of a number of colonies with which the adventurous traders of Miletus, certainly not later than the sixth century B.C., occupied the most favourable points for commerce, in most cases at the mouths of rivers, round the northern and western coasts of the Euxine. The story of its internal revolutions is lost; but coins and scattered notices present it to us as the chief city of a kingdom of Bosphorus, till it submitted to Mithridates. It had, however, a career long afterwards, as remarkable as its fellow colony, Cherson. In these towns, as allied, protected, or even independent, Hellenic liberty and municipal institutions flourished long after they had been lost and forgotten through the length and breadth of Greece. Panticapaeum was taken and plundered by the Huns in A.D. 528, but Cherson lived on in the enjoyment of the civil government of a Greek city of the ancient type down to the middle of the tenth century of our era. In earlier days it was from the fertile fields of the Tauric Chersonnesus—the Crimea—that Athens received her indispensable supplies of corn. It is on record that in the fourth century B.C., Leucon, king of Bosphorus, sent thither, in a year of scarcity, upwards of two millions of bushels of grain: the ordinary annual supply was 600,000 bushels. A trade so important accounts for the wealth of which the excavated tombs have given us ample evidence; it explains, also, the presence in them of works of art which, in workmanship and the subjects that adorn them, are reminiscent of the technical skill and poetical associations of the very metropolis of Hellenic genius.

It is but very rarely—and the present instance is no exception—that the design on a Greek vase can be explained in treatment and details by direct reference to the version of a mythus as preserved in one of the great Greek poets—in Homer, Hesiod, or a tragic or lyric poet. These poets themselves did not care to adhere to uniformity even as between one of their own works and another; much less were they scrupulous in adhering to the lines of a predecessor. Sometimes they gave to a form of legend which was already consecrated in noble poetry an arbitrary variation by a change of incident or more important change of motive; sometimes they adopted for elaboration and embellishment an obscure popular legend that may never previously have been elevated to poetry at all. It was in this manner, indeed, in consequence of such freedom of variation being exercised and familiarly accepted, that the poets had scope for their invention; they entered into command of the resources of novelty while still never losing touch of association with the old legends of the Theogony, or quitting the range of the stories that otherwise might seem but narrow,—

> 'Of Thebes or Pelops' fated line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine.'

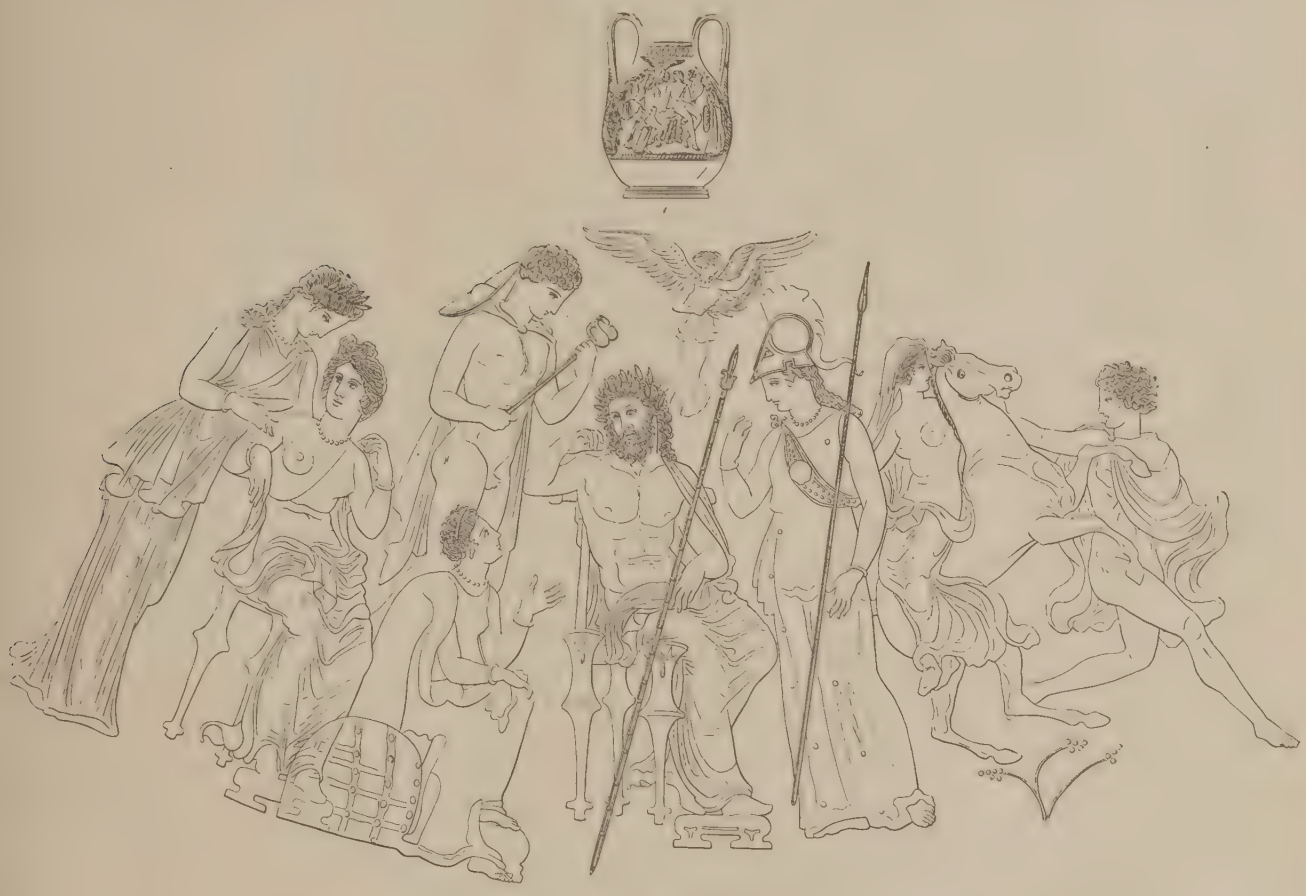
So it is with the vase-painters: explanations of their subjects are often found, and only to be found, by sifting over what may seem the very rubbish-heaps of ancient literature,—scholiasts, and lexicographers, and fragmentary quotations. Explanatory hints of authority for their designs have been so often traced in these out-of-the-way corners as to suggest that they followed some literary or popular authority in all cases. At the same time we may be doing injustice to assume that these designers did not sometimes arrogate the functions of the poet, and invent variations of legends for themselves, rather poetical than simply capricious. Certain it is that poetical originality, which may be fairly credited to the vase-painter, is often discoverable in the significance with which several subjects from different fields of legend are associated upon the same vase, and lend illustration to a central thought.

It was probably not without a like guiding sense of propriety that these vases, decorated with subjects having reference to toilet, love, and marriage, were selected to be placed in the tomb with the former possessor of such a store of beautiful feminine adornments.

The designs which ornament the opposite sides of our amphora declare themselves by difference in composition and execution as a front and a reverse. On the reverse is a conventional and comparatively careless group of Dionysus seated with a thyrsus opposite to a Maenad, on whom a pard is fawning, or it may be to Ariadne in person, as Eros is hovering at hand. Far superior care and elaboration were bestowed on the other composition; even apart from a peculiarly significant subject this has claim to very high appreciation as a work of art. The figures, generally speaking, are red upon a black ground, but heightening effects have also been adopted; not only is gilding liberally applied to ornaments and details, but some of the draperies are painted over with various colours, and the flesh of some of the feminine figures is whitened.

A dignified figure, whom for reasons that will appear I recognise as Zeus (Jupiter), is seated on a white (we are probably to understand upon an ivory)

throne; his sceptre and the leaves—apparently olive-leaves—of the crown which circles his luxuriant hair are gilded. He turns to listen to a female figure who is seated on an *omphalos* to his right, and he raises his hand with a gesture of attention as to a proceeding exhortation; to an exhortation, for nothing less is implied in the impressive manner of the speaker. There is a certain constraint in the attitude of the god as he turns his head without turning himself full round, which, taken with his gesture, is peculiarly expressive of reluctance and irresolution. The *omphalos*—the sacred stone of the oracle of Delphi which marked the navel or centre of the earth—is enveloped in the usual network of woollen fillets, but the knots are gilded. We see that the object itself, painted white, was put in after the general outlines of the adjacent figures were completed. Some of these which were covered up have now reappeared through the partial scaling off of the white paint.



DESIGN ON A GREEK VASE, FOUND IN KERTCH.

Behind the seat of Zeus stands Hermes, his petasus as well as his caduceus gilded. His petasus is slung at his neck; his head, both in style of features and chevelure, corresponds remarkably with the Hermes of Praxiteles discovered at Olympia; he stands as if he anticipates having a commission to execute when the suspended resolve of Zeus should be decided. Zeus in his difficulty has not only the lady on the *omphalos* to deal with, but his own daughter, Athene, stands before him with all the air of contributing to his perplexity by reinforcing unwelcome but wise advice. Her robe was coloured, her helmet, earrings, necklace, and lance, were gilt. That her counsel will prevail is intimated by a little Victory, who, in coloured drapery and with blue wings parcel-gilt, is flying towards her, bearing in hand a ready, leafy fillet, the symbol of success and victory.

When the expression of the group is appreciated and taken into account with the details, a mythologist of some experience may be encouraged to believe that he is well on the track of the incident represented. The omphalos is the symbol of the Delphic oracle, and the warning lady seated upon it can only be Themis, of whom we read in the opening Delphic scene of the Eumenides of Æschylus:—

> 'Themis who second, as tradition tells,
> Upon her mother's seat was there enthroned.'

Themis, the daughter of Gaia, or primaeval Earth, it was who, according to Pindar ('Isthmian,' Ode VII.) and Apollonius Rhodius (IV. 794), gave warning to the enamoured Zeus that he would espouse Thetis at his peril, for that she was fated to bear a son who

would be mightier than his sire. Zeus, after a struggle, put restraint on his passion; Thetis was consigned to a mortal husband, Peleus, and the prophecy was fulfilled in the birth of Achilles.

Among the variations of this legend, the most remarkable ascribed the prophetic warning to Prometheus. It will be remembered how the bound Prometheus of Aeschylus declares his possession of a fateful secret as to the marriage of Zeus, on which his retention of power depends, and refuses to give it up in spite of threats and torments, knowing well that by means of it he can ultimately exact his deliverance. If we held ourselves bound to harmonise legends we should here be in a tangle indeed. The Prometheus of Aeschylus is the son of Themis, and it is to communication from her that he owes the possession of the secret; and Hesiod makes Themis the second wife of Zeus, preceding Hera, the latest; and he puts her on his record as mother of the Seasons—Eunomia, Dike, and Eirene, Good Order, Justice, and Peace. But the legend that the vase-painter preferred to follow is most nearly coincident with the tale, which may have been as old as Hesiod, though it only reaches us by Apollonius Rhodius in the 'Argonautica.' Hera addresses Thetis: 'I not only fostered you in infancy, but have ever loved you, inasmuch as out of respect and awe on my account you resisted the importunate advances of Zeus; so was he provoked to swear a monstrous oath that never should you be called consort of an immortal God. Still, unwilling as you were, he could not remove his eyes from you, until Themis the venerable made full declaration how that it was fated for you to produce a son superior to his father. Then did he forego you in alarm, spite of his continued desire, lest another immortal should rival him in power; but to you I gave the best of all mortal men for a spouse' (IV. 794).

Thus guided, we cannot hesitate to accept the lady seated at our extreme left beyond Themis as Hera, at present unelevated to the throne and bed of Zeus. Her contours and expression are not those of Aphrodite, and her companion has more the air of a confidential and sympathetic attendant than befits or is usually given to Aphrodite's confidante Peitho; her manner is that of a lady who cannot but have a slight uneasiness as to the result of a discussion which she may not interfere with, but on the turn of which depends her hope of settlement. What that turn will inevitably be is not only signified by the victorious wreath of Nike, but by exhibition of the positive result; for Peleus is seen on the right of the design already making off with his bride. This is, doubtless, an anticipation; but even so it is that stories have ever been told by painters in natural impatience of limitation to a bald incident and single moment of time. An early scheme of pictorial narrative ventures even to repeat the same individuals concerned in several situations; to show Abraham and Isaac as they leave home—as they are half way up the mountain—and then as the angel interferes to prevent the human sacrifice. At a more advanced period of art, Sebastiano del Piombo combines in a crowded but perfectly harmonious composition the expostulatory greeting of Mary as Jesus arrives at Bethany; the arrival of the relatives of the three-days-buried Lazarus at the tomb, of which they mistrust the opening; the command to Lazarus to come forth; the appearance of Lazarus consequent upon the summons; the later command, 'Release him and allow him to walk,' and the obedience of the attendants to this command. Therefore we need not be surprised if, by influence of like artistic instincts, the vase-painter dared to combine exhibition of the reluctance of Zeus, of his ultimate concession under pressure, and of the fortune of Peleus after the renunciation of the immortal suitor. An alternative interpretation, that the enamoured god has already taken his resolution and is being consoled for his sacrifice, does not commend itself to me.

Still it is not to be dissembled that all difficulties do not vanish at once. So far as at present is clear, the most familiar ancient authorities agree that Thetis only resigned herself to Peleus as an unwilling bride (this is the testimony of Homer, xviii. 434); but on the vase she is radiant, is benignant, and the expression of the profile of her spouse is sympathetic and triumphant. I could almost believe that some version of the myths was current, according to which the pair might be consistently represented as making off together by common consent, before Zeus was yet quite master of his resolution. The Thetis of the Portland Vase agrees with our own in appearing no reluctant bride; though Peleus there, by still another variation for which there is literary testimony, is accepting his preferment bashfully.

Horsewomen again, apart from the case of Amazons, are rare in Greek art; the only other examples appear to be Artemis and Selene. The Amazons of the sculptured friezes all ride astride. Of the statues of Amazons, it may be observed that the same equestrian custom is implied for those of which the short tunic is shortened still further centrally, by being caught up to the centre of the girdle. A different, a sideways seat on horseback, is implied for the Amazon of the Vatican, whose tunic is shortened only over the left thigh, and who is consistently equipped with a spur on the left heel only.

M. Stephani, the original editor of our vase, interprets the female equestrian, the Thetis of the previous exposition, as Artemis—the Artemis of Pherae, who, identified by the torch which she carries, appears on the coins seated sideways on horseback. Following forth what he apprehends to be a clue,

through the local legends, he recognises Admetus of Pherae in our Zeus, and the devoted wife Alcestis in our Hera. I am obliged in this instance to part company with that usually acute and always learned archaeologist; and it rests with my counter-theory to justify the desertion. Be it further remembered that Peleus in Homeric poetry is ever the horseman Peleus (*ἱππότα Πηλεὺς*). Apollodorus tells us that the immortal horses of Achilles, Xanthus, and Balius, were presented to Peleus on his marriage by Poseidon; and Pherecydes, quoted by two scholiasts, told how he brought Thetis home to Pharsalus by them. This form of the legend no doubt implied a chariot also; but a painter who did not want the chariot for his group was not likely to hesitate at leaving it out, while still conserving allusion to the epithet of Peleus.

The weakness of nature and limitation of power, which are ascribed to Zeus in this legend, are salient enough; and yet Zeus, in deferring, after a struggle, to the better sense of Themis, is released from the degrading and odious position in which he is left at the catastrophe of the 'Prometheus Bound' of Aeschylus. The tragedian exhibits him foiled and perplexed in a final struggle with the resolution of the son of Themis, whom he is unjustly and vindictively tormenting, and who withholds the fatal secret in spite of all menaces, and defies him. The 'Prometheus Bound' is but a fragment, an introduction; it gives no information how the tragedian acquitted himself of the obligation to provide a solution which should compensate the philanthropic Prometheus and be consistent with justice, and yet not compromise the dignity of Zeus,—should even rehabilitate this dignity.

I believe that we may call in one poet here to illustrate the mode of procedure of another. In a series of lectures on Homer at the Royal Institution, I recently set forth what seemed to myself, and possibly to some at least of my hearers, sufficient grounds for inferring that in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' the poet developes a progressive story of the confirmation of the power at once and of a certain moral evolution of the character of Zeus. The argument cannot be repeated here even in summary. But I am disposed to believe, on putting together all the fragmentary allusions that are preserved, and collating them with the requirements of the case — that Aeschylus, in the 'Prometheus Unbound,' followed forth in like manner a theory of moral evolution even in the nature of supreme Zeus as well as in his victim. There is every appearance that the reconciliation of Zeus and Prometheus by concession not wholly on one side was introduced by the mediation of Heracles, son of Zeus, who, we are told, in return for guidance to the Hesperides, relieved the Titan by shooting the tormenting eagle; that Prometheus then, with recovered goodwill, revealed the secret of the fated marriage of Thetis; and that the consequent alliance of Zeus, thus restored to self-control, with Themis, the personification, as signified by her name, of abstract right, was made to symbolise the final establishment of his dominion on the basis of moral law, justice, and peace.* These, Eunomia, Dike, Eirene, according to the legend, were the offspring of the marriage; the Seasons with ethical titles that expressed a sympathetic harmony thenceforth predestined to be supreme in the moral government of the world, even as the recurring vicissitudes of the year declare it to be in the laws of universal nature.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

* See Pindar's 13th Olympian Ode and Commentators thereon.

# ART CHRONICLE.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is again to be noted for a fairly commendable average of merit rather than for any few works of surpassing merit about the excellencies of which no dissentient voice is raised. We gave a few notes of chief pictures intended for exhibition in our last month's issue, and shall only now comment briefly on certain other works by which this season's show will be remembered. In portraiture, which year by year threatens to engross the energies of our best men, to the exclusion of more creative enterprise, Mr. Millais is at his best in the portrait of his brother Academician, Mr. Hook, whom he depicts full face in a rough brown suit, looking as fresh and strong as the breezes that sweep forward his sea-tides. This is work in Millais' most masterly and genial style. Scarcely less vigorous is the profile half-length of Lord Salisbury, in simple black morning dress, with hands clasped behind him as in act to address the House, a reticent and manly study worthy to rank with the Gladstone and other memorable portraits. Popular favour or curiosity greets a bright picture, *Forget me not*, of the artist's daughter; also a gaily bedizened little maid, who poses as *Une Grande Dame*, and a mystic *Grey Lady*, who stands at the moonlit entry to an old staircase feeling into space with ghostly hands. Mr. Holl, the newly elected Academician, has produced too many portraits to do his talent justice in all; a full-length and powerful picture of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge in the Field-marshal's scarlet uniform to which the old soldier is so much attached, has perforce drawn the artist out of his somewhat sombre colouring. *General Lord Wolseley* and the *Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.*, have been among the painter's sitters to whom it has thus fallen to portray, though with unequal success, the representatives of military prestige and the great advocate of peace policy. A capital subject is *Herr Hans Richter*, the celebrated Viennese conductor, to whom, with vivid realisation and brilliant flesh-painting, Mr. Herkomer has essayed to do justice, by emphasizing with artistic force the most obvious traits of Herr Richter's presence, a steady brightness of glance and a massive uprightness of pose. Mr. E. J. Gregory justifies his election as a painter likely to strengthen the ranks of the Academy by a vigorous full-length portrait picture of a gentleman, *Alfred*

*Seymour, Esq.*, seated at his library table in brown riding-dress and buckskins, leaning forward and looking straight out of the canvas. His other contribution is a view of *Piccadilly, Drawing-Room Day*, taken from the south-east corner of Bond Street, a singularly vivid and concentrated little picture of high technical merit.

A chief subject picture of the year is *Voltaire*, by Mr. Orchardson, R.A.; a sequel to the celebrated whipping by De Rohan's minions, the duke regardant from his carriage. Voltaire has rushed back into the banquet-chamber of the Duc de Sulli, from which by a trick he had been summoned below, and stands writhing and livid with rage, appealing in vain for revenge to the nonchalant host and array of exquisite gentlemen, all superciliously indifferent to the wrongs of the gesticulating philosopher. The completeness of this picture makes it perhaps the *cap' opera* of the artist thus far: he has put close study of character into the actors, and in Voltaire has contrived to give the fury and white heat of the strangely contorted figure, without exaggeration into the grotesque,—no small triumph. The palatial elegance of the room, the elaborated finery of costume, the long table, the perspective range of guests and detail of service, the side buffet with onlooking servants, these materials of the scene have been thrown into a truly artistic setting forth of the dramatic situation, aided by a more carefully mingled play upon tint, and a closer execution than is customary to the artist's peculiarities of colour and touch.

Next to Mr. Orchardson's picture, the most striking for freshness of manner and brilliance of *technique* is *The Piazza*, by William Logsdail; the familiar square in front of S. Marco at Venice, crowded with figures, Venetian, American, Oriental, sitting at tables, chatting, flirting, promenading in the searching light of summer. A certain cool evasion of perspective truth for artistic ends is obvious, in the small scale of the church façade which is not to be accounted for by the space covered by the motley crowd. This and other points of treatment may raise a protest, but the exceeding cleverness and capacity of the artist remain incontrovertible; the swift assurance with which he seizes an attitude, pronounces a character, suggests the whole of a fact by the comprehensive suggestion of a significant line, floods the whole thing with light and colour, movement, vitality. This brilliant picture is all the more interesting as a sequence to the grave veracity of certain street subjects and interiors, which in Academy exhibitions have marked the thorough Belgian training of Mr. Logsdail. He also presumably has felt the influence of Van Haanan, whose pupil Mr. Woods exhibits in *Preparations for the First Communion*, a scene of Venetian life among the lace-makers of the Lagoons, all the vivacity of his last year's picture, with greater tenderness of feeling and of execution. By Van Haanan himself are two small pictures; a study of *A Gipsy Girl*, and *A Mask Shop, Venice*, where boys lounge over the open window-sill of the sunny street to gaze at the dominoes hanging on the poor shop wall with its cheap tattered paper, guarded by an old woman of fate-like aspect and a dark Venetian girl.

From this group of clever realists to pass to the work of Mr. Poynter, R.A., is to change the air, and this year at all events to feel a certain expansion of thought, for Mr. Poynter is at his best in a lovely picture of a Greek girl, bust length, holding a spray of honeysuckle blossom beneath the fluttering butterfly, that gives the title, *Psyche;* the background is a vista of classic architecture. The tender modelling of the flesh, especially of arm and hand, the graceful type and fine completeness of conception and fulfilment, make this small picture one of the memorable things of the exhibition. Mr. Poynter's other picture, *The Ides of March*, not unsuccessfully challenges Mr. Tadema on his own ground; for we have here Cæsar and Calphurnia standing with their backs turned to the spectator within a columned vestibule of the palace, dimly and redly lit by a lamp that burns before a bust; beyond and without the stately walls and courts of the imperial house lie bathed in silver moonlight, and the night sky is crossed by a portentous comet:—

'The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.'

It is not often that so solid and masterly wrought a picture hangs on the Academicians' line within the central gallery.

Land- and sea-scape fares well in the hands of Messrs. H. B. Davis, R.A.; Leader, A.; Keeley Halswelle, A.; Parsons; J. W. Oakes, A.; A. Hunt; A. Goodwin; Colin Hunter; W. Wyllie, and others. Mr. Goodwin carries out with poetic inventiveness and beautiful work the combination of careful study of real places with the figures of fiction. Thus Caliban and the drunken sailors, and Ariel, from 'The Tempest,' give motive to a Devonshire reef; and another wild scene serves for 'the Enchanted Lake' of the Arabian Tales. Mr. Brett's *Welsh Dragons* and *Yellow Sands* have that wonderful radiance of atmosphere with solidity and detailed truth in the painting of rock which in combination make of this artist's coast studies marvels of imitative art, only sometimes marred by a mistaken system of colour. In colour, however, Mr. Brett's pictures of this year are unusually happy.

Sculpture, always rather a forlorn hope within Burlington House, receives a lift this season from the completion of Mr. George Simonds' statue of *Perseus*, which, in the absence of any important work by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, is sole representative of heroic and imaginative sculpture. The *Perseus*, which has been gold-bronzed to give the effect of its ultimate casting, is represented by Mr. Simonds at the moment when the hero unveils the Gorgon's head at the marriage-feast, and turns into stone the perfidious Phineas and his crew. The slayer of the dragon stands erect with right leg bent back, the head, crowned by winged helmet, and set proudly on the massive throat, is slightly averted and upturned as in disdain of his foes together with some touch of horror from the Medusa's head, which he holds at arm's length across and away from his body. The attitude is replete with superb contempt and restrained strength, and the form is modelled with swelling muscular development and long extremities in a large and pronounced style. The sculptor has given some five years' study to this figure, which, while sufficiently original to arouse criticism, cannot fail to obtain recognition for bold conception and thoroughly student-like work. Taken in connexion with the statue of the *Indian Bacchus* of a season or two back, the *Perseus* should assure Mr. Simonds of his election into the Academy. Other statues of mark for scale and subject are, firstly, the Associate Mr. Birch's colossal *Earl of Beaconsfield*, to be cast in bronze for the front of St. George's Hall at Liverpool—an unimpressive standing figure, with one leg set forward from the loose, hanging mantle; the head the best part of the work: secondly, the also colossal model for the bronze of Sir Francis Drake, commissioned by the Duke of Bedford of Mr. Boehm, R.A., for Tavistock town—a picturesque and defiant figure, in full Elizabethan costume, standing sturdily on both feet, and touching with one hand a terrestrial globe set in a frame beside him. The statue is in Mr. Boehm's most emphatic mannerism. The manly group *Shielding the Helpless*, by the late E. B. Stephens, A., is exhibited in the marble. Notable busts are that of Mr. Millais, R.A., by Mr. Boehm, his diploma work; *Cardinal Newman*, by F. Verheyden; *Sir William Erle*, and the *Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.*, by Mr. Woolner, R.A.; *Eric Erichson, Esq., F.R.S.*, by Hamo Thornycroft, A.; some good heads in terra-cotta, by Mr. S. Fry; a clever bronze head of an Italian model, *Adelia Abbruzesi*, by Robert Barret Browning—the painter's first exhibited essay in sculpture; and an artistic *Study* of an Arab boy's head, by Alfred Gilbert. Mr. Samuel Fry exhibits a large terra-cotta statue of a woman creeping along the ground holding a dagger behind her, and watching for the moment when she may wreak vengeance on her foe. The figure is a little rough in execution, and a little awkward in composition, but powerfully dramatic and fresh in style.

THE exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is this year less distinctive than heretofore as the assemblage of a clique or school; but all the stronger and more interesting as the rendezvous of painters from various camps. On the one hand, Mr. Millais, Mr. John Collier, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Holl, Mr. Tadema, Mr. P. R. Morris, Mr. J. Reid; in an intermediate group, Mr. Watts, Mr. W. B. Richmond; and on the other

hand, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Stanhope, Miss Pickering, Mr. W. Hale, Mr. Crane, Mr. Benson, Mr. D. Carr, Mr. Whistler, with others. Besides these pronounced champions of style, a throng of artists of more or less repute and assured manner have exhibited. Indeed, if the object of the Director of the Gallery were to bring out the diversities of theory and practice included within the vague title of the British School, he could not have assembled more typical representatives.

Mr. Watts shows his four fine designs of the four riders of the Apocalyptic vision; unfinished studies, but replete with poetic thought, and in one case, *The Rider on the White Horse*, especially splendid in colour. Mr. Watts sends also his solemn bust-length study of *A Knight* in armour, and one picture of considerable finish called *The Rain it raineth every day*—a fair, wan girl in a red dress listlessly lounging in a chair and looking out of the window at the weariness of an English wet day.

Mr. Boughton's cleverest picture of this year is shown here, *The Sacred Mistletoe*, a study of a dark-eyed girl of peculiar type, waxen pale, who carries a bunch of berried mistletoe with bluish-green stems; the figure set forth in mellow relief against a background of snowy landscape and grey heaven. There is unusual style, of a somewhat decorative kind, in this piece. Mr. W. B. Richmond sets himself right before the public by exhibiting several portraits in his best and distinguished manner. Of these, the half-length of *Lady Mary Glyn*, a fair-haired lady in white satin Watteau dress standing against a golden ground, and *Mrs. Mirless*, a bright-faced elderly lady in a bonnet, are the best. Mr. Tadema sends two unflinching pieces of portraiture, *His Excellency Count von Bylandt* and *The Duchess of Cleveland*, in the flesh-painting of the first of which the artist certainly shows a great gain in texture and modelling. Of Mr. Millais' contributions, the little rustic maiden who offers a letter *For the Squire* with blue eyes full of mingled awe and fearlessness, and the portrait of the handsome young *Duchess of Westminster*, in transparent black lace and silk dress against a yellow ground, are of the painter's best work, and *Master Freeman* of his worst.

Miss Evelyn Pickering shows a capacity for deliberate study and consistent invention in her large picture of the exiled Jews *Beside the Waters of Babylon*: the sad faces, attenuated forms, and drooping hands, are mannerisms from which the young artist does not seek to free herself; on the contrary, she looks at nature, whether in the human form or in landscape, more persistently than ever through the medium of the early Florentine School, illuminated by the side-lights of Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Stanhope. The result is a confirmed and not a healthy mannerism; but apart from this mistaken warp of natural genius, one must allow that the artist's conception is imaginative and her study of attitude in many cases striking for dramatic intensity, while her colouring is in its arrangement of isolated masses both rich and noble within a grave scale.

Many pictures call for note in a detailed critique; but our limits oblige us to pass to the most important feature of the exhibition, the *Fortune* by Mr. Burne Jones.

This design of *Fortune* is about the most mature work which the artist has yet shown in public; the black-and-white studies for it have been familiar to visitors of his studio, but the completed picture will be new to many. In colour, as regards variety of tint, the *Fortune* still is barely removed from monochrome, and yet in one sense it is full of colour, and the eye is satisfied with depth and contrast. The *Fortune* of Mr. Burne Jones' design is a colossal woman draped in steel-grey garments of many folds, who stands beside her great brazen wheel, turning it with a tender but resistless hand, and regarding with grave, sorrowful face, that is not indifferent, though it knows no softening of inflexible will, the victims of her changeful turning. One by one these rise: the beggar has his foot on the crowned head of the king, the poet ascends with hope in his eyes; they do not struggle, for who knows the ruling of destiny, or feels the motion of the eternal wheel on which his life is bound? These nude figures are nobly conceived and modelled, the finest studies of the kind the artist has produced. The whole composition kept simple and grand, decisive in its large, significant lines, broad in the apposition of the grey draperies of *Fortune* to the brown flesh tones of the nude figures, deeply suggestive in its emblematic personation, seems to us a truly noble design and accomplished work, and a poem fraught with deep and solemn import; altogether the most valuable gift to the current year in creative art. If the *Fortune* is solemn in colour, as befits the theme, Mr. Burne Jones has thrown full radiance and glory, as of stained glass, into his picture of the *Hours*, eight maidens, draped in garments of rich hue, seated all a-row, and into the small half figure of *An Angel*, which is absolutely gem-like in lustre. It is a painter who rejoices in colour and feels its significant power who treats a design like the *Fortune* with the cold sheen of metal that has passed through the furnace, and the clay of the mother earth.

THE Royal Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall has an exceptionally good exhibition. The rare occurrence of a glowing landscape by Mr. Holman Hunt, *View from Siloam;* and a study of a *Part of the Façade of Duomo at Lucca*, by Mr. Ruskin, are eventful features of the season. The four new Associates, Messrs. Poynter, R.A., F. Holl, R.A., H. G. Glindoni, and W. J. Wainwright, strengthen the figure-painters' division of the Society; although, as it happens, Mr. Poynter exhibits here, as he does at the Grosvenor Gallery, as a painter of landscape. This Society also brings out again an illustrated catalogue of original sketches.

ANOTHER exhibition of distinctive interest is the collection of sculpture in terra-cotta by Mr. G. Tinworth, an artist in Messrs. Doulton's pottery works. The subjects are chiefly scriptural and in high relief, almost approaching the complete round. The latest executed piece is a panel representing the *Release of Barabbas* and rejection of Christ by the Jews, one of a series of very large alto-relievi from the history of our Lord, containing a number of figures in dramatic action. The study for the reredos at York Cathedral is exhibited; and the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh has lent a set of three panels of *Gethsemane* and *The Foot of the Cross* and *The Descent from the Cross*. We hope to give in an early number a full notice of Mr. Tinworth's work, with an engraving of one of his most important pieces.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL opened an exhibition in Bond Street at the latter end of April, consisting of rather ultra examples of the French Impressionist School, by MM. Degas, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Madame Cassatt, and others. The *Départ Jockeys* and *Une Dame dans une Loge* by M. Degas, and some other pictures, were shown at the end of last season in King Street, and were noted in our columns.

THE enlargement of the National Gallery will provide over the two new large galleries and two smaller rooms, together with the staircase, a net addition of 764 ft. lineal space for pictures. The proposed alterations include the erection of new entrance staircase behind the vestibule, which will ultimately do away with the 'Turner Room.' The estimated cost is 66,000*l.*, inclusive of 2000*l.* paid to the War Office for rebuilding the guard-room. The site already belongs to the Government. Five years is given as the probable period required for completion of the whole work. It is hoped that some day all the barracks may come down, and give place to still further extension of the gallery; in the meantime Lord Granville at the Royal Academy Banquet intimated that the above commencement was fairly settled upon.

THE crowd of exhibitions which open during the summer season are quite beyond detailed notice in a mere chronicle. We can therefore only give a word to the opening of the new galleries in Piccadilly, where the Institute of Water-colour Painters is now located as an open exhibition, with a nucleus of members having right to space. Among fresh and notable names are, in land-

scape, those of Messrs. Huson, Anderson Hague, and John White; among the foreigners, MM. Harpignies, Lessore, Passini, Paul Meyerheim, and De Gravesande. In figure-painting, E. A. Abbey, Walter Langley, J. W. Henshall. Mr. Linton exhibits the strongest and most dramatic drawing he has painted for some years, *The Admonition;* an incident from mediaeval times, in which a lordling and his associates for the moment, a company of strolling players, are admonished by a bishop in full canonicals, with train of acolytes and candle-bearers. Mr. E. J. Gregory, the new A.R.A., has also signalised the reopening of the Institute by sending some of his cleverest figure and *genre* studies on a small scale.

The catalogue to the exhibition is illustrated.

At one of the large May sales at Messrs. Christie's, the following pictures changed hands at noteable prices: *Van Tromp's Shallop at the entrance of the Scheldt*, by Turner, date 1831—33, fetched 3675*l.* Two pictures of the pre-Raphaelite period of Mr. Millais, *Mariana*, from Mr. Dunlop's collection, and the banquet scene from Keats' *Isabella*, obtained respectively 850*l.* 10*s.*, and 1102*l.* 10*s.* *An Easter Vigil in a Cathedral at Seville*, by E. Long, R.A., which went for 682*l.* at Christie's in 1881, now obtained 1165*l.* 10*s.* A large study for *View on the Stour*, by Constable, brought 1249*l.* 10*s.* The choice collection of old English miniatures made by Mr. S. Addington, came on for sale, and also his selected proofs of the *Liber Studiorum*, chiefly the finest and rarest engravers' proofs.

ANOTHER most important sale to collectors was that of the Old Prints and Etchings the property of the Rev. D. Griffiths, Keeper of the Archives in the University of Oxford. This was remarkable for quality rather than numbers, many of the prints being almost unique. The masters represented were of all the schools, but the work of Marc Antonio and of Rembrandt most abounded. The most coveted Rembrandt was the first state of the *Dr. Arnoldus Tholinx* (Advocate van Tholling), one of four or five impressions, of which three are in public museums. Great excitement attended the bids for this rare print; it was finally knocked down at 1516*l.* to M. Clément, bidding for M. Dutuit. A second state of the *Hundred Guilder* went for 305*l.* to M. Thibaudeau, bidding for Baron E. de Rothschild. For M. Dutuit was obtained a *Landscape with tower and clear foreground*, first state, for 308*l.* Other noted prints were a very fine first state of Albrecht Dürer's *Adam and Eve*, which went for 190*l.*

A SALE of the remaining works of Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti took place at Christie's by order of the executor on the 12th of May. These consisted of nearly sixty studies in crayon and coloured chalks; over a hundred in pencil, or pencil touched with ink; thirty-seven in pen and ink, or Indian ink and sepia; three water-colour drawings, including the *Giotto painting the Portrait of Dante*, seen in the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy (441*l.*); and nine designs of the Last Judgment, for windows in St. Martin's Church at Scarborough, carried out by Mr. Wm. Morris; and ten oil pictures. Important among the last was a composition in *grisaille* of many figures, entitled *The Boat of Love*, illustrating a sonnet of Dante which Rossetti translated (126*l.*) This design the painter had intended to paint on a large scale. The number of preparatory studies for pictures here shown indicated a carefulness in preparatory work which took by surprise many critics of Mr. Rossetti who had not inferred the practice from his art.

WASHING DAY. BY ALFRED PARSONS. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. have published an edition of the Poems of Robert Herrick, with numerous illustrations drawn by Mr. E. A. Abbey and dedicated to his friend, Mr. Alfred Parsons. The present exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours contains a picture painted in partnership by these two artists; and a most pathetic drawing, called *The Widower*, by Mr. Abbey, which will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. The illustrations of Herrick's Poems are very carefully engraved on wood. The same publishers send us a portfolio of ten very interesting designs for furniture and decoration, etched on copper by Mr. Batley.

# DURHAM.

PAINTED BY HENRY DAWSON, ENGRAVED BY JOHN SADDLER.

THE late Mr. Dawson's merits as a landscape-painter were fully appreciated only a few years before his death. Some readers may remember that so long ago as 1851 Mr. Ruskin inserted a note in the fifth edition of the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' in which he kindly recognised Dawson's care in the study of a sky. 'There was a very beautiful group of cirri in a picture by a Mr. Dawson, in the British Institution of this year, *A Study on the River Trent at Sunset*.' It was always a characteristic of the artist to give the sky its fair share of attention, and we remember several very noble skies by him. That in the present work is fine, and it harmonises well with the subject, besides filling the space above the bridge which, in the absence of mountains, required a mass of some kind, to balance the heavy masses of towers and foliage to the right. The water is beautiful and very lively. The foliage is rather too much cut up into sparkling detail to suit the taste of the present day, influenced as it is by the excessive breadth of the French landscape-painters; but in nature we often see foliage in this way, and there is really no reason why detail should not be represented if the artist has the necessary patience and skill. The picture was exhibited in Suffolk Street in 1876.

Henry Dawson was born at Hull in 1811, but his father removed during his infancy to Nottingham, where the lad, as he grew up, worked first at a rope-walk, then at a cotton-ball factory, at bobbin and carriage works, and finally as a machine hand in a lace factory. At the age of twenty-four, finding that he could earn about as much as the amount of his wages by painting and selling landscapes, he gave up his work at the mill; and after a time, as his earnings did not increase, he left Nottingham and came to London. For thirty-seven years he worked on patiently and happily, though with little recognition and small gains. Then, a few years before his death, the tide turned and fortune came, so that in the last six years of his life he earned as much as in all his previous career. In 1875 his picture of *The Wooden Walls* was sold for nearly 1500*l*. He died on the 13th of December, 1878.

Mr. Dawson was a great student of nature. The only direct instruction he ever had consisted of a few lessons from the late J. B. Pyne, which he managed to obtain at the cost of great self-denial. His especial delight was in effects of sky and water, but he also studied woodland scenery with no little success. At the Nottingham Exhibition of 1878 his pictures of *Sherwood Oaks* and *Nottingham from Wilford Hill* made a deep impression. Like Turner, he never painted his pictures directly from nature; but by means of careful and accurate studies laid up the stores of knowledge which he afterwards used in his complete works. For this system he stoutly contended as the only right one.

Mr. Saddler's plate is, we think, sufficient evidence in itself that the art of landscape engraving, in which England held such a high place earlier in the present century, is still maintained at the same level of excellence, though only by a very few masters.

# GEORGE TINWORTH.

IT was a worthy idea on the part of Mr. Henry Doulton to gather in the well-lighted galleries of Conduit Street the chief available works of George Tinworth—that artist-workman whose name is so intimately associated with the famous Lambeth Pottery. The initials GT, ligatured into a monogram, are familiar to many people as a kind of *cachet* of excellent and thoughtful design upon jugs, vases, plates, inkstands, and salt-cellars of fine stoneware. The forms which the designer gives to his vessels are often most picturesque and original—the clay body is plaited, and pinched, and perforated, while scrolls and foliage of incised and onlaid work adorn the surface, and variegate it with quiet colour. But the fashioning and decorating of vases and teacups is mere play to Mr. Tinworth. He takes up small matters of this sort in the intervals of more serious work. His studio generally reveals to the visitor at least one grand piece of design in hand, and to this everything else is subordinated. It is characteristic of the homely simplicity of the man (who puts on none of the fine airs which success often developes) that he clings with curious tenacity to the old, rickety, and dirty studio which was first assigned to him at Messrs. Doulton's pot-works. We hear, however, that, after refusing one or more offers of promotion, he has at last consented to move into better and more spacious quarters. When Mr. Tinworth's visitors have ultimately found their way—up dark flights of stairs, by wildernesses of immature ginger-beer bottles, and past the doors of several very formidable kilns—to his wooden shanty on the third floor, they will find the welcome of a cheerful and earnest face, and a vigorous hand.

The sculptor will uncover his last work, probably an immense terra-cotta panel in progress of construction. Naïve explanations and interpretations of incidents and details of the composition will follow, nor will the criticisms of the visitor be otherwise than pleasantly received and wisely considered.

George Tinworth, with a physique by no means robust, is yet energetic both in body and mind. He is brimful of plans for future work, and lavishes upon each successive design to which he devotes himself a marvellous wealth of curious and illustrative enrichment. He was born on November 5th, 1843. His father, a wheelwright in Walworth, compelled George to follow the same calling in spite of his artistic yearnings. A little terra-cotta panel—executed we presume some time since—shows the young wheelwright leaving his proper occupation amongst tires, spokes, and hubs, to chisel away at a little head, a small boy being set to give timely warning of the father's return; while the kindly face of the mother beams upon the young sculptor from the doorway at the back of the scene. Although he became a student of the Lambeth School of Art when he was about seventeen, and was admitted to the Schools of the Royal Academy three years afterwards, he still continued his daily toil in his father's shop. Not until 1867 was he liberated from this thraldom and enabled to devote his time wholly to the study and practice of art. His father, who had opposed the young man's proclivities nearly to the last, was now dead, and Mr. Sparkes, the head-master of the Lambeth School of Art, secured for his promising pupil a post at Messrs. Doulton's Pottery. We must not dwell at greater length upon the early days of Tinworth's career, though we may have a word or two more to add concerning the influence of his mother's biblical teaching upon the son's character and work. Now we must endeavour to furnish our readers with sketches and critical estimates of a few of the chief works shown in the Conduit Street Galleries.

Passing by some early classical studies and a number of small, sketchy panels in salt-glazed stoneware (a material ill adapted for fine work by reason of the high temperature at which it is fired and its peculiarly irregular surface), we reach the first large works, in buff terra cotta, executed by the artist. These were modelled in 1874, and represent *Gethsemane*, *The Foot of the Cross*, and *The Deposition*. In the first of these pictures the soldiers are falling to the ground as the Lord declares, 'I am He;' some of the disciples are hurrying away, while Peter has but just cut off the ear of Malchus, who places his hand upon the wound. There is Gothic force and variety in the characters here portrayed, though the falling figures of soldiers in the foreground project awkwardly towards the spectator and are left without adequate support. In *The Foot of the Cross* we have a work with which it would be hard to find much fault. The central group of soldiers casting lots, the crowd of mocking Jews on the right, and the exquisite upturned face of the Virgin on the left, are worthy of high praise; although we could have wished that the features and attitude of the Virgin's companion had not been so exact a counterpart of her own. In the *Descent from the Cross*, our attention is diverted from the real pathos and grandeur of the scene with all its wonderful realism, by the monstrous shears with which a soldier cuts the crown of thorns, and by the conspicuous crowbar and wedges which are used to withdraw the nails from the cross. But note the tenderness with which Joseph of Arimathea withdraws a nail from the Lord's foot, and the variety and appropriateness of each figure and incident.

Of the long series of small panels illustrative of Old and New Testament stories which follow in the catalogue, we may point out the unusually exquisite finish of the pieces entitled *The Adoration of the Magi* and *The Incredulity of St. Thomas*. The distribution of light and shade and the skilful composition of *The Taking of Samson*, *The Raising of Lazarus*, *Paul and Barnabas at Lystra*, and *The Forty who bound themselves with an Oath*, are the more remarkable since, in the majority of the other panels, the story is told with force, but without much regard to the balance and arrangement of the figures and accessories. For instance, in the group representing *Herod exceeding sorry* for his promise to the daughter of Herodias, no regal state marks out the King's figure from the company of guests; it needs the inscribed texts, which the sculptor scatters so abundantly over his work, to accentuate if not to interpret the story. And here we may take occasion to remark on the immense difficulties in the realisation of the artist's conceptions which the small size of the figures introduces. The deep hollows under the brows and in the eyes, the nose and the mouth, are exaggerated, and produce the effect, at a little distance, of a series of tragic masks. In those panels which we have before signalised for their refined workmanship this defect has been overcome, but a slight increase of scale would have more easily solved the problem.

The 'Times' of Solomon, twenty-eight small figure panels, afford good examples of the homely but not irreverent realism of the artist. Samson discovering his hair gone illustrates 'a time to lose;' Adam making himself an apron, 'a time to sew;' and Esther before Ahasuerus, 'a time to speak.'

To the reredos in York Minster and the fine panels in the Guards' Chapel, Birdcage Walk, we can refer only as showing the salutary influence upon the sculptor of the special architectural conditions under which these works had to be designed.

We reach now the four immense panels in terra

cotta, which represent the completest development of Mr. Tinworth's power. They are *Going to Calvary*, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1879; *The Entry into Jerusalem*, shown 1880; *The Preparation for the Crucifixion*, executed in 1881; and the latest and largest work of the series, *The Release of Barabbas*. *The Entry into Jerusalem* may be cited as an example of the rich and crowded compositions in which our artist delights. It is a procession full of curious incident and of all manner of serious, pathetic, and ever humorous byplay. For although the chief personages and chief features of the procession are duly emphasised, yet we do not search long without discerning an eager child whose palm-branch is being withdrawn by his doubting and disapproving father, and a thief who is stealing the purse of an interested spectator. Judas, too, is there, receiving the thirty pieces of silver. Lazarus, also, is a prominent figure in the scene, while throughout the composition are introduced such minor subjects as further enrich and illustrate the story.

In the panel entitled *Preparing for the Crucifixion*, there is as much invention and vigour, as much incident and detail, as in the *Going to Calvary* and in the *Triumphal Entry*. The varied labours and expressions of the soldiers, the action of the several disciples, the presence of the malefactors and their friends, and the anxiety of the holy women, do not divert our attention from the central figure of our Saviour, who, being stripped by soldiers, has his eyes closed in prayer. It is a mark of Mr. Tinworth's peculiar idiosyncracy, to find amongst the inscribed texts of this panel the following words beneath the Cross, 'No entry by the scientific door. John, x. 9 verse.'

The illustration of the *Release of Barabbas*, which we offer to our readers, may be taken as representing not the largest and latest merely, but the finest and grandest work of the sculptor. In this well-balanced composition, intensity and variety of character are associated with much dignity. The photogravure tells the story and illustrates the powers of Mr. Tinworth more forcibly than could any words of ours. The sculpturesque repose with which this work is tinctured, is gained in part from the graceful symmetry of the architectural elements of the composition. The central figure of Pilate, who has just pronounced his judgment and is about to wash his hands, the condemned and bound Christ on the right, and the jubilant robber on the left, form three centres of very different interest, with each of which are naturally associated appropriate incidents. Behind Pilate appears the anxious face of his wife, on either side are servants; the remorseful Peter is restrained from approaching his Lord by a soldier; Barabbas is being congratulated by friends. Some broken jars and a fallen capital in front betoken the passing away of the old dispensation, while a palm-leaf recalls the recent triumphal entry of the Jews' rejected King.

Our study of Tinworth's terra-cottas would be incomplete without some reference to the peculiarities of the material in which he works. The firing of a sculptor's original clay models is, of course, no new thing, for both in Italy and in France the art has been practised for centuries. But large unglazed terra-cottas, without enamel or other protective coating, and fired at a sufficiently high temperature to withstand the adverse influences of an impure atmosphere and a capricious climate, may be said to have originated in Messrs. Doulton's potteries at Lambeth. The shrinkage of ordinary modelling clay in the great heat of the kiln is too considerable and too irregular to admit of very large and complex compositions being successfully fired. But by suitable admixture of several clays with material already burnt and then ground, a substance less plastic and smooth, but more trustworthy, is secured. In dealing with this material Mr. Tinworth has gradually acquired more ease, until accidents in firing his large compositions have become rare. Every precaution is, however, taken to lessen the risks of distortion and cracking in the kiln by reducing the thickness of the work to something approaching uniformity, and by the careful cutting up of the whole into pieces of manageable size. The delicate and varied tints seen on Tinworth's larger panels are applied after the completion of the work, and may be so mixed with a fixative solution as to be quite permanent. This new departure in the production of very hard and imperishable terra-cotta applied to large and elaborate works of sculpture has not yet received anything like the attention it deserves at the hands of our sculptors and architects; but it has a future before it of very great promise.

It is peculiarly difficult to form a just estimate of George Tinworth's rank as a designer and sculptor. Clearly he is a powerful reader of character, and is endowed with vivid ideas, a strong sense of humour, much fertility of invention, and a large measure of executive skill. His short-comings are in a degree the very results of his sturdy originality. He ignores some of the limitations which the nature of the material in which he works involves. He disdains the conventional trammels of the plastic art. Dignity, sobriety, concentration, and balance, must not interfere with his realisation of a scene. Reticence of expression, truth of archaeological and local colouring, pathetic tenderness, too, and sometimes even beauty itself, do not seem to be adequately valued by Tinworth. But if his academic training had strengthened in him some of those qualities in which he is now deficient, it is very likely that the freshness of his conceptions would have faded and the fire of his

genius burnt with a flame less fierce. Moreover, in studying the works of this artist, it would be unfair were we to forget that he has not long passed the threshold of his career; practically less than a dozen years' work is collected in these galleries, while his latest productions afford indications not merely of increased mastery of his materials, but of a juster conception of the functions of sculptural design.

And if ever the story of an artist's life helps us to appreciate properly his art, it surely does this in an eminent degree in Tinworth's case. His early home difficulties, his first uncongenial occupation and inartistic environment, and the saturation of his mind from youth upwards with biblical ideas and biblical stories, and with the special opinions and teachings of the strict dissenting body to which his mother belonged, explain in a measure at once the limitations and the direction of his art. Even when the evening classes of the Lambeth School and of the Royal Academy were opened to him, his days were still sacrificed to the thankless tasks of the wheelwright's shop, while his father's harshness continued unabated. The true beginning of his life-work dates from 1867, when, his father being dead, Tinworth accepted an engagement at the Lambeth Pottery, offered to him through the mediation of Mr. Sparkes. Not for some time after this did Tinworth's work become of value or his talent find suitable modes of expression; but the kindly care and generous appreciation of Mr. Henry Doulton never failed the young workman, so that after three years of experiment and study on his part, and of sympathetic suggestion on the part of his employer, Tinworth began to produce work which more than justified Mr. Sparkes' estimate of his powers. This work was, and continues, partly decorative or ornamental and partly sculptural.

But what we have to insist upon from our present point of view is the mode of expression which Tinworth's new position suggested to him. Clay was everywhere thrown and turned and pressed and scratched and moulded and even cast. The common operations of the pot-works must have suggested to him the immense flexibility of treatment to which clay lends itself. He realised to himself not merely what might be done with clay in the hands of the potter, but what it could be forced to express in the hands of the artist. And thus the ceramic surroundings of the last sixteen years have combined, with the elements of his early troubles and of his mother's teachings, to mould a genius of unconventional power, free and strong, not a disciple of any master. In Tinworth we have a Puritan maker of images, which, simply biblical and evangelical as they are, would have been inevitably smashed to fragments by the old Puritans.

What has been before said as to the characteristics of George Tinworth's works, does not express forcibly enough our sense of the extent and depth of his power as a dramatic sculptor. It is, indeed, too early to pronounce anything like a final opinion as to his artistic position.

He is original; he is strong: if he could add to the freshness and energy of his pictures in clay more of the reserve and more of the grace which distinguish the best sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, the works of such men as Luca della Robbia and Desiderio da Settignano, and of a greater than either, Donatello, then we say that it would be right to assign to Mr. Tinworth an equal place with the best modern masters of the plastic art. As it is, he is the most creative religious sculptor of the day,—the most vivid in conception, the most fertile in invention, the most individual.

A. H. CHURCH.

## ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART.*

MM. PERROT and Chipiez's 'History of Ancient Egyptian Art' registers a distinct revolution in the republic of letters. Forty years ago, instead of being published in one volume by Hachette and in two volumes by Chapman and Hall, it would have been printed at a Government press, and issued in a series of ponderous folios purchaseable only by the wealthy. In place of some 600 delicate and spirited woodcuts, wherein every detail of material, execution, light, shade, and even fracture is faithfully represented, we should have had a gallery of steel or copper-plate outlines more or less arbitrarily rendered from sculptured surfaces, and carefully toned down to one dead-level of smooth restoration. But the question is not merely one of price, or even of artistic excellence; it is also a question of convenience. We all know the magnificent discomfort which elephant and imperial folios entail upon their possessors, and how these huge books require for their well-being not only space, but food, fire, and clothing—in other words, a librarian. Thanks to M. Perrot, 'nous avons changé tout cela.' Having planned his work regardless of labour and cost, having allied himself with an architect of consummate ability, having despatched a

* 'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité: L'Egypte.' Par G. Perrot et C. Chipiez. Hachette et Cie., Paris.

A History of Art in Ancient Egypt. From the French of G. Perrot and C. Chipiez. Translated by Walter Armstrong, B.A. Chapman and Hall, London.

staff of artists to Egypt for the express purpose of making his illustrations on the spot, whether from objects in the Boolak Museum or from monuments scattered up and down the Nile Valley, he hesitated—or rather he and his publishers hesitated, as he tells us—between the folio and the octavo. Fortunately for lovers and students of art, they concluded that the book would be more useful if issued in a form, and at a price, which should make it accessible to the many. The result is a work absolutely unique in conception, execution, and cheapness. The author is, of course, M. Perrot, whose immense archaeological knowledge, scholarship, and exact judgment especially qualify him for the colossal undertaking of which 'L'Egypte' is but the first instalment. With characteristic generosity, however, M. Perrot not only shares his title-page with M. Chipiez, but is careful to inform us that his collaborateur has edited all that part of the text which treats of Egyptian building. As Egyptian building necessarily occupies not only a large portion, but by far the largest portion, of every work on Egyptian art, it follows that M. Chipiez's partnership has been one of considerable responsibility. To him also, we are told, was confided the superintendence of the whole body of illustrations, 612 in number.

Those to whom the one language is as familiar as the other, will naturally prefer to enjoy this book in the original French; for M. Perrot—as rich a colourist as Théophile Gautier, as fervent as Paul de St. Victor, as subtle and refined as Ste. Beuve—is a master of style. But to the general English reader who loves an easy, straightforward English manner, Mr. Walter Armstrong's interpretation of M. Perrot will be quite invaluable. As I have elsewhere said, I do not regard that interpretation as a translation. It is an independent, and, if I may venture to say so, a somewhat masterful and impatient version; frequently abridged; unquestionably less *soignée;* but always lucid, succinct, and agreeable.

Though adepts may profit most by MM. Perrot and Chipiez's chapters on the Architecture of Ancient Egypt, no technical knowledge is requisite in order to appreciate the thoroughness with which the subject is treated. Infinite pains, indeed, have been taken, alike by author and architect, to simplify it and make it attractive, for the benefit of ordinary readers. M. Perrot—who writes of architecture as if he were an architect, and of Egyptology as if he were an Egyptologist—contrives, by mere charm of style, to make delightful reading out of such dry material as methods of lighting, and principles of construction; while M. Chipiez, in an astonishing variety of illustrations, lays bare for us every secret of the ancient builder's art. Tomb, fortress, dwelling-house, temple, are thus placed before us in the light of a twofold teaching. For our instruction, they are taken to pieces and put together again, like toys or working models. We see how great blocks were 'bonded' and roofing-stones supported. We learn how all the forms of Egyptian architecture were determined by the character of the material which nature herself supplied, and how even the sculptural and chromatic decoration of Egyptian buildings was, in its origin as in its development, an inevitable consequence of climatic and physiological conditions. Simple as are the principles upon which the Egyptian architect worked, those principles, it is shown, constituted a complete system of construction belonging exclusively to Egypt. The central motive of that system is absolute perfection of equilibrium. To this perfection of equilibrium, even more than to the massiveness of their parts, is due the marvellous stability of those monuments which have escaped the shock of earthquake and the ravage of conquest. In order to show how this stability was achieved, M. Chipiez has dissected various kinds of structures, lifting the roofs from some, exposing the foundations of others, separating joints, suspending architraves in mid-air, cutting horizontal slices through solid pylons, restoring buildings which are now in ruin, and partly taking to pieces other buildings which are as yet untouched by the finger of Time. We are thus enabled to trace every stage in the growth of an Egyptian tomb, pyramid, or temple more distinctly, and even more intelligently, than if we could have watched it day by day during the process of building.

Of the completeness with which this division of the work is treated, it is enough to say that the whole subject is put before us both in theory and in practice; that is to say, in its principles and in its leading examples. Having been told how and why certain methods were adopted and certain styles developed, we are next shown all the most famous buildings of ancient Egypt; not merely passing them in review, but examining them by the aid of plans and illustrations, many of which are selected and reduced from larger and more costly works. Thus the Temple of Luxor, which Professor Maspero is now about to excavate, and which is, therefore, at the present moment, of especial interest, is given as a ground-plan; as a restoration; in a bird's-eye view; and in a longitudinal section (figs. 217, 207, 218, 213).* The Temple of Goorneh is represented by a plan (fig. 226), a view of the façade from the *Description de l'Egypte* (fig. 227), and a longitudinal section (fig. 228) from Lepsius. The great Temple of Karnak is illustrated with a fulness only paralleled in the pages of the *Denkmäler.* Two ground-plans by M. Brune and two large folding plates of restorations by M. Chipiez

* The numbering of the cuts is identical in the French original and in the English translation up to No. 255, after which number the second volume of the English version begins again with fig. 1, which in the French is fig. 256.

are supplemented by views of the ruins as they now are, by reproductions of bas-relief sculptures from the walls, by a beautiful coloured plate of the procession of sacred boats in the sanctuary, by M. Sulpis, and by detached studies of pillars, capitals, cornices, *claustra*, and the like. Among these I must especially note M. Chipiez's 'Bell-shaped capital,' and 'Attic of the Great Hall.' Most ingenious, also, is his treatment of the Temple of Khons (fig. 208), which, as an example, is so valuable because in such perfect preservation. This building is shown in a section at once horizontal and vertical; half of the Temple being cut off at a few feet above the ground, for the purpose of exposing the arrangement of the side chambers and sanctuary, while the other half, seen in section, remains erect. Neither must M. Chipiez's masterly bird's-eye restoration of the Ramesseum (fig. 220), or his remarkably skilful perspective drawing of the subterraneous sepulchre of Petamunoph (fig. 191), pass unnoticed. And all these excellent illustrations, it is to be remembered, are, in the exact sense of the word, illustrations only. They are not introduced for mere effect; the letter-press is not 'written up' to them. On the contrary, they are strictly subordinate to, and explanatory of, a text which is in every page as agreeable to read as if it were unsound, and as instructive as if it were dull.

It would be very pleasant, if time and space permitted, to linger over each division of this fascinating book, and to examine in detail the Egyptian dwelling-house, the fortress, the tomb, and especially the pyramid, which is profusely illustrated from Perring, Lepsius, Minutoli, and Prisse. The section on 'Ornament' (illustrated *inter alia* with two large coloured plates of chromatic decoration by M. Sulpis, and several outlines from the pencil of M. Bourgoin), and the chapter devoted to 'The Industrial Arts,' are remarkable for freshness of treatment and novelty of illustration. It is to be regretted that this part of the work, in which the crafts of the jeweller, the cabinet-maker, the wood-carver, the glass-blower, the potter, the mummy-case maker, and the scribe, are alike represented, should have been discussed so briefly.

Before dismissing this part of the subject, I must note M. Saint Elme Gautier's illustrations of specimens of Egyptian jewellery in the Louvre collection. In the famous pectoral ornament of Kha-em-uas, as well as in the two golden hawks which are shown in the same case, the lustre, surface, and reflected lights of lapis-lazuli, carnelian, coloured glass, and wrought gold, are treated with a subtle delicacy which recalls the *genre* etchings of Jacquemart. The golden Ægis here given has lately been acquired by the Louvre, and is the work of an artist of the period of the XXII Dynasty, that is to say, about B.C. 900. It is inscribed with the names of a Pharaoh named Osorkhon and his Queen Ta-ti-Bast. 'At the top appears the lion-head of the goddess Sekhet, modelled with great skill and freedom, and supported on each side by the head of a hawk; below these comes a plate of gold,

ÆGIS OF WROUGHT AND ENGRAVED GOLD IN THE LOUVRE. ACTUAL SIZE. DRAWN BY SAINT ELME GAUTIER.

entirely covered with fine engraving. A seated figure with expanded wings forms a centre for numerous bands of ornament, in which the open flower of the lotus is combined with its buds and circular leaves.'*

For artists, archaeologists, and students, and for the great body of readers in general, the interest of this 'History of Ancient Egyptian Art' culminates, however, in M. Perrot's chapter on 'Sculpture,' and in that section which deals with the influence of the Egyptian religion upon the plastic arts. Here, for the first time in a popular form, the earliest school of sculpture of which we have cognisance—the earliest, probably, which this world ever saw—is traced to its origin, and followed through all its phases of development. That origin is so curious, and the sources of M. Perrot's information, though familiar enough to Egyptologists, lie so remote from the beaten paths of art-literature, that probably not one in five hundred of his readers will open the book with any previous knowledge of the subject. And here I may remark that it was but the other day—that is, on the 4th of last December, in his opening lecture addressed to the students of the newly-formed Ecole du Louvre—that M. Revillout, speaking of the languages and writings of ancient Egypt, said in these words: 'C'est peut-être le seul pays au monde où nous puissions suivre le développement de l'esprit humain dans toutes ses manifestations successives pendant plusieurs milliers d'années. Il en est de l'Égyptien comme du sol qui nous porte et dont les savants étudient successivement les diverses couches géologiques.' Had this eminent Demotic scholar been discussing the history of Egyptian sculpture instead of the history of the Egyptian language, he could not have used a more apposite illustration. Nowhere,

* Chap. v., vol. ii., p. 382. English translation.

save in the valley of the Nile, is it possible to follow the evolution of the sculptor's art through a course of several thousands of years. Nowhere else can that art be traced through a sequence of schools as distinctly defined and as regularly superimposed as geologic strata. It must not, however, be supposed that this sequence exists as an unbroken chain. The strata of Egyptian art, like the strata of 'the great globe itself,' have here and there been severed by disruptions and upheavals, the force of which can only be measured by the chasms they have created and the ruin they have made. Periods of peaceful development are rent again and again by overwhelming national disasters. Now it is an inundation of barbarian hordes; now it is a total and mysterious eclipse, of which we only know that it came and went; by-and-by, it is civil war and anarchy; later still, it is decadence and the struggle for life; finally, it is wave after wave of foreign invasion—the rule of the Assyrian, the rule of the Persian, the rule of the Greek, the rule of the Roman—national extinction—death. Throughout all these vicissitudes, from almost the earliest period to which an approximate dynastic date can be assigned, down to the first centuries of the Roman domination, the art of sculpture maintained its ground as a national art distinguished by certain leading national characteristics. To say how long the life of this art really lasted is, in the present stage of our knowledge, impossible; but it may be roughly estimated at something like 5000 years. Rising and falling during these 5000 years with the fortunes of the state, it passed, as M. Perrot justly observes, through repeated phases of renaissance. Each of these phases bears, for better or for worse, the impress of the catastrophe by which it was preceded. After every period of foreign rule, after each expulsion of the invaders, the nation pulled itself together again, re-enacted its laws, rebuilt its temples, and gathered up the threads of its ancient traditions. Still, the foreign wave left its mark upon the arts, as, doubtless, it also left its mark upon the population. Working in the old grooves, reproducing the old subjects—scenes of worship and battle, statues of gods, kings, and private persons—the sculptors of each renaissance, though striving evidently to identify their work with the work of a past age, constituted a separate school. These separate schools are so clearly defined by differences of physiological type and peculiarities of *technique*, that an archaeologist—indeed, any cultivated observer with a quick eye for style—can at a glance assign its period to a statue, a bas-relief, or a lapidary inscription.

To M. Perrot belongs the distinction of having, for the first time, marshalled the schools of Egyptian sculpture in a true chronological sequence beginning with the earliest examples known to science. No previous work on Egyptian art—not even the great work of Lepsius—includes these earliest examples, which, being among the latest fruits of the labours of Mariette, have almost all been discovered within the last twenty years in the mastabas, or private tombs, of Sakkarah and Meydoom. To this class of tomb Mariette devoted years of special research; and he would have devoted yet more, had he lived to carry on his work. Even at this present time, his posthumous treatise entitled, 'Les Mastabas de l'Ancien Empire,' text, illustrations, and plans facsimilated from his unfinished MSS., is being published under the superintendence of Professor Maspero. In going to Mariette, therefore, for his information, M. Perrot has drawn upon the best authority; and his account of these curious private tombs, illustrated by numerous views, plans, and sections, is quite the most succinct and complete yet given to the public in a popular form. This account necessarily enters into the architectural division of 'A History of Ancient Egyptian Art;' but the *mastaba* and the first school of Egyptian sculpture are so inseparably bound up together that it is impossible to discuss either separately.

A 'mastaba' is a massive quadrangular mausoleum, the walls of which slope inwards at about the same angle of inclination as the walls of an Egyptian pylon. On the eastern side there is generally a doorway, and sometimes a monumental façade with square pillars and architraves. Within, the plan varies with the extent and splendour of the tomb. Some mastabas contain several chambers, and others only one. The walls are usually decorated with coloured sculptures carved in very low relief; the principal subjects being scenes of agricultural life, in which occur numerous portraits of the deceased and his family, accompanied by explanatory inscriptions, and a commemorative tablet, or epitaph. Beneath these chambers, at the bottom of a hidden shaft filled up with concrete, is found the sepulchral vault containing the mummy in a plain sarcophagus of stone. This kind of tomb, it must be remembered, is peculiar to the great burial-fields of Gheezeh, Sakkarah, and Meydoom; and it belongs exclusively to the time of the pyramid-builders of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth dynasties. The most singular feature of the Mastaba, however, is the 'Serdab'*—a secret corridor without inlet or outlet, constructed in the thickness of the wall. The serdab, when not already plundered, is invariably found to be peopled with portrait-statues of the occupant of the tomb. As many as twenty such statues, all duplicates, were

* *Serdab:* An Arabic word of Persian origin, meaning a dark, or subterraneous, passage, opening, or cave. The word *Mastaba* (Arabic) literally signifies a bench. This name was given to the particular tomb in question by the Arab excavators, who recognised in the shape of the structure some resemblance to these divans, or benches.

found in the celebrated tomb of Ti. Statues of the wife of the deceased are also occasionally discovered; and in one remarkable instance, a great man was found attended by a complete establishment of servants, all in limestone.

These sepulchral bas-reliefs and funereal portrait-statues represent the earliest school of Egyptian sculpture. Some can be confidently ascribed to the third dynasty—that is, to the dynasty preceding that of Khoofoo (Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid. A few examples are even conjectured to belong to the second dynasty. It is impossible to assign a positive date to these exceedingly remote epochs. The highest authorities differ so widely in their chronological views that the foundation of the primeval monarchy by Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, is placed by Mariette at B.C. 5004, and by Lepsius at B.C. 3892. Not, indeed, till the comparatively recent period of the nineteenth dynasty, do we arrive at a distinct synchronism between Egyptian and Hebrew records; and not till the twenty-sixth dynasty (B.C. 665–527), do the histories of Egypt and Greece march side by side. And how, it may be asked, can the sculptures of the third dynasty be distinguished from those of the fourth; or these, again, from sculptures of the fifth and sixth dynasties? To such inquiries the archaeologist replies that he is guided not only by differences of style in the treatment of the human figure, but also by differences of style in the treatment of the inscriptions by which these early works of art are almost invariably illustrated. A bas-relief subject which is not parsémé with what may be described as glossarial texts, a statue which does not bear some kind of hieroglyphed formula setting forth the name and rank of the person represented, is an exception to the established rule. Now, the hieroglyphs of the third and fourth dynasties are more archaic than those of the fifth and sixth; the signs known as 'determinatives' are more sparingly employed; and, to use the words of Mariette, 'we divine a language and a writing which is yet in course of formation.' As the dynasties advance, these archaisms are gradually left behind. Certain hieroglyphs become obsolete; the language gains in precision; the mere arrangement of the texts is more artistic and compact. Nor is this all. The nomenclature in favour under one dynasty is out of fashion under another; and the mere name of the occupant of a tomb is often as conclusive as a date. Besides, many of these nobles of the mastabas were 'royal relations,' 'royal friends,' priests of the royal pyramids, and so forth; in which case the king's oval sometimes occurs in the inscription, and fixes not only the dynasty, but the particular reign under which the deceased person flourished.

And now, before entering upon the wider question of styles and periods in the treatment of the human form, it is necessary to examine into the origin of the Egyptian school of sculpture. That school, in its primary conception, differs from the schools of all other nations. Elsewhere, men began by making images of their gods, that they might fall down and worship them. The earliest works of Chaldean and Assyrian sculpture represent deities and demons, religious symbols, and scenes of worship; the archaic sculptors of Cyprus, Asia Minor, and Greece dealt in like manner with gods, demi-gods, and deified heroes. But the first Egyptian examples of this art with which we are acquainted are portraits of private individuals. Specimens of these archaic portrait-statues were for a long time so rare that they attracted the attention of archaeologists solely on account of their manifest antiquity. Such, for instance, are the famous limestone figures of Sepa and Nesa in the Louvre, represented at Fig. 172, vol. ii. of the English version of this book, and at Fig. 427 of the French original. When De Rougé, with an acumen approaching to divination, assigned them to the third dynasty, and pronounced them to be the oldest statues in the world, he regarded them simply as commemorative effigies. So also, in his Report prefixed to the 'Recherches sur les Monuments qu'on peut attribuer aux Six Premières Dynasties,' he dwells with enthusiasm on the surprising naturalness of the sepulchral statues with which the Boolak Museum was then being rapidly enriched by the excavations of Mariette; but he does not seem to have recognised that, as *portrait* statues, they present a phenomenal exception to the law of archaic art. For, as I have already pointed out, the genesis of sculpture, like the genesis of myth, is curiously uniform in all ages and in all lands. It begins with the ideal and religious; it ends with the real and secular. Yet the sculpture of the Egyptians—the most religious people of the ancient world—began where the sculpture of other nations ends. If it seems strange that De Rougé's attention was not arrested by this singular fact, it is still more surprising that Mariette, whose genius was so penetrating, should apparently have taken no note of so remarkable an anomaly.

Why did these earliest of all sculptors begin by making images, not of gods, but men? Why did they wall them up in hiding-places so cunningly contrived that after-generations should not even suspect their existence? Why, above all, was it deemed necessary to immure a crowd of duplicate effigies of the one man? These obvious and certainly difficult questions had not even been discussed when, five years ago, two eminent scholars on opposite sides of the Channel, Mr. Le Page Renouf in England and Professor Maspero in France, simultaneously solved the whole curious problem; which may be thus briefly stated:—

According to Egyptian belief—a belief which, it is now seen, was in existence from the earliest period

of which we have cognisance—man consisted of four parts; a Body, a Soul, a Spirit (or Intelligence), and an Appearance, called in Egyptian '*Ka*.' This 'Ka' was an incorporeal image projected, as it were, into space; in other words, a living, coloured *eidolon*, or 'double,' which invested the man in life as with a garment, and which under certain conditions survived him. Of the child there existed a child-double; of the woman, a woman-double; of the man, a man-double. Dissociated by death, the four essential parts of the human being—the Body, Soul, Intelligence, and Double—were capable, apparently, of different degrees of immortality. The soul was doomed to perform a long probationary pilgrimage

NEM-HOTEP. FROM A LIMESTONE STATUE IN THE BOOLAK MUSEUM. DRAWN BY J. BOURGOIN.

through a kind of Valley of the Shadow of Death. The Intelligence, freed from mortal encumbrance, wandered through space. But the body and the double had to linger out their appointed time on earth, in the silence of the tomb. Now, as all four parts must ultimately be reunited in a perfect resurrection, and as that reunion was absolutely necessary to immortality, it became of supreme importance that the body and the double should be safeguarded against injury or destruction. Hence all those precautions which have exercised the ingenuity of generations of commentators. Being first mummified in order that no part of its substance should be lost, the body was entombed under a mountain of masonry, or in the heart of a subterraneous labyrinth, or at the bottom of a hidden pit; and this solely that it might be forthcoming intact before the judgment-seat of Osiris.

As with the body, so with the 'double,' or 'Ka.' Incorporeal as it was—a thing painted, as one might say, upon the air—it could not subsist (if it might be said to subsist at all) without some kind of material support. Its natural support was the mummified body; but the body, however carefully concealed in pit or pyramid, was liable to accident. It might be burned, dismembered, utterly destroyed; and if so what would become of the 'Ka?' It was to provide against this danger that the serdab of an ancient Egyptian mastaba was stored with life-sized and life-like portrait-statues, astonishingly true to nature, generally coloured, and often in large numbers. One poor body, disfigured by the process of embalmment, and no longer faithfully representing the form and features of the dead, afforded the double but a single chance for existence; whereas a dozen effigies represented a dozen such chances.* The tomb of Pthah-Asses, found by Mariette with its serdab inviolate, contained, for instance, ten statues ranged in order, like a guard of soldiers; in the serdab of the tomb of one Rahotep, at Sakkarah,† were found nineteen granite

* There were even more ways of multiplying these chances The body could occupy but one tomb, whereas a man might erect shrines in various localities for the reception of his statue. There is textual evidence of the establishment of monuments called 'Hat-ka,' or Ka-houses, which were not tombs, and which M. J. De Rougé accurately renders by the Latin *ædicula*. Persons of rank were also permitted, in later times, to consecrate their statues in the temples, so ensuring for them the protection of sanctuary and of priestly guardianship.

† Not the prince of that name whose statue, with that of

statues, erect, and standing in a circle; while in the serdab of the tomb of Ti before mentioned, were nineteen broken and one perfect statue, in coloured limestone. All these, and all others like them, were literally the refuges of the disembodied 'Ka.' The tomb itself is frequently called the abode of the 'Ka.'

RA-EM-KA (COMMONLY CALLED THE SHEYKH-EL-BELED). DRAWN BY J. BOURGOIN. FROM THE CELEBRATED WOODEN STATUE IN THE BOOLAK MUSEUM.

The periodical visits of relations were to the 'Ka;' and all those oblations of food and drink which at appointed seasons were duly served up by the survivors, or by priests specially attached to the various cemeteries, were offered neither to the soul of the deceased nor to his mummy, but to the 'Ka.' In some mastabas, the wall between the principal chamber and the serdab is pierced by a tiny loophole, the object of which (as shown by some of the bas-reliefs in the tomb of Ti) was to allow of the introduction of a small incense-burner, in shape like a long-handled ladle, by means of which the grateful fumes should reach the nostrils of the 'Ka.'

It will be seen from all this that the Egyptian portrait-statue was in very truth what Professor Maspero has felicitously described as 'a stone body'—'*un corps de pierre*.' It expressed, not an aesthetic development, but a religious necessity. In order that the *Ka* should feel perfectly at home, the statue was bound to be as exactly like the man himself as the sculptor's art could make it. If the man was ugly, the statue must also be ugly. If he had any personal defect, the statue must faithfully reproduce it. Take, for instance, this portrait of Nem-hotep, a dwarf, sketched from two points of view by M. Bourgoin. The splendour of his tomb in the necropolis of Sakkarah, and the inscriptions graven upon its walls, show Nem-hotep to have been a person of some importance. He held a place at court; but the archaic hieroglyphs in which that office is set forth have been differently interpreted by Egyptologists. Mariette read 'Chief of the Cooks,' where Professor Maspero reads 'Keeper of the Perfumes,' or 'Master of the Wardrobe.' Be this as it may, no more unflattering likeness of a little great man was ever modelled. Writing of Ancient Egypt as seen at the *Exposition Universelle* in 1878, M. Arthur Rhoné has described the statue of this strange personage in a few words so happily chosen that I marvel how M. Perrot should have omitted to quote them: 'La grotesque petite personne du nain, replête, ramassée, faite à l'aventure, est comme pétillante de vie, d'esprit, et de malice; on le voit s'avancer en roulant sur ses petites jambes écartées, tandis que sa bouche lance un trait satirique. Rien de repoussant ni de trivial en ce petit monstre ainsi représenté, tant l'exécution en est harmonieuse, souple, pétrie en quelque sorte de grâce et de bonne humeur enfantines.'* To translate this passage would be to mar it. M. Rhoné draws attention to the fact that the statue stands free of support from any kind of plinth, and that the legs are entirely disengaged; a treatment quite unique in the stone statuary of Egypt, though practised with remarkable success, as we shall presently see, in wood. The dolichocephalic form of Nem-hotep's head so particularly interested Mariette that he instituted an exhaustive, but, unfortunately, a fruitless search for the mummy of this historic dwarf.

Princess Nefer-t, found at Meydoom, is admirably drawn by M. Benedite, and no less admirably engraved by M. Ramus.—*See Plate* IX.

* '*L'Egypte Antique*,' *par A. Rhoné.* '*Gazette des Beaux Arts*,' October, 1878.

The interest with which we regard these statues of men and women who lived and died some two thousand years before the date at which Abraham is supposed to have journeyed into Egypt is heightened by the certainty with which experts affirm that the originals must have actually sat to the artist during their lives. Upon this point, as M. Perrot shows in his admirable chapter on Sculpture,* the internal evidence is conclusive. The famous 'Wooden Man of Boolak,' generally called the 'Sheykh-el-Beled,' is a case in point. The figure is half life-size, and represents a stout, commonplace, elderly Egyptian, named Ra-em-ka, in the act of walking, with his long staff in his hand. His only garment is the short tunic ordinarily worn in his day. The face is good-natured and contented; the lips are just ready to smile; the eyes (cunningly contrived in opaque white quartz, rock crystal, and metal) are alive with responsive intelligence. The modelling of the flesh—full, rounded, well nourished—is studied from the life. The elasticity of youth is gone, and a little of the flabbiness of age has begun to show itself. *Àpropos* of the treatment of the torso of this figure, M. Lenormant does not hesitate to compare it with two well-known masterpieces of Greek art in the Vatican. Carved in sycamore-wood originally covered with a thin coat of painted stucco, this marvellous statue is almost as perfect as when it left the hand of the artist;* yet the tree which was felled for its material, and the man whom it commemorates, flourished over six thousand years ago. 'Nous ne possédons pas de portrait plus authentique et plus parlant,' wrote Mariette,† who discovered it; and, in truth, it is impossible to look upon it without feeling that not even photography could have produced a likeness more characteristic. Fidelity — uncompromising fidelity, at whatever cost of beauty or dignity—was, in short, the law to which these early sculptors were required to conform.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

(*To be continued.*)

* Chap. vii. of the original work; chap. iv., vol. ii., of the English translation.

* The feet are restored.

† 'Notice des Monuments,' &c. A. Mariette Bey. Fourth Edition. 1872.

# PARIS.

## VII.—*The Hotel de Ville.*

JUST at this present time (May, 1883) the Parisian Hotel de Ville seems the most perfectly beautiful of modern edifices, not only on account of the grace and interest of its design, but also because the materials are so irreproachable in their freshness and purity. It would be bold to assert such a thing positively, but it is very likely to be the simple truth that this building, just at present, is the fairest palace ever erected in the world. The reasons why this is likely to be true are the following. To be as perfect as the Hotel de Ville is now, a building must be erected altogether and with a certain rapidity, but great edifices have usually come into being by fragments, so that the parts first erected had time to get old, dingy, and even ruinous before the plan was completed, whilst the modifications introduced by successive architects have in most cases been fatal to the unity of the work. I need not go farther for examples than to the two great Parisian palaces which have supplied subjects for chapters in the present series. Neither the Louvre nor the Tuileries was ever seen as their first architects intended them to be. The palace of the Tuileries, in the whole course of its existence, was never at any time a complete and harmonious work. When it was harmonious (in the time of Catherine de Medicis) it was incomplete, merely a beginning, and when it was complete (in the time of Louis Philippe) it had long since ceased to be consistent and harmonious. The Louvre is better, but still it is a combination of three or four different architectural schemes, and it is spoiled externally, as a work of art, by being tacked on to a larger edifice, or collection of edifices. Now although the ruder kinds of architecture admit of an unlimited jumble of additions, it is not so with the more refined. The highest kinds of architecture approach, in the strictness of their organization, to the higher animal forms. You cannot give an animal another limb, nor fasten him by suture to another animal, without producing a monstrosity like a five-legged calf or the Siamese twins. So it is in classical architecture of the best kind, and even (though not quite to the same degree) in the best Renaissance architecture. In Gothic, the virtue of unity has been less valued, for the Gothic architects themselves freely added excrescences to their buildings, yet whenever even a Gothic work is in itself exquisitely complete, it cannot be so dealt with except at the cost of that exquisite completeness. Any addition to the Sainte Chapelle would be the destruction of its peculiar beauty.

Now the present Hotel de Ville (though the design, as I shall show presently, is a growth from an earlier design) is in itself a complete architectural conception carried out at once in all its parts. It is not, like the Tuileries of Philibert Delorme, a beautiful scheme

spoiled before it was realised. And the material performance answers in all respects to the idea. The workmanship throughout is of that extreme perfection which is the pride of Parisian craftsmen. The stone is, just now, as fair and immaculate as a selected piece of Parian marble. It is almost as white as snow, and as faultless. It takes the most delicate sculpture as if it were a fine-grained wood, and the quality of its grain is so equal that an artist might sketch upon it as on drawing-paper. The only reproach that can be made against it is that the tone of the whole building is cold, but it is hardly so in sunshine, and there is a beginning of mosaic decoration which promises enrichment of the only kind admissible on so delicate a structure. But not only is the stone-work everywhere of the fairest and best, the roofs are perfect to the smallest ornament; and so elegant that although the building is on a great scale it seems more beautiful than vast, and impresses rather by an air of distinction, of aristocracy even, than by any display of power and wealth. It may seem strange to speak of aristocracy in connexion with an edifice that is the very centre and council-hall of a mighty and sometimes turbulent democracy, but the word is not misapplied, from an artistic point of view, to a building so completely under the government and discipline of the best architectural authority, having under its command the best and most intelligently obedient labour. Such a building has no natural connexion with tumult and disorder. The powers of anarchy did not produce it, could not have produced it. Nor is it either the product of Philistine wealth. The cost of it will be about a million and a quarter sterling, yet it only comes to us as an afterthought that so much good work is costly. There is sometimes more of the self-assertion of *bourgeois* money in a citizen's private house than there is in this great palace. Ornament has been used sparingly, and what there is of it is chiefly figure sculpture. The panels in the front are not carved but simply divided by mouldings, lozenge-shaped or circular. The *consoles* under the niches between the windows of the central pavilion are very delicately carved, but the wall behind them is perfectly plain, and the windows themselves are surrounded by very simple mouldings. There is a little carving on the two taller pavilions on each side. Over the arches of the two beautiful dormer windows, near the clock, there is some graceful figure-sculpture; and above and about the clock itself is a fine central composition with colossal figures and a pediment with the ship of Paris. Yet even in this, the richest and most central part of the whole edifice, the ornament is by no means overcharged, and the figures are relieved by plain spaces of masonry, as a drawing is by its margin. Amongst the ornaments of the roof the most romantic are the men in armour, with lances, who stand on pedestals along the ridge. They are gilded, and produce a brilliant effect in strong sunshine, besides recalling the times when the Hotel de Ville was first erected. There are ten of them altogether, four on the central pavilion, and two on each of the pavilions to right and left.

It is very commonly supposed that a building has little influence upon the mind when it has no historical associations, but in the case of the present Hotel de Ville the gain is greater than the loss. It is a virgin building as yet, and may be judged fairly on its merits as a beautiful work of art. It is simply a palace which looks as if it were awaiting the arrival of a prince in a fairy tale. It seems far too delicate to be in the midst of a populace like that of Paris; and one who loves architecture can scarcely help wishing that it might be transported by magic some night far away in the woods and be safe from bullets and incendiarism. The ways by which a people attains to municipal liberty and parliamentary government are often so rough that the recollection of them gives pleasure only to the enemies of both. If the present building has no splendid memories, if it has received no sovereign within its walls, and been the scene of no extravagant entertainments, it is, at the same time, absolutely free from all revolting and horrible associations. No stormy councils have been begun in its chambers to end in bloodshed; no murder has been perpetrated on its threshold, nor have privileged spectators ever enjoyed from its windows the burning of heretics at the stake, or seen criminals torn limb from limb by four infuriated horses. And not only is the present edifice free from the horrors of history, but it is also free from its vulgarities. The wretched quarrels of yelling demagogues, jumping on tables and crushing pens and inkstands under their heels, have not, as yet, resounded in a building that seems fit only for the presence of gentlemen.

The present building is in its main features a reproduction of that which existed before 1871, but it is not a slavish reproduction; and a comparison between the two shows that the architect took the opportunity for introducing many improvements. What has been done may be explained to a certain extent as follows. Suppose that an artist makes a drawing, well composed, and, in good general proportions, but still leaving room for improvement in other ways; and then suppose that an artist of riper knowledge and more cultivated taste goes over the drawing, pencil in hand, and shows how the ideal which the first artist had in view may be approached more closely. He finds excellent intentions, to which full justice has not always been done. He says, 'You might have made more of this idea; you intended this part of your compo-

sition to be elegant—it may be made more elegant still; these details might be enriched, though without deviating from your intention;' and whilst he talks in this way he revises the whole work with his pencil; and somehow, without making any very obvious alteration, he gives it greater refinement, and makes it hold better together. I have not space to show in all ways how this has been done in the new Hotel de Ville, but I may mention one or two instances. The gateway pavilions (those that rise on each side of the central mass) had each of them a sort of encorbelled turret or bartizan, which, with excellent artistic judgment, had been placed to the right in one instance, and to the left in the other, so as to make each pavilion intentionally lop-sided and unsymmetrical in itself, yet forming an

FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.

imperfect part of a perfect whole. The first architect had the idea, which was excellent, but he strangely failed to make the most of it. He diminished the size of the turret in its uppermost story and gave it no roof! It is wonderful that he should have missed such an opportunity. The architect of the new building has been careful not to miss it. He has carried the turrets up to the full height of the pavilions, and then given to each of them a delightfully elegant little roof of its own, carefully finished with an ornamental ridge and finials so as to avoid a pyramidal point, and imitate in little the roofs of the great pavilions. These turrets now occupy the same position that pretty children have in a family, and they give a charm and lightness to the whole edifice that could have been attained by no other means. Again, in the ornamental structure about the clock, and in the bell-turret, the architect has taken the old motives and made more of them. After every allowance has been made for the imperfect draughtsmanship of old engravers, it is evident from their testimony that these important and central parts of the Hotel de Ville, though the same in general intention as at present, were in old times much less elegant than they are now; and we know from drawings and photographs, if personal recollection were insufficient, that many small improvements upon the edifice as it existed immediately before the Commune have been unobtrusively but effectively introduced into the new design. The corner pavilions are better finished than they were under Louis Napoleon, and so it is all over the building. The intention has been to preserve the traditional forms, but quietly to take every opportunity of improving them. It is a new edition of an old book, not revised by the author but by a respectful editor, more skilful than the author himself.

It is curious that the front of the edifice, which seems to us so happily designed, should be the result of accident. The original plan included only the central mass with the clock and the bell-turret, and the two pavilions which flank it. The design was very pretty and complete in itself; but it was not imposing by its size: and even such as it was the town had the greatest difficulty in carrying it into execution, and it lingered from reign to reign. Francis I. planned the Renaissance edifice; but although he employed a hundred workmen upon it afterwards reduced to fifty, it was not very forward when he died. It was not finished even at the death of Henri IV. The building was in a very imperfect state for seventy-two years, and remained imperfect afterwards. Nothing proves more clearly the immense inferiority of old to modern Paris in productive power, than the great difficulty experienced by the sovereigns and people of former times in getting forward with their architectural undertakings; which

seem in almost every instance, except that of the Sainte Chapelle, to have been far too heavy for their resources. To the modern municipality the erection of such a building as the old Hotel de Ville

THE HOTEL DE VILLE IN 1583. FROM A DRAWING BY JACQUES CELLIER.

would be a small matter. The present one, which has grown from its foundations in the lifetime of a child, is three or four times as vast as that which existed in the imagination of Francis I., and which he could not realise.

The Hotel de Ville, the Tuileries, and the palace of the Luxembourg, are all instances of enlarged buildings. If the reader has perused the article on those palaces he will have observed that they were enlarged in different ways. The Tuileries grew by the addition of masses and pavilions, first on one side then on the other, and all (except the very earliest) out of proportion with the centre, which had to be enlarged afterwards. Then came a general levelling-up and *alignement*, the consequence being a piece of patchwork and mending which never presented the appearance of an artistic composition. The Luxembourg was enlarged in another way. It was already overloaded at one end by four heavy pavilions which stood too near each other, when Louis-Philippe, to get more internal accommodation, made the four into six by adding two others and advancing the front, thereby considerably increasing the defect of heaviness. In the case of the Hotel de Ville, on the contrary, the enlargement by the addition of masses of building to right and left, set a little back, and pavilions at the corners, coming forward, was done so judiciously and with such a fine sense of what is suitable and proportionate in a great edifice, that although the present architects had the opportunity of substituting a design conceived all at once, they have been perfectly satisfied with reproducing all the main features of the old building with its appendices. The truth is, that nobody could possibly know, unless he was told, that the wings were additions or appendices at all. It is the happiest instance of successful enlargement that I ever met with. In the interior the increase of dimensions was carried out by the addition of two new courts, one on each side the central quadrangle. All these courts in the new building are exquisitely finished. The two lateral ones have beautiful winding staircases, rich in sculpture with open balusters and turret-roofs, an idea which has descended from Gothic times and been adopted by the Renaissance with the addition of elegant ornament. The central court is on a higher level (access to it is had by stairs from the side-courts and the vestibule), and on occasions of great festivity it will probably be converted into a vast hall by the addition of a tent-roof.

The festivities at the Hotel de Ville have long been celebrated for the combination of magnificence with good taste. The present writer remembers seeing the old building at its best many years ago at a grand ball given by the Municipality to Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel. He happened to be in the great court when the sovereigns ascended the stairs, and the combination of beautiful architecture with rich draperies, abundant illumination, and splendid costumes, made a spectacle hardly to be rivalled elsewhere, except in some Italian palaces. The scene in the great gallery was as splendid, but not so entirely outside of the commonplace. The great gallery was converted for a short time into a throne-room; and I happened to be at a little distance from the thrones on which sat the two potentates, one of them at that time the most dreaded of European majesties, the other only king of Sardinia, a petty sovereign who had won recognition by sending troops to the Crimean war. The guests formed a lane all down the room, and the personages walked slowly along it, greeting those they knew. Since that night, what changes! The palace they came from is now the last remnant of a ruin; the municipal palace, then thronged by a crowd of guests, has since been reduced to ashes and replaced by an entirely new structure. The great Emperor, after defeat and humiliation, lies embalmed in a sarcophagus in England, the young hope of his dynasty by his side, and the prince whom he then patronised sleeps royally in the Pantheon at Rome, the first of the kings of Italy. The lives of both have now receded completely into the domain of history, and are as sure to be remembered in future ages as those of any other famous personages who have visited the old Hotel de Ville. Italy will never forget the rough but good-natured and hearty soldier who so often sacrificed his simple personal tastes to the duties of a more and more exalted station; nor is France ever likely either to forget or forgive the statesman, at one time considered so astute, the ultimate outcome of whose deep-laid schemes was the aggrandisement of her neighbours and the humiliation of herself. There are a hundred other associations with the Hotel de Ville, which it would be easy to enumerate, but these are amongst the most recent. If the Republic lasts

it is not very probable that the new building will often be enlivened by the presence of crowned heads; but the municipality will at least be able to hold its sittings without the uncomfortable anticipation of those requests for money which so frequently came from the French sovereigns to the provosts of Paris and the *échevins* of old. The only real inconveniences from which the modern municipality is ever likely to suffer are the excess of its own power and the temptations to its abuse. The Municipal Council has such great resources that it is constantly tempted to place itself in antagonism to the State. The two never work smoothly together for very long, and the notice of civic independence has taken such deep root in many minds that they are always ready to see infringements of it in the most ordinary acts of the National Government.

THE GREAT BALL-ROOM.

Whatever of evil there may be in our own time, whatever evil deeds may have been done during the Commune, men are certainly less barbarous than they were four or five hundred years ago. Executions are less cruel, prisoners are treated with more humanity. I have passed rapidly over the executions which took place formerly in the *Place de Grève*, the open space just before the Hotel de Ville, where they are making the new garden-squares and where boys amuse themselves with bicycles on the smooth asphaltum; but if the reader wishes to thrill his nerves with horror, he will find nothing more terrible than the deliberate cruelty of those executions in old times; the simple murder by a discharge of musketry under the Commune was tender mercy in comparison. Our warfare, too, barbarous as it still remains, is not quite so horrible as in the middle of the fifteenth century, when hundreds of English prisoners were thrown into the Seine near the Hotel de Ville, with bound hands and feet, and drowned there in the Seine before the eyes of an unprotesting populace. Let us confess frankly that, notwithstanding all the picturesque interest of past times so delightful to novelists and painters, they are terrible if studied seriously,—terrible if once we realise what they were; and there is no place in the world where we feel this horror of the past more strongly than on the *Place de Grève*, just before the lovely modern palace which I have been trying to describe. The horror of that dreadful night in May 1871, when the whole edifice and the houses opposite were in flames, does not really equal the horror of one quiet execution in the feudal times. The destruction of a certain amount of property however valuable, the loss of a certain number of lives in a street battle however passionate and sanguinary the conflict, are less odious than the quiet application of vindictive torture to a single unresisting victim. There are places in Europe where our best charity to the past is to forget it if we can, and this is one of them. Let us look hopefully to the future; and may this, the fairest municipal palace in the whole world, hear no harsher sounds than the discussions of citizens in council, and see no fiercer flame than the light of its own festal illuminations.

P. G. Hamerton.

# THE PARTHENON.*

IT appears too certain that no more is to be hoped from researches among the ruins of the Greek temples towards solving the difficult question of how they were lighted. The very small temples, which were mere cells, with only a shallow portico in front, would easily receive sufficient light through a spacious doorway. But doorways still more lofty and spacious would not adequately light an interior like that of the Parthenon, with side-aisles and, to all appearance, lateral galleries, and measuring 100 feet from end to end. The lateral walls of these temples were in all cases certainly unpierced, and the illumination that might penetrate through the doorway was reduced by a vestibule or pronaos in front of it, and a colonnade, the front portico, beyond that. Not a hint is to be gathered from the ruined and shattered Parthenon; the thorough excavation of the temples of Olympia by the Germans leaves our ignorance unrelieved; the Dilettanti Society have completed the exploration of all the important Ionic temples of Asia Minor; and an admirably organized American expedition has recently cleared the area and precinct of the one Doric temple of Asia Minor at Assos, and still we are no wiser. Half a tile from the beautiful temple at Bassa brings us nearer to the problem than all the rest together, and, after all, seems to complicate the problem.

Under these circumstances it will appear to many merely futile to meddle with the question at all, and certainly the younger architectural students have seemed disposed to leave it alone. But they are not to be allowed to remain asleep, there is a senior alert who will rouse them as Nestor awakened Diomed in the Greek camp:—

> 'Then with his foot Old Nestor gently shakes
> The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes.'

We are not, indeed, in the present case, quite so sure of the 'gently' on the part of the 'indomitable senior,'

> 'Whose soul no respite knows,
> Though years and honours bid him seek repose.'

Perhaps gentleness has been tried by him and found unavailing and insufficient; in any case Mr. Fergusson pronounces his theory with a decision and a positiveness that must be admired by those who are rather weary of finding how important questions hang on, and never come within sight of an issue because some who discuss it cannot make up their minds, and others who can are chary of expressing opinions as decidedly as they feel them, lest they should be too far in advance of the masses that they prefer to move with. Mr. Fergusson has not, and never has had, any such hesitations. Like Caesar's centurion, he flings his ensign among the very ranks of his opponents, and dashes after it without even looking behind him to see whether the tenth legion follows his lead, in full confidence, which has been justified heretofore more than once, that in due time he will have a devoted following that nothing can withstand.

In the present case, whatever may be thought of his conclusions by many, his method must have general approval. He takes the conditions as he finds them, and proceeds to discuss in what rational and appropriate manner it was possible for the Greeks to have effected their purpose, being content to assume that as the Greeks were not blockheads, and knew what they wanted, they may be assumed to have adopted whatever system commends itself as presumably adequate in respect of convenience and beauty conjoined.

A preliminary question has been raised as to what degree of internal illumination the Greeks required. When that is determined on, the consideration of what amount of opening will admit the light which is desirable is easily disposed of. 'The dim religious light' seems alien to the general character of public celebrations among the Greeks. In the ceremonies that accompanied the rites of initiation at Eleusis it is indeed certain that impressive darkness had place, not without consequent scandals as we learn from the New Comedy, and the change to sudden and dazzling light was effected by torches not by admission of the light of day. But even the great hall of the Mysteries, of which Mr. Fergusson corrects the hitherto accepted plan, had an arrangement of roof as we learn from Vitruvius, which provided for daylight illumination. The *telesterion* at Eleusis was planned for the reception of a considerable multitude, but the proper temples of the Greeks, even of larger size, like the Parthenon, were not the scenes of prolonged and elaborate rites or arranged to accommodate an attentive congregation. There is neither trace nor record of altars erected or sacrifices performed within such temples any more than of the delivery of religious exhortations. There is nothing to countenance the supposition that the idealised Athene of Phidias in ivory and gold was worshipped as a fetish, though every presumption that it was an object of intense admiration. This admiration may have been reverential admiration, but the reverence, the enthusiasm even, was manifestly rather that with which the affecting Mater Dolorosa of Michael

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* 'The Parthenon, an Essay on the mode by which Light was introduced into Greek and Roman Temples.' By James Fergusson, C. I. E., &c., &c.—John Murray.

Angelo in St. Peter's is regarded than what is evoked from peasants of the Campagna by a painted figure with as little pretensions to Art as resemblance to Nature. The worship of the Olympian gods, like the life of their worshippers with whom they had so much in common, affected publicity in the open air; and the *naos* properly, the sacred dwelling, was chiefly regarded as the typical home of the divinity of Athens and the storehouse of her dedicated treasures. In one of the plays which Plautus adapted from an Athenian original, some characters are found 'not at home,' as it is a day when the Acropolis is open and they have gone sight-seeing—evidently much as our own country cousins comprise visits to the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and Madame Tussaud's in the scheme of a single day's occupation.

There is, therefore, good reason to conclude that the interior of the Parthenon was lighted to a degree that would fully display not only the statue of the goddess at large, but the more delicate details which enriched the pedestal, the interior and exterior of her shield, and even covered the edges of her sandal soles with a composition of figures, a battle of Centaurs. As the resource of admitting light through the walls was uniformly renounced, there remain only three directions by which it could have access; it may, by more or less complicated management, have been admitted through a cross-wall at the end; or by an opening over the central avenue, the nave, whether on the axis of the building or at either side of this; or, lastly, it may have had a passage contrived for it by openings over the aisles or side galleries, and thence through a clerestory to the body of the building.

Of these three schemes Mr. Fergusson repudiates that which has usually been most in favour, and which assuredly will not be renounced by its advocates without vigorous polemic. He has nothing to say in favour or in palliation of an opening directly over the centre. As to the example of the Pantheon at Rome, he rather adventurously asserts 'that no temple in the ancient world other than this was lighted by a horizontal as contradistinguished from a vertical opening.' The difficulty of such an opening is the inconvenience of the admission of wind and rain and snow, which it is assumed rather than proved could not be precluded by any contrivance; while, on the other hand, there are the important considerations that a light so admitted would be most favourable of all for the display of the beauties of sculpture and architecture, and that by no other means could so much as well as such agreeable light be obtained through so small an opening. However, the advocates of this system must be left to make good their position if they can, against the trenchant logic and architectural authority of Mr. Fergusson. His counter-arguments are made clear, not only by his usual lucidness of exposition, but by a wealth of illustration in plates and woodcuts. By the introduction of some Indian examples he lays himself open to the imputation of bias from his distinguished Indian studies; as if he could only look at Greek architecture as a modification of Indian. But there is no true ground for this suggestion; similar practical problems are open to be solved by similar contrivances in all countries and ages, however remote.

If the problem be how to get light into the great decastyle temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens through the eastern wall of the naos, and still to keep the weather from entering a large, unglazed opening, it will be difficult indeed to hit upon a more effective arrangement than that which is exhibited in Mr. Fergusson's section. Manifest coincidence with Indian contrivances to light excavated temples must be accounted for on Touchstone's theory, that 'the heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it in his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open:' and a modern philosopher who should do the same is as little a copyist, therefore, as a heathen. Mr. Fergusson himself makes it apparent that he does not expect this particular mode of lighting, which introduces an open area over the pronaos, to be accepted as a matter of course. He is evidently more sanguine as to the fortune of his suggestion that a clerestory was introduced above the upper row of columns in the interior of the Parthenon, and that while light poured in through these from openings in the tiled roof, any water that entered was carried off by a lower roof over the galleries, and discharged into the ambulatory from above the sculptured frieze.

There may be more and stronger objections to this scheme than Mr. Fergusson quite appreciates; but he fairly challenges the production of a scheme that shall be chargeable with fewer and slighter. The frontispiece of the work is a restoration of the statue of Athene Parthenos according to the views of the author, and in contrast to that of Quatremere de Quincy, which is introduced in the plate of the section of the temple. Almost as many difficulties cluster about the sculptural as the architectural problem. The remains of antiquity, including the rather—or not rather—coarsely executed statuette recently dug up at Athens, present the goddess with such coincidences in attitude, attributes, and cast of drapery, as to certify a dependence on the original of Phidias; but they differ most where we have most difficulty in interpreting and reconciling the ancient notices of the figure and its adjuncts.

Both in respect to the statue and its temple this work is of the highest interest, the highest value; and

will be most esteemed for its force, frankness, and comprehensiveness, by those who are best acquainted with the difficulties of the subjects that it deals with, and with the attempts that have been made up to the present time to treat them effectively. The suggestions which it advances will assuredly constitute a starting-point for renewed study and be encouragement for theoretical enterprise. Such excursions may lead far: it will not be unprecedented if some of the students who wander away widest, find themselves at last brought back by independent process to agreement with Mr. Fergusson.

W. Watkiss Lloyd.

# ART CHRONICLE.

To our necessarily short record of principal pictures in the Academy exhibition we must add the diploma work of Mr. Tadema, R.A., *On the Way to the Temple*, a shaded interior, from which the eye passes to a sunlit corridor, where youths and maidens are passing in rhythmic dance towards the shrine. On his other picture, *An Oleander Tree*, the artist has expended his finest and most finished realism in depicting the cool courts of a Græco-Roman house, where a girl sits between a blossoming oleander and a marble fountain, and through a distant doorway is seen the blue sea. Mr. J. Waterhouse has followed up his predilection for subjects from the classic days, and paints his best, and an admirable, picture in an episode from Imperial history, when a deputation of monks, with offerings of roses and manuscripts, are kept waiting and obeisant abiding the caprices of a flock of doves, *The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius*, who flutter and perch about the youth seated on his throne of ivory and pearl. Mr. Linton, in *The Surrender* of a Moorish town to the Christian conqueror, adds one more to his fine series of semi-decorative pictures illustrating the life of a soldier in the sixteenth century. Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., makes a somewhat fresh start by the excellent work put into a vigorous, if homely, picture of peasant life, *The Rustic Wedding*. Mr. Waterlow, an artist hitherto identified with landscape only, has come out in genre, both at the Grosvenor Gallery and at Burlington House; and the individual character and freshness of his pleasant picture of young fisher-folk making a bonfire on the beach at *Belsien, Cornwall*, on a midsummer eve, has been recognised by the hangers with a place on the line in the great room. Among foreign contributions, *A Portrait* by M. Fantin attracted much notice from art-students by its quiet power. It represents simply a lady dressed in simple, close-fitting, dark-blue dress, seated before a blank canvas on an easel, with beside her painting table and a glass of daffodils. A grave and noble profile and figure of fine contours is here treated with severity that is not ungracious, and with such amount of artistic deliberation and complete work as makes the seemingly insufficient subject-matter memorable.

The black and white portion of the exhibition is less notable even than usual, and the paucity of etched work seems to emphasize the protest of Mr. Seymour Haden in his recent lecture on the Relative Claims of Etching and Line Engraving to Rank as Fine Arts, against the ostracism exercised by the Royal Academy in this direction.

A small exhibition of water-colour drawings by American artists was opened in June, at the Egyptian Hall, under the management of Mr. Hamlet Philpot, M.A., Trinity College, Oxford, who, after a residence in New York, 'determined to give the English public a chance of judging for themselves' of artistic 'Transatlantic vigour.' The collection does not claim to be the 'best possible,' or to be an especial effort on the part of American artists. After so modest an introduction, it is fair to welcome the exhibition as of undoubted interest. Between forty and fifty drawings are exhibited, some of which are rather childish, while a few are distinctly clever and fresh. American water colourists seem addicted to the use of opaque, and, generally speaking, not quite at home in the use of the transparent medium. French influence is to be traced very generally,—the clever lads, Leon and Percy Moran, of Brooklyn, show a *chic* that is quite Parisian in the placing of dainty or picturesque figures against verdant backgrounds left in suggestive and studied incompleteness. A capital figure of an old woman standing at a spinning-wheel, painted in more solid and quiescent manner, is *An Old Settler reeling Yarn*, by James Symington. One of the cleanest and crispest bits of work is a group of hives, *Pennsylvania Bee Colony*, by Harry Fenn. The rustic figures, by Walter Satterlle, have character and poetic feeling; Charles Reinhart, dating from Paris, shows two brilliant drawings in body-colour, a study of boats and a Spanish courtyard, with figures. About the cleverest thing is a little sketch of women grouped about *A Venetian Well*, by Robert Blum, in which the sparkling touch and trick of suggestive line show a practised hand. Generally speaking, it may be said that these American water-colours are successful in inverse proportion to their ambition of scale or subject, and they indicate a school still in the earliest stages of training.

The absence of American etchers from the exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers is to some extent atoned for by the gathering of some choice plates in the same Gallery by Thomas Moran, Stephen Parrish, Kruseman van Elvten, H. Farrer, and others. Mr. Parrish shows that he has more than one manner of working, some of his plates being as direct and delicately frank in treatment as others are forced up by plentiful burr and dodgy management of the ground in printing. An attractive specimen of work assimilated to effects of the painter's brush, is *Old Acadian Inn-yard*. Mr. Farrer's poetical use of his etcher's tools comes out in a study of *The Old Ferry Bell*, in which the darkest dark of the bell is opposed to the lightest light of the round moon rising above a misty river, and again in *Sunset—Gqwan's Bay*, with admirably drawn shipping and skilful distance. Mr. J. C. Nicoll shows a playful, scribbling touch in two river scenes. The figures by J. Wells Champney have some affinity with those of Menpes.

A further experiment on the reception of recent French art by the English public is made in an exhibition of pictures and sculpture by 'twelve well-known French artists,' at the Dudley Gallery. By M. A. P. Roll, whose picture of *La Grève* was an event in a recent salon, are shown eighteen works, among them a tremendous study of waves in *Rough Weather*, which looks as if it had been deftly painted with a spade; and two life-size studies in the most assailant of literal, but distinctly artistic and powerful of manners—*An Old French Workman*, and *The Old Quarryman;* also a group of a boy carrying a younger child among the coal-heaps *At Anzin*, which we recognise as one of the studies for *La Grève*. Twenty-six pictures, of very unequal power and varied style, by M. H. Gervex, give probably none of his best works, albeit the portraits are clever. He paints the nude well, and when he chooses can attain remarkable lucidity of tone, while he as often is murkily clouded,—in fact he seems a painter who halts between at least two opinions. M. Paul Besnard's incoherent allegory of *Abundance encouraging Labour* will be quite beyond British comprehension. The large *Misty Morning*, by M. Lerolle, a group of women gathering potatoes, while a veil of white mist faintly irradiated by sunlight hangs over the background of tree and field, attains a delicate atmospheric effect difficult of expression on the scale, and with ostentatiously simple material. Like most work in the room above cabinet size, the picture is only intelligible from a given distance. Sea-coast pictures, by M. H. Damoye and Flameng, have delightful qualities of truthful relation and lumi-

nosity. The sculpture gathered together is of mark. There is the nude, coloured plaster of *St. John Baptist* preaching, modelled by M. Rodin, with defiant realism of skin coarsened by exposure and body worn by ascetic austerities, a powerful but disagreeable study without prophetic dignity. The figure looks like a corpse that has lain in the Morgue and been galvanised into life and action. Some strong and defiant busts, and a good figure of Eve in bronze, also show the hand of this sculptor. M. Lanson treats relief in violent, almost detached projection, with undoubted skill. The *Virgin and Child*, in bronze, is impressive; a bust of *An Arragonaise* full of character and free treatment of the metal. Madame Besnard has considerable range even in the four works exhibited here. The marble recumbent figure of *Jephthah's Daughter* has style with a certain conventionality; *Judith*, holding forth the head of Holofernes (bronze), shows an astounding amount of 'pluck,' and much skill in the working of the decorated draperies and jewels; and a high relief in terra cotta of *Melancholy* is excellently studied in expression. As an exhibition of a phase of contemporary French art, in which, as has well been said, individuality is confined to treatment rather than shown by invention or creative force, this collection at the Dudley Gallery is an interesting addition to the events of the London art season.

THE exhibition of Painter Etchers at the Windsor Gallery has been succeeded by the reopening of the exhibition organized by Mr. Barrington Nash of Engravings and Etchings by Francesco Bartolozzi and his school, with a second and fuller loan collection, containing many of the examples previously shown, together with others which make the illustration of the special branch of reproductive art more complete. A set of four engravings by T. Burke after exquisite miniature portraits of ladies of the Rushout family by Plimer, also shown, are among the most pleasing additions: likewise Bourlier's print of H.R.H. Princess Charlotte of Wales after Lawrence. Her Majesty has graciously lent a set of engravings of the Royal daughters of George IV.; a number of original drawings by A. Kauffman, Cipriani, Cosway, and others, add interest to the collection, and a finished design in pastel displays the certainty of Bartolozzi's touch when a veteran past eighty. Another loan of special value is a frame of capital studies of heads taken from the life by Copley for his famous picture *The Death of Chatham*, the engraving of which took Bartolozzi about four years and brought him two thousand pounds. The Fonthill collection of Tickets is stated in Mr. Nash's Preface to the Catalogue to have been purchased at the Hamilton sale by Mr. Arthur Kimber.

CERTAIN amateur dramatic representations, given at Cromwell House on behalf of the building fund of King's College Lectures to Ladies, a month since were of exceptional excellence. Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Poynter, R.A., Professor Newton, Mr. George Simonds, and other authorities combined to design the tableaux, costumes, grouping, &c., for a dramatised version of scenes from the Iliad and the Odyssey, arranged by Professor Warr, and enacted in both a Greek and an English version. Certain choruses and songs from the Homeric narrative, the Anthology and Theocritus, were introduced and accompanied by music especially composed by Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, M. Lawson, W. Parrott, and Dr. Monk. The first part, 'The Tale of Troy,' was prefaced by a tableau of Sir F. Leighton's design, representing Aphrodite withdrawing the veil from Helen and showing her to Paris conducted by Eros, while Peitho whispers persuasion into Helen's ear. Some effort in this tableau and in subsequent scenes was made to follow attitudes and groups familiar in vase paintings, and to arrange the figures as much as possible on one plane. The mourning for Hector at the Scaean Gate gave occasion for many admirably pictorial situations. The scenes from the Odyssey were treated in a fuller and more picturesque fashion, much richness of effect and splendour of costume being thrown into two tableaux of Ulysses in the Palace of Circe, and the subsequent scenes at the Court of Alcinous and the Hearth of Ulysses, with groups of white-robed maidens playing at ball before Nausicaa, or fingering their distaffs in service of Penelope. For this portion of the performance Mr. Poynter designed an exceedingly fine tableau representing the Retribution of Ulysses: the angry Pallas, erect above, shining in white robes and glittering helm and armour; below, Ulysses bending the great bow and Telemachus beside him, at the opposite side a suitor fleeing with head averted over shoulder. Some exception was taken by hypercritics to the period of costume selected as later than the supposed Homeric period, but on the whole the completeness of the revival drew warm praise from classic authorities, while for artistic beauty the representations were almost unique.

A PETITION has been signed for presentation to the American Congress by the numerous colony of citizens of the United States, students of art, settled in Munich, setting forth in strong terms the disastrous effect upon American artists likely to incur from the increased tariff imposed on foreign works of art imported to America. The document points out that the result of this measure will probably be the withdrawal from American artists of those privileges of instruction in academies, study in galleries and museums, and impartial admission and reward in exhibitions at the art centres of Europe, on which their adequate training and position as artists depend. And furthermore, the petitioners hold the tariff measure as ingratitude towards the generous conduct of the German Government, and protest against this protective system when applied to art. The form is signed, on behalf of the petitioners, by a committee consisting of the President of the American Artist Club in Munich, C. M. Moore, L. C. Lutz, Hon. Sec., and J. F. Currier, Hon. Member.

A SPECIAL collection of etchings by Renier Zeeman and Karel du Jardin was arranged in the gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in June, for the benefit of members and their friends. The artists seem to have been selected for illustration as affording strong contrast, Karel du Jardin, the pupil of Berchem, being feeble in drawing but poetic in feeling, especially in pastoral subjects, while Zeeman treated marine subjects and city views with dry precision and vigour.

SEVERAL artists have died within the last few months: in England, Mr. W. L. Leitch, the veteran Vice-President of the Institute of Water Colour Artists, painter of landscape, chiefly Italian and Swiss scenes; and Mr. Samuel Read, of the elder Society, a painter of considerable home repute for somewhat showy architectural drawings and a popular contributor to the 'Illustrated London News.' In France the Impressionist school has lost its initiator, M. Edouard Manet, the admired friend of M. Zola, the realist romancer.

*The Music Lesson*, by Sir F. Leighton, is to be reproduced in photogravure, and issued by the Fine Art Society.

THE honorary degree of LL.D. has been conferred by the University of Cambridge on Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and on Mr. R. Stuart Poole, Keeper of Coins and Medals at the British Museum.

WE regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Mary Heaton, wife of Professor Heaton and daughter of Mr. James Keymer, the friend of Douglas Jerrold, a lady who had obtained for herself a distinct position in the ranks of art literature by an enthusiasm that was as genuine and sympathetic as the industry which abetted its impulse was untiring. Through such disadvantages of frail health as would have daunted a less earnest person, Mrs. Heaton worked assiduously, and produced in succession many useful books, notably, 'History of the Life of Albert Durer,' her most considerable effort, 'A Concise History of Painting,' 'Masterpieces of Flemish Art,' 'Works of Sir David Wilkie,' and recently the editorial matter for Messrs. Bell & Sons' issue of Allan Cunningham's 'Lives of the Painters.' She also was collaborateur with Mr. Black in translation of Meyer's 'Life of Correggio,' and wrote reviews of art books for the weekly press. Mrs. Heaton was an occasional and welcome contributor to the PORTFOLIO.

A NEW room has been set apart at the South Kensington Museum for the display of tapestries, vestments, embroideries, &c. On the walls hang the three magnificent Flemish tapestries recently acquired, dating 1507, and representing the *Triumphs of Fame*, *Chastity*, and *Death*, after the poet Petrarch.

THE pictures purchased by the Council of the Royal Academy under the Chantrey bequest from the current exhibition are *View on the Thames*, by W. L. Wyllie, and *Snow-Scene in the Highlands*, by Joseph Farquharson.

THE name of Mr. John Burr, President of the Society of British Artists, should have been included in our note of newly-elected members of the Royal Water-Colour Society.

TWENTY of Æsop's Fables have been illustrated by Mr. R. Caldecott, and published in a small 4to volume by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The drawings are not in colours, but are engraved in wood, and printed in a brownish ink. Each fable has two principal illustrations, one a literal rendering of the story, and the other a 'modern instance.' Thus, the fable of the Fox and the Stork is charmingly rendered in the graceful drawing here inserted. The 'modern instance' shows a volume of the 'Sporting Magazine,' sent, with Mr. Fox's respects, as a birthday present to an elderly lady of severe aspect, who retaliates upon the jolly Squire at Christmas-time with a folio copy of Hervey's 'Meditations among the Tombs.' Scattered liberally throughout the volume are various small figures of animals, in which Mr. Caldecott's power of humorous characterisation is most astonishingly shown.

MESSRS. BENTLEY & SON have brought out in a pamphlet Mr. Frederick Wedmore's notes on the pictures of the season. Mr. Wedmore is pretty generally known to be the writer of the excellent articles on artistic subjects which appear in the 'Standard' newspaper, and his reviews of the present exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Water-Colour Societies are here reprinted in a handy form. It is unnecessary to say with what intelligence and good taste they are written.

THE title 'English Rustic Pictures' serves to bring together a selection of the illustrations of homely and pastoral life which the late Frederick Walker and his disciple, George Pinwell, contributed to various periodicals. A few out of the thirty-two drawings now issued in a handsome folio edition of three hundred copies, by Messrs. Routledge, are worth preserving thus in more permanent form, for Walker put much of his freshest and most vigorous art into such work, while in the rustic scenes of Pinwell there is no trace of the morbid fancy which tinged his more fascinating but less healthy imaginative drawings. The somewhat harsh manner of the wood-engravers, the brothers Dalziel, gives a certain sameness to the woodcuts, and the finer qualities of expression and a scintillating luminosity are merged. *Spring Days*, a girl with a bunch of primroses, caught by a branch of bramble, was one of the most popular pictures by Walker in the gallery of the Water Colour Society, of which he and Pinwell were both members. A characteristic illustration by the latter is *Sailor's Love*, the parting of a sailor and his sweetheart in the doubtful light betwixt sunset and night, on the broken ground near the riverside, where the vessels lie moored and mark the sky with the tracery of their masts.

ALL who are interested in Girtin will be glad to hear that a collection of thirteen mezzotint engravings from drawings by him will be published before very long by Messrs. Neill and Son, Art Publishers and Printsellers, Haddington, N.B. The plates are not recently engraved, but they have never been printed or published. They were executed in 1823–24 by the able mezzotinter, S. W. Reynolds. We have seen a few of them, and look forward to possessing the series of thirteen with eager anticipation. The four plates we have seen are *York Minster*, another cathedral subject (*Ripon?*) with a bridge, *Bolton Abbey* from a distance, showing the hills behind the abbey, and an evening scene by a river. They are all beautiful, being very delicate in tone and full of Girtin's exquisitely poetical feeling. The moderation of Girtin's mind, and its power of enjoying scenery for what it really is, instead of trying to turn it into something much more sublime, may be seen in the *Bolton Abbey*, where he gives the true character of the Yorkshire hills without uneasy hankering after mountain grandeur. We observe also with pleasure the broad simplicity of his foreground, characteristic of Yorkshire pasture-land. Nobody but a refined and thoughtful artist would have ventured to leave it so. A vulgar man would have cut it up with picturesque bits from other places, and spoilt it.

# TINKERS.

ETCHED BY WILLIAM STRANG.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Painter Etchers, held in March last, called forth a rather general complaint that the leading members did not seem to have taken the matter very seriously, and contributed but few important works. Something, no doubt, was to be said, and was said, in explanation, and the collection certainly contained some very interesting work by the younger men, which received less recognition from the public than it merited. Mr. Strang, in particular, made the most of the opportunity, and the eight plates which he contributed would have been remarkable in any exhibition. One of them was *The Prodigal Son*, published in our March number, and another was the plate which we insert this month. In both are apparent the robust qualities of Mr. Strang's art and his thoughtful study of the masters of etching.

# PARIS.

## VIII.—*The Pantheon, the Invalides, and the Madeleine.*

AS in a former article the two principal Gothic edifices in Paris were studied together, so in the present case the reader is invited to consider three of the principal Renaissance buildings at the same time. The first of these is a church, which has been employed alternately for divine worship and as a Walhalla for illustrious Frenchmen, and which to the present day bears traces of both uses; the second is a church which has become a mausoleum exclusively associated in the popular mind with a great renown entirely unforeseen when the building was erected; the third, again, was begun as a church, continued with the intention of making it a temple for military commemorations, and finally used for ecclesiastical purposes, while still preserving the external appearance of a Greek temple, modified by Roman and Gallic imitation. All these edifices have thus been strangely connected both with religion and with the vanities of human celebrity. All of them, again, have a similar architectural interest as modern experiments with antique architectural forms.

It is one of the commonest of errors, amongst people who do not trouble themselves to keep chronology in mind, to connect Gothic architecture with Christianity by such an intimate association that they can hardly separate the two. Pointed arches and painted windows appear to them ecclesiastical and even religious, whilst classical architecture seems much more suitable for lay purposes. Nobody who has this prejudice can regard a Renaissance church with any fairness. The forms of the architecture in Renaissance churches are not *exactly* those with which the early Christians were familiar, but they are incomparably nearer to them than the Gothic forms. As Gothic work looks very old and ruinous (when it has not undergone restoration), we vaguely give it credit for great antiquity, whilst the real reason for its ancient appearance is because it is an exceedingly frail and unsubstantial kind of architecture, which, after a short time, requires incessant repair. If you divide in three parts the centuries which have passed since the foundation of Christianity you will place Gothic architecture, a French invention, in the third. It is, in fact, the most modern of all the really original styles, and one which was never associated with the early history of Christianity. There is, consequently, no religious reason for the preference of Gothic architecture for churches, unless it is found that pointed arches are more favourable to religious feelings than round ones, and the various fanciful columns and capitals of the Gothic builders more serious than the limited but well-studied inventions of the Greeks.

The idea of the dome came to France from Italy, and it is unnecessary in this place to trace the architectural pedigree of the French Pantheon beyond its ancestor, St. Peter's at Rome, the common inspirer of western imitations. Soufflot, the architect of the Pantheon, was one of those narrow-minded artists who identify themselves completely with a certain phase of art, and who, perhaps, by that concentration of their faculties, express themselves in it as naturally as in their native language. Soufflot committed terrible havoc in Notre Dame, and proved to all future ages that he had neither knowledge nor feeling about Gothic, but when, in 1764, he began the church of St. Geneviève he had found congenial occupation. The Constituent Assembly turned it into a 'Pantheon,' placing the well-known and striking inscription on the frieze under the pediment, '*Aux Grands Hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante.*' Then came the Restoration, effacing the inscription and re-establishing the altars and the dedication to St. Geneviève. After another revolution the inscription was replaced, and the building made once more into a Walhalla. Finally, Louis Napoleon, to please the

clergy, made it a church again, and so it has remained ever since, notwithstanding the Third Republic, which seems weary of the contest. Strangely enough, both the employments of the building have left their mark upon it, so that it is now both the Pantheon and the church of St. Geneviève at the same time, a compromise which seems to have settled the dispute. The building is always called the Pantheon by the general public, though, perhaps, strict Catholics may be careful to use the saintly name, at least amongst themselves. The inscription to great men still remains in large clear Roman letters; and above it, in the tympanum, is a sculptured representation of France distributing rewards to her meritorious sons. On the other hand, the clerical party has various considerable satisfactions. It has placed a cross on the top of the pediment; there are splendid altars inside the building, and the Government itself, the Republican Government, is paying for mural paintings of religious subjects, thereby renouncing all future intentions of destroying the religious character of the interior.

THE PANTHEON.

The Pantheon has stood the test of a hundred years of criticism, without which no building can be considered sure of permanent fame. Its merits are not of a kind to excite enthusiasm, but they gain upon us with time, and satisfy the reason if they do not awaken the imagination. We can never feel with regard to a severe classical building like the Pantheon, the glow of romantic pleasure which fills sense and spirit in Notre Dame or the Sainte Chapelle. If there is emotion here it is of a different kind. The building has a stately and severe dignity; it is at once grave and elegant, but it is neither amusing as Gothic architecture often is by its variety, nor astonishing as Gothic buildings are by the boldness with which they seem to contravene the ordinary conditions of matter. The edifice consists of a very plain building in the form of a cross, with a pediment on pillars at one end and a dome rising in the middle. There are no visible windows, a renunciation that adds immensely to the severity and gravity of the composition, whilst it enhances the value of the columns and pediment, and gives (by contrast) great additional lightness and beauty to the admirable colonnade beneath the dome. There does not exist, in modern architecture, a more striking example of the value of a blank wall. The vast plain spaces are overwhelming when seen near, and positively required the little decoration which, in the shape of festooned garlands, relieves their upper portion. At a little distance the building is seen to be, for the dome, what a pedestal is for a statue; and the projection of the transepts on each side of the portico, when the edifice is seen in front, acts as margin to an engraving. Had their plain surfaces been enriched and varied with windows, the front view would have lost half its meaning; the richness of the Corinthian capitals and sculptured tympanum, and the importance of the simple inscription, draw the eye to themselves at once.

The situation of the Pantheon is the finest in Paris for an edifice of that kind. Only one other is comparable to it, Montmartre, on which is now slowly rising a church of another order, dedicated to the *Sacré Cœur*. The dome of the Pantheon is one of the great landmarks of Paris; it is visible from every height and from a thousand places of no particular elevation. It does not simply belong to its own quarter, but to the whole city.

The interior is interesting in different ways, both as an experiment in architecture and as an experiment in the employment of mural painting on an important scale. The first point likely to interest an architectural student is the manner in which the architect has combined his vaults and his pillars. Soufflot's tendency (unlike that of the architects of St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London) was towards an excessive lightness. His project was to erect his dome on elegant pillars; but these were found insufficient, and another architect (Rondelet) replaced them by massive piers of masonry. Else-

where there are Corinthian columns carrying a frieze and cornice, and above the cornice a groined (intersected) vault, of course with round arches, and having exceedingly slender terminations, as this system of vaulting cuts away nearly everything and leaves a minimum of substance at the corners to bear the weight. You may see such vaults frequently in the works of the early Italian painters, but they always support them by very slender and elegant columns, whereas in Soufflot's work they rest on a Corinthian order, with its entablature, which gives the idea of a contradiction, for either the vaulting is too light or the entablature is needlessly heavy. The Italian painters were consistent on the side of lightness, Wren on the side of heaviness; but it seems as if Soufflot had rather confounded the two, so far as the satisfaction of the eye is concerned.

There is a remarkable peculiarity about the level of the floor; the aisles and transepts are higher than the nave, into which you have to descend by five steps. The general aspect of the interior is agreeable, from the pleasant natural colour of the stone and its thoroughly careful finish everywhere; but the large spaces of wall, though divided by half-columns, were felt to be too bare, and there have been various projects for their decoration. That which is now being carried into execution, includes the painting of many mural pictures at a height which we should describe as the line in an exhibition, and also of decorative friezes at a greater height above the eye. I have mentioned the columns which, half buried in the wall, divide what, without them, would be its too extensive spaces. The existence of these columns cuts the wall into a series of upright panels not always convenient for the purposes of an artist, so it has been decided that the larger compositions should include three of these spaces, and that the picture should in these cases appear as if it were seen behind the columns, which themselves are left without any kind of painting or decoration. The plan was the best that could have been adopted under the circumstances, as the artists would have felt cramped by being confined to narrow upright panels, but it required very careful management to preserve Soufflot's architectural effect.

THE PANTHEON FROM THE GARDENS OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

Mural painting ought never to make us feel as if the wall were taken away, because that is an injury to the architecture. The painting should be so far removed from realism, that we feel the wall to be a wall still, upon which certain events have been commemorated. Amongst French mural painters, not one has understood this so well as Puvis de Chavannes, and it would have been wise to entrust to him the entire decoration of the Pantheon, both for the sake of the architecture and for the unity of the work; but, unfortunately (so far as these considerations are concerned), other men have also been called in, men of great ability, no doubt, yet who were not disposed to make the necessary sacrifices. Puvis de Chavannes is essentially a mural painter. He has accepted the conventionalisms of that kind of art, and his mind is so exceptionally constituted that such restraints are evidently agreeable to him and favourable to his inventive powers. His large work in the Pantheon represents the finding of St. Geneviève when a child by St. Germain and St. Loup, at Nanterre, when they were journeying towards England. The bishop sees that the child has a religious aspect, 'has the Divine seal upon her,' and predicts for her a memorable future. This takes place in a vast landscape, with undulating ground and fine trees in the middle distance against a line of blue hills, and a blue sky with white, long clouds. In the foreground is a rustic scene, including the milking of a cow under a shed; and in the middle distance we have a view of Nanterre, or at least of a mediaeval city. The figures are all very simply painted in dead colour, kept generally pale and hardly going beyond tints, which are often false so far as nature is concerned, but never discordant. Such painting is very reticent, very consistent, and, though it is not true, it contains a great amount of truth, and implies far more knowledge than it directly expresses. The landscape background, for example, is simple, but it is not ignorant; it shows

quite plainly that the painter is a man of our own century, perfectly conversant with our knowledge, yet decided not to go beyond a certain fixed point in the direction of actual imitation. The figures are exceedingly dignified; but when the painter gets away from the muscular type, and has to deal with weaker men or with children, he is not so satisfying. A smaller picture represents the child St. Geneviève praying in a field, whilst the rustics watch and admire her. The sentiment here is very pure and simple, like that of an idyllic poem. In the upper part of the composition a plough-boy, behind trees, watches the saint whilst his oxen rest; in the lower part, a peasant man and a woman watch her also.

Now, although these paintings tell their story perfectly, not a single person or other object in them is so far realised as to make us forget the wall-surface. A story has been told upon the wall just as an inscription might have been written upon it, but nothing has been done to take the wall away. Even the pale tinting is so contrived as not to contrast too violently with the natural stone around it. Let the visitor who has just seen these paintings, and, perhaps, been a little put out by their conventionalism, glance up from them to the pendentives under the dome painted by Carvallo from drawings by Gérard. Those works are strong in darks, and in far more powerful relief than the situation warrants. They are also surrounded by heavily-gilt carvings, which make the surrounding stone look poor; in short, from the architectural point of view, they are a series of vulgar blunders. I would not use language of this kind with reference to so serious, so noble an artist as Jean Paul Laurens, but I cannot help regretting that his magnificent composition of the death of St. Geneviève was not in some public gallery rather than in the Pantheon. The realisation is far too powerful for mural painting. We do not see a record on a wall, but the wall is demolished, and through the opening we witness the scene itself, the infinitely pathetic closing scene at the end of a saintly life, when, even in the last moments of extremest weakness, a venerable woman still throws into the expression of her countenance the benedictions that she cannot utter. One consequence of the external force with which all the figures and objects are realised in full modelling and colour is that the two columns which cross the work vertically are felt to be in the way; in other words, the architecture of the Pantheon is in the way, and so far from helping the architect, the painter has done him an injury, for what are smoothly chiselled stones, what are fluted columns and pretty Corinthian capitals, to the awful approach of Death?

On the other mural paintings in the Pantheon we have no need to dwell. So far as I know them yet* they belong to the class of historical genre common in the French salons, and have neither the power of Laurens nor the careful adaptation of Puvis de Chavannes. Cabanel's pictures represent three scenes in the history of St. Louis—one his childhood, when he is being taught by his mother; a second, his civil justice; and a third, his military life as a Crusader. The first subject is the best suited to Cabanel's talent, and is a pretty domestic scene. The subject selected by M. Maillot for his paintings in the south transept is a mediaeval procession with the relics of St. Geneviève, and these paintings are a good example of a danger different from the powerful realisation of Laurens. In the present instance the evil is a crudity of brilliant colour, like mediaeval illumination, which always seems out of place on a wall unless it is carried out consistently by polychromatic decoration throughout the building.

It is sometimes said by journalists that these paintings are frescoes (wall paintings are generally taken for frescoes). The fact is that they are oil paintings on *toile marouflée*, that is, on canvas fastened to the wall by a thick coat of white-lead. This is now the accepted method for mural painting in France. It is convenient for the artist, as it allows him to paint in his own studio in a material he is accustomed to use, and it is believed to be as permanent as any other.

The dome of the Pantheon attracts the eye simply by its own architectural beauty, but that of the *Invalides*, by Mansard, is lustrous with abundant gilding, and on a sunny day shines over Paris with the most brilliant effect. It is splendid against one of those cerulean skies that are still possible in the capital of France. Certainly nothing does so much for the splendour of a great city as very conspicuous gilding. There are drives in Paris, as, for instance, from the Trocadero to the *Place de la Concorde*, during which the dome of the Invalides accompanies you like a harvest-moon. On a nearer approach it is the architecture that claims attention. The dome itself is fine, but in many respects the building as a whole is greatly inferior to the Pantheon. Soufflot made the body of his church an ample base for his dome in every direction, but at the Invalides one receives the impression of a man with a prodigious head on a small body and very narrow shoulders. The columns of the dome are in couples, with projecting masses doing the work of buttresses. This gives more light and shade than the simple colonnade of the Pantheon, but not such beautiful perspective, as the projections interfere with it. The composition of the front makes us feel strongly

* Some paintings on the south side have been uncovered lately, and these I have not seen.

the special merits of the Pantheon. Instead of the majestic columns of Soufflot's work, his rich pediment, and the massive plain walls on each side as margin, we have in the Invalides a poor little pediment reduced to still more complete insignificance by the obtrusive windows, &c., on each side of it. Again, the front of the Invalides offers an example of that vice in Renaissance architecture which Soufflot avoided — the superposition of different orders. It is divided into two storeys, Roman Doric below and Corinthian above, a variety that the Renaissance architects enjoyed, though it does not seem more desirable than two languages in one poem.

This criticism does not affect either the beauty of Mansard's dome as a fine object seen from a distance, nor the importance of the interior, one of the most impressive in all Paris, especially since it has become the mausoleum of Napoleon I.

THE INVALIDES.

A lofty dome, supported by massive piers perforated with narrow arched passages and faced with Corinthian columns and pilasters, a marble floor of extraordinary richness and beauty everywhere, all round the base of the dome a stair of six marble steps descending to the circular space under it, and in the midst of this space a great opening or well, with a diameter of more than seventy feet, and a marble parapet, breast-high, for the safety of the visitors who look down into it. Such is the first impression of the interior.

Not only do the people invariably look down, but they generally gaze for a long time, as if they expected something to occur, yet a more unchanging spectacle could not be imagined. In the middle there is a great sarcophagus of polished red Russian granite, and twelve colossal statues stand under the parapet, all turning their grave, impassible faces towards the centre. They are twelve Victories whose names have resounded through the world, and in the spaces between them are sheaves of standards taken in battle, and in the red sarcophagus lies the body of Napoleon.

The idea of this arrangement is due to the architect Visconti, who had to solve the problem how to arrange a tomb of such overwhelming importance without hiding the architecture of so noble an interior as this. His solution was admirably successful. The arrangement does not interfere in the slightest degree with the architecture of the edifice, which would have been half hidden by a colossal tomb on its own floor; whilst we have only to look over the parapet to be impressed with the grandeur and the poetic suitableness of the plan. With our customs of burial we are all in the habit of looking down into a grave before it is filled up, and the impressiveness of Napoleon's tomb is greatly enhanced by our downward gaze. We feel that, notwithstanding all this magnificence, we are still looking down into a grave,—a large grave with a sarcophagus in it instead of a coffin, but a grave nevertheless. The serious grandeur, the stately order, of this arrangement seems to close appropriately the most extraordinary career in history; and yet it is impossible to look upon that sarcophagus without the most discouraging reflections. The most splendid tomb in Europe is the tomb of the most selfish, the most culpably ambitious, the most cynically unscrupulous of men; and the sorrowful reflection is that if he had been honourable, unselfish, unwilling to injure others, he would have died in comparative or in total obscurity, and these prodigious posthumous honours would never have been bestowed upon his memory.*

The church of the Magdalen (*Madeleine*) is curiously connected with the history of Napoleon I., who had the incompleted edifice continued with the strange intention of dedicating it as a temple to the memory of *La Grande Armée*. Every year, on the anniversaries of the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, the temple was to have been illuminated and a discourse delivered concerning the military virtues, with an eulogy of those who perished in the two battles. This intention was never carried out, and the building, which had been begun in 1764 as a church, was finished as a church under the reign of Louis

* Some fresh example of his baseness is constantly cropping up. During the last visit I paid to the Invalides, in May this year (1883), I could not help thinking all the time about that letter to which Napoleon forged the signature of Davoust, and for publication too, as narrated not very long since in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

Philippe. Nothing could apparently be more decided in architectural intentions than the *Madeleine* as we see it now. It seems to be plainly a temple, and never to have been intended for anything else. In reality, however, it was begun under Louis XV. as a church, resembling what is now the Pantheon, and the change of plan was carried into effect many years after the works had been actually commenced. It is not by any means a subject of regret that this temple should have been erected in Paris, as it gives many students of architecture who have not visited the south of Europe an excellent opportunity for *feeling* what an antique temple was like, to a degree that is not possible with no more powerful teachers than photographs or small models. Viollet-le-Duc said that it was barbarous to build the copy of a Greek temple in Paris or London, or amongst the mists of Edinburgh, condemning alike the *Madeleine* and the fragmentary Scottish copy of the Parthenon; but surely a student of architecture, born in the north, would visit both the Scottish Parthenon and the Parisian temple with great interest, simply because they show him columns on their own scale, real columns in the open air. We are so accustomed to Gothic and Renaissance churches that a temple is an acceptable variety, were it only to demonstrate, by actual comparison, the immense superiority of more modern forms for purposes of Christian worship. We ought to bear in mind, however, that although the *Madeleine* resembles a Corinthian temple externally, it has not the surroundings of such a temple and is not associated with its uses. For Christian architecture, on the other hand, such a system of building involves a great waste of money and space in the colonnades and the passages between them and the walled building or *cella*. The space in the *Madeleine*, already so restricted, is limited still farther by internal projections intended to divide the length into compartments and to give a reason for six lateral chapels, so that every one who enters it for the first time is surprised by the smallness of the interior. I need hardly observe that there is not the slightest attempt to preserve the internal arrangements of a Greek temple, even if they were precisely known, on which architects are not agreed. The side chapels have arches over them, the roof is vaulted with round arches across the building, springing from Corinthian columns, and in each section is a dome-ceiling with a circular light (as in the Pantheon at Rome), these lights being the only windows in the edifice. The high altar is in a round apse *en cul de four*, with marble panels and a hemicycle of columns behind the altar. There is great profusion of marbles of various kinds, of gilding, and of mural painting, that I have not space to describe in detail. Enough has been said to show that the work, as a whole, is a combination of Greek, Roman, and French ideas. The general idea of the exterior is Greek, but if you examine details you see the influence of Rome, and you find it still more strongly marked inside, by the arches of the roof. The French spirit is shown in the decoration chiefly, which is so truly Parisian that the *Madeleine* is instinctively preferred by fashionable people. A fashionable marriage there is one of the most thoroughly consistent spectacles to be seen in modern Paris. Here is nothing to remind us of the austerity of past ages, but the gilded youth of to-day may walk along soft carpets, amidst an odour of incense and flowers and the sounds of mellifluous music. The pretty ceremony over, they pass out down the carpeted steps, and an admiring crowd watches them into their carriages. And nobody thinks about the dead at Austerlitz and Jena!

THE MADELEINE.

P. G. HAMERTON.

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NOTE.—Although our etching does not illustrate the present chapter on Paris, it belongs to the same series. The spectator is supposed to be at a point in the *Rue St. André des Arts* from which may be seen the *Carrefour* and *Rue de Buci*. It is a very well-known spot in southern Paris, as it includes the angles of four streets familiar to every Parisian,—the *Rues de Seine, de l'Ancienne Comédie, Mazarine*, and *Dauphine*. The object of the present illustration is to give the reader an accurate idea of the average Parisian streets as they existed before the new kind of Haussmann street was invented. The picturesque of the middle ages had almost entirely departed, though it was still met with occasionally, as in the gabled house in the distance of our etching; but as the streets were generally tortuous and the houses irregular, there was still a picturesque variety not to be met with in the new straight *Boulevards* and *Avenues*. Fashionable people lived contentedly on their flats in these streets at more moderate rents than they pay at present, and the whole system of Parisian life was narrower, simpler, and less ostentatious.

# ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART.*

## II.—PORTRAIT-SCULPTURE UNDER THE ANCIENT EMPIRE.

WE have already seen that Egyptian portrait-sculpture—originating in what was deemed a necessity of supreme importance—reached a very high level of artistic realism under the Ancient Empire. Now the Ancient Empire, which may be described as the first chapter in the life of the Egyptian nation, was a primitive, patriarchal time extending over a period not far short of two thousand years. The arts, meanwhile, passed through successive stages of development—stages which recent excavations enable us to trace through a long chain of funerary statues, the work of many generations of sculptors. These statues, it is needless to say, differ widely in point of merit. Some are inferior because they are more archaic; others because they belong to the class of manufactured articles. That is to say, they were got up for sale, like the ready-made funerary stelæ produced under the decadence of Hellenic art, or like the class of goods kept in stock by the monumental sculptors of the present day. Similarly, they found purchasers among that general public which could not afford to employ the skilled artists of the time. To the category of manufactured articles may be ascribed the anonymous limestone group in the Louvre,† reproduced in M. Perrot's profusely illustrated seventh chapter. In these figures no attempt at individuality can be detected. The features of man and wife are precisely alike and equally vacuous; the child is merely 'blocked-out:' and the execution, which is coarse and careless, betokens a bargain of the cheap sort.' The buyer did not even go to the expense of having an inscription cut upon the plinth. Of a totally different character are the before-mentioned statues of Sepa and Nesa,‡ which de Rougé attributed to the Third Dynasty, but which, without much risk, we may now venture to ascribe to the Second. The treatment is feeble, the attitudes are stiff; but it is the feebleness and the stiffness of archaism, not of vulgarity. Earnestness of effort is apparent in every detail, yet the sculptor was evidently hampered by the timidity of unaided inexperience. 'On y sent un art qui a déjà ses instincts secrets et ses parties pris,' says M. Perrot, 'mais que l'exécution embarasse encore.' In these, the two earliest portraits probably in the world,§ we see therefore the best art of its period; but that period was the period of infancy.

From Sepa and Nesa to Rahotep and Nefer-t is a long stride; yet Rahotep and Nefer-t lived as long ago as the time of Seneferoo, last king of the Third Dynasty, and the immediate predecessor of Khoofoo (Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid. These wonderful statues, though older by some centuries than the 'Wooden Man' (Ra-em-ka) of Boolak, reach a higher level in the treatment of the heads. Carved in limestone and coloured to the life, this prince and princess of ancient days sat, between six and seven thousand years ago, to one of the ablest artists in portraiture who ever lived. To convey in words any idea of the amazing verisimilitude of the faces is impossible. Though calm, as if listening, the features of both are instinct with animation. The eyes are inserted, like the eyes of Ra-em-ka—a detail which seems to have escaped the memory of M. Perrot. These eyes of quartz and crystal, enclosed in eyelids of bronze, reveal a play of light within the orb, and return one's gaze with an answering intelligence, that is almost appalling. Rahotep and Nefer-t have been repeatedly engraved, repeatedly photographed, but it was left for M. Bénédite to interpret them with the sensitive finesse and the intellectual fidelity of art.*

The Fourth Dynasty (*circa* B.C. 4235) touches the summit of archaic achievement in the diorite Khafra (Chephren) of Boolak; a superb statue discovered by Mariette, with the fragments of eight others, at the bottom of a well in one of the halls of the granite and alabaster structure commonly called 'The Temple of the Sphinx.' M. Perrot, following Mariette, regards that costly monument as a temple dedicated to the human-headed and lion-bodied Horus. The majority of archaeologists believe it to be a tomb. I venture to think, however, that it was simply the royal Ka-house attached to the royal pyramid, and that its courts and chambers, like the courts and chambers of mastabas of that period, were places of assemblage for the performance of periodical rites. The heads of the eight broken statues represent Khafra at different ages, so proving them to have been executed, like all Ka-statues of the best kind, during the lifetime of the original. Also, it may be remembered that a paved causeway connecting the pyramid of Khafra with the building which I take to be the Ka-house of that Pharaoh was discovered by Herr Emil Brugsch in 1881, and that at the end nearest the pyramid fragments of more

* 'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité: L'Egypte.' Par G. Perrot et C. Chipiez. Hachette: Paris.
'A History of Art in Ancient Egypt.' From the French of G. Perrot and C. Chipiez: translated by Walter Armstrong, B.A. Chapman & Hall.

† Fig. 186, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.

‡ THE PORTFOLIO, No. 163, p. 134.

§ Fig. 427, Hachette. Fig. 172, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.

* Plate facing p. 186, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.

statues of the king were found. Here we have distinct evidence that the Ka-house was an adjunct to the pyramid, and not a dependency of the Sphinx. The causeway may possibly have been a statue-bordered *dromos*, like the Sacred Way at Branchidæ.

The diorite Khafra, cut from a single block—plinth, throne and all—measures five feet seven inches in height. Either the statue is colossal, or the king was taller than most tall men; for if he rose from that chair on which he has been sitting for the last six thousand years, he would stand over seven foot high. Down among the Boolak boatmen, close under the Museum windows, may be found modern Egyptians as tall and as powerfully built; but the general treatment of the statue forbids literal interpretation as to size. It is colossal, but only sufficiently colossal to give dignity to the portrait. M. Perrot, indeed, recognises in it 'the first effort made by the genius of Egyptian art to escape from mere realism, and to bring the higher powers of the imagination into play.' Of the majestic repose of the attitude, the rounded strength of the limbs, the largeness of the style, M. Bénédite's somewhat coarsely engraved drawing gives an excellent impression; but something—it is hard to say what—is lacking to the thoughtful serenity of the features. Still, the general effect is there; and the polished surface and glistering veins of the diorite are capitally rendered. Looking upon this statue in its place of honour at Boolak, one finds it hard to believe that the drill, the emery-tube, the rasp, the file, and the diamond-point, were all unknown to the old Egyptian sculptor. He worked under heavy disabilities. He first blocked out his statue by means of a point and a mallet; next, as the stone was hard or tender, he proceeded to fashion the forms with the chisel or stone-gouge; lastly, and because he knew of no other way by which to achieve high finish, he polished down the minor inequalities of the surface. For this purpose, he employed water or emery-powder. His 'point' and his chisel were of bronze, not steel. With these, and with a kind of small two-bladed hatchet, he appears to have executed all the statues, all the bas-reliefs, all the lapidary inscriptions in which he perpetuated the history and the religion of his race. That such unyielding substances as diorite, basalt, and granite, should have been attempted by portrait-sculptors thus insufficiently equipped, is surprising; but that a masterpiece like the Khafra should be produced under such technical disadvantages seems little short of miraculous. The mere labour that it represents is the least part of the marvel; and yet it must have taken all the best years of more than one man's life to chip, and grind, and polish it into form.

THE DIORITE KHAFRA OF BOOLAK. DRAWN BY BÉNÉDITE.

The rigidity and uniformity of Egyptian sculpture have been unduly emphasized by many generations of critics, all of whom have unhesitatingly affirmed that in Egypt Art was the slave of Tradition; in other words, that the artist was constrained servilely to follow certain canonical types approved by the priesthood.* But this is pure assumption. There was, in truth, no 'hieratic style;' neither was there any 'hieratic attitude.' As M. Emile Soldi has conclusively demonstrated in his valuable work

* As M. Perrot points out, the Greeks first fell into this error, and transmitted it to us. Thus Plato says, 'No painter or artist is allowed to leave the traditional forms or invent new ones. To this day no alteration is allowed . . . . and you will find that their works of art are painted or moulded in the same forms that they had ten thousand years ago.'—*Laws*, bk. ii.

entitled, '*La Sculpture Egyptienne*,' the limitations of that art were simply limitations of material and method. With only such rude tools to his hand, the Egyptian dared not treat his statues with the boldness of the Greek. Had he disengaged the limbs of his figures from the block, or freed their heads from folded *klaft* and massive plinth, he would have broken nine out of every ten in his studio. When not working under this apprehension, his hand was as free as his fancy, and both were independent of sacerdotal influences. In bas-relief subjects, for instance—there being no danger of fracture—he delighted to represent not only the human figure, but animals and birds, in rapid motion and in every variety of attitude. Such sepulchres as those of Ti and Ptah-hotep at Sakkarah, or the 'Tomb of Numbers' at Gheezeh, are each a chapter in the history of animated nature. The geese march cackling in single file with their heads up, or waddle through the grass, pasturing as they go; the calves skip awkwardly with their tails in the air; the gazelle lifts her hind leg and scratches her neck with her hoof; the rams butt at each other with their horns; the donkey kicks up his heels and brays. The master of the tomb, meanwhile, is seen fishing, fowling, banqueting; his boatmen tilt in papyrus skiffs upon the water for his amusement; his buffoons tumble and wrestle; his women servants dance; his bakers make bread; his cooks pluck, singe, and roast poultry; his herdsmen drive home the cattle; his labourers plough, sow, reap, and tread the grapes. It is scarcely necessary to point out that a priestly prohibition against the representation of the human form in other than a prescribed position, could with no show of reason have been levelled against portrait sculpture in the round, and not against portrait sculpture in high or low relief.

With regard to the curious and interesting Ka-statue of Nem-hotep, we have already seen that it is finished from every point of view, and stands on its feet without support or plinth, in direct opposition to the so-called 'hieratic attitude,' the feet being parallel, wide apart, and wholly disengaged from the block. The singular shortness and thickness of these little bowed legs, and Nem-hotep's dwarfish shape and size, for once made such free treatment possible; and, being possible, the sculptor seized his opportunity. Had that treatment been contrary to ecclesiastical law, it is inconceivable that he should have ventured upon it in the case of so sacred an object as a Ka-statue.

Still more conclusive is the evidence of wood and bronze in the hands of the Egyptian artist. Wooden statues and statuettes invariably stand free of artificial support, whatever their size or period, the arms being for the most part separately carved and attached, as in the Ra-em-Ka of Boolak;* or, to take an example from home, as in the life-size wooden statues of Seti I., brought by Belzoni from the tomb of that Pharaoh, and now in the British Museum.

Minor specimens of the art frequently display much novelty and grace in the treatment of the human figure, as may be seen in the beautiful wooden perfume-spoons with carved handles, representing swimming-girls, dancers, lute-players, and the like, some of which are reproduced in M. Perrot's pages, and some in M. Soldi's work before mentioned. In bronze, again, supports being unnecessary, none were employed; and though statuettes of deities were necessarily cast in accordance with conventional types, other figures executed in this material were occasionally treated with considerable playfulness and variety. The beautiful little bronze statuette of a kneeling girl with uplifted arms, engraved in M. Perrot's seventh chapter,† is a case in point.

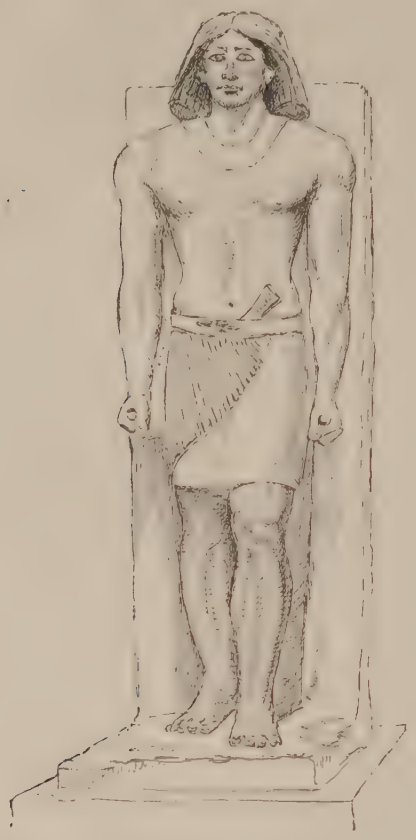
Touching the so-called 'hieratic attitude,' it seems certain that in so far as stone statues are concerned, the arms were placed close and straight against the sides as a mere precautionary measure, and to avoid breakage. For the same reason, no attempt was made to cut away the stone between the legs. The walking position given almost universally to erect statues, was probably a device to counteract and relieve the rigidity of the arms and head; in fact, it was the only possible means of imparting animation to the figure. Puzzled by the persistence with which this one attitude was reproduced from the earliest to the latest stage of Egyptian art, archaeologists (always mindful of Plato) invented the 'hieratic' theory. Only an expert versed in the use of every implement of sculpture could have detected the fallacy, or have exposed it by arguments so practical and self-evident as those advanced by M. Soldi.

Towards the close of the Ancient Empire, these walking statues (which are abundantly illustrated in M. Perrot's pages) attained a surprising degree not only of verisimilitude but of vivacity. This of Ranefer, a Memphite priest of the Fifth Dynasty, is instinct with life-like vigour. His body thrown forward on the left foot, his shoulders and arms well back, his eyes looking out straight ahead, the man seems ready to walk away from his plinth He stands six foot high, and is coloured, not indeed to the life, but sufficiently so to produce a certain amount of illusion. He wears a white kilt, a slender necklet, and a knife in his girdle. The torso is a masterpiece of broad and faithful modelling. The

* See THE PORTFOLIO, No. 163, p. 136. See also the 'Wooden Statue' drawn by Bénédite, fig. 206, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.

† Fig. 256, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.

development of the muscles of the arms, and the articulation of the knee-joints, are admirably rendered.



RANEFER. A LIMESTONE STATUE OF THE ANCIENT EMPIRE, BOOLAK. DRAWN BY BOURGOIN.

Still finer, perhaps, though but a statuette, is this small figure of which Mariette says, 'Si petite qu'elle soit, l'harmonie de ses formes lui donne l'aspect d'un colosse.'* Nefer was by profession an architect, and the style of his portrait shows him to have been, if not actually a contemporary of Ranefer, a dweller under the same dynasty. This little man—and we see by the size of his head and throat, when compared with the proportions of his body, that he was really a little man—may, as M. Perrot remarks, have built one of the pyramids; of Sakkarah, that is to say, for those of Gheezeh were erected some generations before his time. As regards fidelity of portraiture, it is impossible to look in his face without recognising the exactness of the likeness. Had we been familiar with him in the flesh, we could not know him better. The artist has literally held the mirror up to nature. He has given us the man's features as we should see them in a glass, omitting none of those defects of relative proportion which modern sculptors are careful to ignore. Place the handsomest man in Europe before a looking-glass, peep over his shoulder, and you will see that his features, after all, are not symmetrical. Our powers of observation are so blunted by custom, that without the aid of a mirror we cannot even see our fellow-men as they really are. But this old Egyptian artist lived while the world was yet young. Either his eye was not yet vitiated, or, having regard to the future welfare of the Ka, he dared not flatter his sitter. In any case, he saw the man Nefer as nature made him, and so he fashioned his image in immortal stone. Nefer's left eye is smaller and lower down than its fellow; his left ear is higher than his right; his mouth droops, as if some of the teeth on one side were missing. Absolute truth of portraiture could certainly be carried no further. To call such a portrait 'archaic' is a misuse of language. It is simply one of the most admirably realistic portrait-statues in the world.

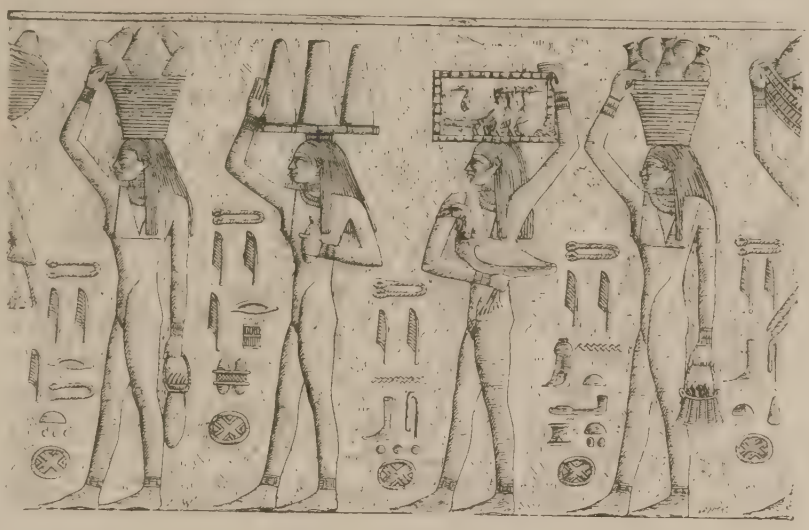
It is interesting to compare the modelling of the torso in these two statues of Ranefer and Nefer. The details of the thorax and of the pectoral muscles are as unlike as we should expect them to be in nature—the one man being tall, powerful, and somewhat heavily built; the other small, spare, and wiry. Evidently, each sat to the artist for his body as well as for his head. Equally interesting is it to compare the carefully studied physical peculiarities of the bodies of these two men with the bodies of the four women represented in the accompanying bas-relief from the tomb of Ti. Here we see at once the difference between portraiture and symbolism. The women of the bas-relief are typical figures representing townships belonging to a wealthy commoner married to a royally-descended lady. They are thirty-six in number, and they form a processional dado extending along the whole north wall of the principal chamber in this famous tomb. Exquisitely carved and coloured, each figure appears laden with samples of the special produce of the estate which she represents.* Like Ranefer and

THE ARCHITECT NEFER. FROM THE LIMESTONE STATUE IN THE BOOLAK MUSEUM. DRAWN BY BOURGOIN.

* *Notice des Monuments*, A. Mariette, p. 181. Paris, 1872.

* The offerings in kind which these symbolical figures are seen carrying, are funereal gifts of food and drink, such as were deposited with the dead on his burial day, and periodically renewed by his family, or by priests appointed for that purpose

Nefer, Ti was a native of the Fifth Dynasty; and we accordingly see in this illustration a specimen of decorative bas-relief belonging to precisely the same period of art which produced the above-named statues. No more distinctly different treatment can be conceived. Every muscle in the bodies of Ranefer and Nefer is a portrait; but in the forms of these lank damsels there is not a hair's breadth of variety. They are neither real nor ideal women. They are mere abstracts of female forms, ranking but a degree above hieroglyphs.



BAS-RELIEF FROM THE TOMB OF TI.

Whether the Egyptian artist of any epoch did, or did not, first model his statue in clay, we know not. No specimens of modelling-tools have been found in the tombs; and although certain mural paintings at Thebes represent sculptors and painters at work upon statues, sphinxes, and the like, the process of shaping the soft clay is nowhere represented. Upon this point, M. Perrot makes the following observations, illustrating his remarks by the three admirable woodcuts here reproduced:—

'Although we have no evidence to show that the Egyptians understood the use of clay models, we have some idea of the process by which they were enabled to do without them, and of the nature of their professional education. The chief Egyptian museums possess works which have been recognised as graduated exercises in the technique of sculpture. They are of limestone, and of no great size—from four to ten inches high. The use of these little models is shown to have been almost universal by the fact that Mariette found them on nearly every ancient site that he excavated. Their true character is beyond doubt. At Boolak there are twenty-seven sculptured slabs which were found at Tanis. One is no more than a rough sketch, just begun. By its side is a completed study of the same subject. Some of these slabs are carved on both sides; on others we find one motive treated twice, side by side, once in the state of first sketch and again as a finished study. The plaques which bear the heads of cynocephali, of lions and lionesses, are remarkable for the freedom of their execution.* The same may be said of the fifteen royal heads

HEAD OF A CYNOCEPHALUS.

HEAD OF A LION.

HEAD OF A LIONESS.

Thus, in the hieroglyphic legends accompanying the above figures, we read, '*Milk*,' '*Wine*,' '*Dates*,' '*Cake*,' &c., each preceded by the name of the lord of the manor; as 'Ti Milk, 'Ti Wine,' and so forth. Strange to say, these drinks and victuals were believed to nourish the Ka, which, it will be remembered, was believed to be a survival of one essential part of the living man, and therefore still subject, in a shadowy way, to the needs of humanity. See Maspero's contribution to the Third Provincial Orientalist Congress, held at Lyons in 1878; also, by the same author, *Etudes sur quelques Peintures*, &c. Paris, 1881; also *Histoire des Ames dans l'Egypte ancienne.* Revue Scientifique, 1879. See also Le Page Renouf's *Hibbert Lectures*, 1880.

* It is to be noted that these delicately executed and very highly finished bas-reliefs are not specimens of the art of the Ancient Empire. They belong to the Saïte epoch, *i. e.* to the period of the twenty-sixth Dynasty, *circa* B.C. 665 to B.C. 527. That is to say, they represent a renaissance of Egyptian art

found at Sakkarah. One of these models is divided down the middle, so as to give accent to the profile. A few of them are squared, in order to test the proportions. . . . Boolak also possesses models of the ram, the jackal, and the uraeus, of arms, legs, hands, &c. Upon a plaque from Tanis the figure of Isis appears twice—once as a sketch and once as a finished study.'—(pp. 323, 324, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.)

In these plaques, M. Perrot justly recognises models for the use and instruction of scholars; not canonical types imposed upon the schools by a conservative priesthood.

The school of sculpture under the Ancient Empire is, as I have said, but the first of many chapters in the art-history of the race. I have dwelt upon it, perhaps, at greater length than may seem consistent with the space at my disposal; but this earliest school is, in truth, of greater importance from many points of view than any of the schools by which it was succeeded. It is the concrete expression of a most curious and interesting religious dogma; and it is also, to the best of our knowledge and belief, an original product of the soil of Egypt. The troubled days of foreign invasion and foreign conquest had not yet dawned. Nor Hyksos, nor Hittite, nor Ruten, had yet influenced the national taste or modified the national type. In the statues of Khafra, of Ra-em-ka, of Ranefer, and Nefer, we behold a well of primaeval Egyptian art, pure and undefiled. And this primaeval Egyptian art, it is to be remembered, is, almost certainly, the oldest fine art in the world. If any such existed elsewhere in the world at that immensely remote epoch, no trace of it has yet been discovered. And this most ancient of all art is in one sense comparatively new. Twenty-five years ago, it was absolutely unknown. Learned works on archaeology written before that time are like books from which the first page has been torn out. Their writers never dreamed that beneath those heaps of ruined masonry and drifted sand which encumber the Memphite necropolis, this buried host of princes, princesses, priests, and nobles of six thousand years ago were waiting their hour of resurrection. At last Mariette, with the instinct of genius, struck the spade in the right spot and brought the dead to light. What Mariette began, Maspero has completed. The one discovered the secret of the serdab; the other interpreted the mysterious word which had so long puzzled Egyptologists. The Ka-belief is the key to the Ka-statue.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.*

some thirty-three centuries later than the art of the fifth dynasty. They are introduced in this connexion simply in illustration of the methods employed in the execution and teaching of sculpture, which must have been radically the same at all periods.

* See foot-note at p. 133. In the preceding number of THE PORTFOLIO, I have noted that Mr. Le Page Renouf in England and Professor Maspero in France, pursuing the same course of study and the same train of thought—at work, possibly, upon translations of the very same inscriptions—simultaneously solved the same problem. Professor Maspero, however, was first in the field in the matter of publication. His paper, read at Lyons in August 1878, preceded by seven months Mr. Le Page Renouf's paper on 'The True Sense of an Important Egyptian Word,' read before the Society of Biblical Archaeology in March 1879. I am particular to mention this, because I was formerly supposed to be in error upon this question of priority.

(*To be continued.*)

## NOTES ON SOME NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

*Charles Brandon, ob.* 1555—*Henry Grey*—*Mary, Queen of Scots*—*Queen Elizabeth.*

IN the Tudor period is the dawn of English portrait-painting: not till the sixteenth century does its sun clear the horizon; and even William Dobson's is something of a borrowed light, and pale beside the shining of Van Dyck. Who are the unknown artists who have left us these four very diverse works? The history of early English art has yet to be written; and though we know that these portraits were not all by Englishmen, we cannot yet even say with certainty that none of them were. Meanwhile we must take them, unfathered as they are, and content ourselves with the assurance that they have been considered by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery as contemporary, and, in a sense at least, authentic likenesses.

We have then before us two noblemen—both friends of Henry VIII.—and two queens of the period immediately succeeding.

The members of this group are more closely connected than might at first be thought. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, is the father-in-law of Henry Grey, in whom his own ducal title was revived, the uncle, by marriage, of Queen Elizabeth and the great-uncle of Mary, Queen of Scots. The destinies of these four, moreover, were strangely interwoven, and not one of them, from first to last, escapes from the grim shadow and dominating influence of the typical Tudor, Henry VIII., who 'began his raigne prodigally, raigned rigorously, lived proudly, and dyed distemperately;' and 'through feare and terror obtained an Act of Parliament to dispose of the right succession to the Crowne, and then by his Will and Testament, contrary to the

Law of God and nature, conveys it from the lawful heyres of his eldest sister, married unto the King of Scotland, unto the heyres of *Charles Brandon* and others.'*

Friar Peyto, preaching before Henry and Anne Boleyn, as bride and bridegroom at Greenwich, compared the former to Ahab, and prophesied that, 'like that accursed Israelitish king, his blood would be licked by dogs.' It is little in accordance with modern habits of thought to connect with this bold and passionate utterance the recorded facts of the blood oozing from the coffin shattered by its journey to the ruined convent of Sion, and the dog that in the morning crept from beneath, licking the red drops, and was with difficulty driven away by William Greville and the plumber. But the law of heredity is the scientist's own version of a phenomenon which has been observed by ancient Gentiles as well as ancient Jews.

'Who may rebuke a monarch bent on wrong,
If he be rough, and resolute, and strong,
And tyrant of the time and fenced with master-sway.
* * * * *
A king who may forbid?
The man-god in his glory-crowned realm
Rises to reach his arm in purple hid
Towards his desire;
While in his face a hunger beams like fire.
His eyes are fate, his lips severe as death,
So that men hold their breath,
As like a whirl-wind on his wish he goes.
Who shall confront him in his deed and say,
'Lord, thou hast wrought a shameful thing to-day?'

And yet

'Heap up his grave and listen: from the ground
From the grey bones when years have greened his mound
Within its circuit of sepulchral stones,
An Até vengeance rises; soft as rain
Her foot-print on the plain,
And like the fluttered leaf her lucid robe,
Wan as a dream she goes,
A floating shadow grey,
Pale-eyed, without repose,
Patient to bide the coming of her day.'

In the first half of the sixteenth century chivalry, though an anachronism and a survival, still supplied the mould into which the pomp and pride of life might most naturally flow; and Henry, who had so narrowly escaped the uncongenial solemnities of the Church, turned with special zest to the stirring pageantry of tournament and joust. And here no fitter comrade or champion could be found than the stalwart Charles Brandon, 'who,' says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 'for his goodly person, courage, and conformity of disposition, was noted to be most acceptable to the King in all his exercises and pastimes.' This 'conformity of disposition' showed itself in various ways, among which was an apparent incapacity for any worthy or steadfast relation with the other sex. If any one wishes to see how dark a view of the character of Brandon may be supported by respectable authority, let him consult the second volume of Mr. S. Hubert Burke's 'Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty,' pp. 222, *seq.* From this account thirty monasteries and either five or six wives would seem to have been among the goods of fortune which the gallant Duke plucked out of the social, moral, and religious chaos of his time; and while Mr. Froude and an unnamed writer are quoted to the effect that he was 'the Wellington of the sixteenth century,' and 'one of the most amiable and excellent personages connected with the King's court,' he is pronounced, on the authority of Dr. Brewer, Leland, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, to have been 'mean, ignorant, avaricious, and deceitful,' 'ignorant and very irreligious, immoral and drunken,' and the instigator of the King 'to do many mean actions, without regard for his word of honour, and notorious for making false statements.' His character has, in fact, been made a battlefield of religious controversialists, and is perhaps hardly worth the trouble of that thorough sifting of original authorities by which alone a true estimate might be formed.

From the portrait here reproduced, and indeed from others equally authentic, it is difficult to see wherein consisted the charm of person which enabled the courtier to emulate, though at a respectful distance, the brutal travestie and desecration of matrimony for which the memory of his royal master is for ever infamous.

The son of a gentleman, perhaps a knight, slain by King Richard's own hand at Bosworth, Charles Brandon, though some years older than Henry, was the companion of his boyhood and the object of the more perilous favour of his kingly days. For various military services he was created first Viscount L'Isle and then Duke of Suffolk, but the crisis of his honour and prosperity was not reached till the moment when in the chapel of the Hôtel de Cluny he became the husband of Mary Tudor, widow of Louis XII. of France and sister of Henry VIII. of England.

The story of this much-admired Princess appeals throughout to our sympathy. Her reluctant obedience to Henry's decree for her marriage with the French king when her own age was sixteen and his was fifty-two; the early affection for Charles Brandon, which made her even then catch at her brother's promise, that 'next time she should please herself;' her grief so inconsolable, and so soon consoled, at parting with her governess,—her 'moder Guildford'; her courageous encouragement of the half-fearful and

* Howe's 'Historical Introduction to his Edition of Stow.'

wholly unworthy Suffolk; her youth, her beauty, her adventures, and her Tudor spirit—almost reconcile us to Miss Strickland's too frequent epithets of praise.

It is sad to reflect that this bearded and broad-chested champion had been 'contracted' to Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Brown, married to Mar-

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

garet Lady Mortimer, then compelled by legal proceedings to marry the said Anne Brown, 'contracted,' after her death, to Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth Viscount Lisle, and talked of as the suitor of the Archduchess Margaret of Austria. It was not, however, till some years after Mary's death (in 1533) that the Duke married Catherine, the young Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby.

In the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington (1866) two pictures (No. 76 and No. 80) represented Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor. In the former, attributed to Holbein, and lent by Mrs. Branfill, a grotesque mocking figure' is introduced in the background. Beneath is inscribed the motto chosen by the Duke for the tournament in honour of his marriage with Queen Mary:

'Cloth of gold do not despise,
'Tho' thou art matcht with cloth of frieze;
'Cloth of frieze be not too bold,
'Tho' thou art matcht with cloth of gold.'

No. 80, lent by the Earl of Yarborough, and wrongly described as by Jan de Mabuse, was very similar, and bore the same inscription, but lacked the third figure.* It is to this latter that Wornum refers when, in his edition of 'Walpole's Anecdotes,' vol. i. p. 59, he gives the following note by Dallaway:—'At Apuldurcombe, in the Isle of Wight, is a small picture on a panel, much in the manner (if not an original) of Mabuse, of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary his wife, Queen Dowager of Louis XII. of France. Another is in the possession of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., in which is introduced the Duke's fool as whispering these (above quoted) monitory verses in his ear. The introduction of privileged jesters, who called themselves and were called fools, into family pictures is not unfrequent in this and the subsequent reigns.'*

Charles Brandon must have been reminded of the above motto, when, three years later, he attended the King his master at the far-famed 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' Our illustration represents him as venerable and greyhaired, for he had the art, rare among Henry's favourites, of keeping his head on his shoulders.

The issue of the marriage of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor was one son, Henry, Earl of Lincoln, who died unmarried in his father's lifetime, and two daughters, Frances and Eleanor. Frances, the elder daughter, became, by a curious coincidence, Duchess of Suffolk. This was how it happened. Henry Grey, third Marquis of Dorset, was descended from the second son of John, Lord Grey of Wilton, and was the great-grandson of Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., by her first husband, Lord Ferrers. This narrow escape of royal blood in his veins seems to have stirred in the Marquis a restless and fatal ambition. With that disregard of the marriage-tie which unhappily characterised the early days of the Reformation, he repudiated his wife Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, and, with the help and encouragement of Henry VIII., obtained a divorce, and then married Frances Brandon. Such were the parents of Lady Jane Dudley. The title of Duke of Suffolk, which in 1551 became extinct by the death in childhood of the sons of Charles Brandon,† was in the same year conferred on his son-in-law, the Marquis of Dorset.

The portrait of the latter is more carefully painted

* Granger, 5th ed. 1824, mentions two portraits of Brandon and the Princess together, but does not distinguish as to the third figure. Both, he says, were engraved by Vertue, and one 'from an original in the possession of the late Earl of Granville. It is now at Strawberry Hill.'

* A third similar picture is at Woburn Abbey.

† Besides the son by Mary Tudor already mentioned, Suffolk had two boys by his fourth wife, Catherine, daughter and heiress of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. These both died of the sweating-sickness in one day. The miniatures by Holbein in Her Majesty's collection at Windsor represent them as most attractive children, and in their death the prosperous Duke must have felt the strange presence of adversity. The miniatures have been engraved by Bartolozzi, and imitated in colour in Chamberlaine's 'Illustrious Persons of the Court of Henry VIII.'

than that of Brandon, and affords a fair specimen of aristocratic male costume at a time when sumptuary laws were enacted and enforced. The 'petticoat,' which in Henry VII.'s time was the usual supplement of the masculine doublet, has been replaced by a cloak or jerkin, with either armholes or separate sleeves; and cropped heads,* and beards and moustaches have replaced the long hair and shaven faces of the last reign. In the original of our illustration the doublet is white, elaborately barred with gold and surmounted by a white ruff. The upper garment is dark brown and turned over, as usual, with fur, while the sleeves, which in this case are not wanting, are ornamented with gold buttons from shoulder to wrist. The cap is black, relieved by a band of jewels and a white feather. The Duke wears, as may be seen, the collar and badge of the Garter; and the latter appears in the original to be gilded and enamelled in white. Unlike his father-in-law, he is without rings. The face agrees so well with Sir John Hayward's description of 'a man for his harmless symplicity neither misliked nor much regarded,' that some effort is required to connect it with the picture of a stern disciplinarian conveyed in Lady Jane's language to Ascham: 'When I am in the presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am sharply taunted and cruelly threatened.' Yet this sterner aspect of the man comes out in the reckless career by which he risked and squandered not his own life only but that of his unwilling daughter. It is probable that in Sir John Hayward's estimate, as in this picture, there is but a partial and inadequate portrayal of the man. At the last, however, when he and Lady Jane, and the husband he had chosen for her, are waiting for the same awful end, it is the daughter who writes to calm and comfort the now broken and dejected parent. And, indeed, the case is no uncommon one. Severe without steadfastness, half-hearted in effort, and restless in repose, such men as Suffolk spoil more lives, and better, than their own.*

HENRY GREY, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

The pleasant and well-painted grey eyes and elaborate costume of our next illustration have been the subject of much investigation and controversy since first they were introduced to the notice of critics in a monograph all to themselves, printed for private circulation by Mr. Fraser Tytler. Since that time (1845) more has been written on the personal appearance of Mary, Queen of Scots, than can here be even briefly summarised.

The following are a few of the facts bearing especially on this particular picture. First, What was Mary like as to colouring? It is clear that, like other ladies of her period, she so seldom showed the natural colour of her hair, that the evidence of eye-witnesses on this point is worthless. And with the colour of the hair must to some extent go our certainty as to the colour of her eyes. Let any one who doubts put a fair wig on his dark friend, or *vice versâ*, and

* Short hair came to us from France, where it was adopted in consequence of an accident to Francis I.

* The similar portrait at Hatfield has been attributed to Marc Gheeraedts.

observe the effect. Brown will not, certainly, become blue, but dark brown will perhaps seem hazel, and hazel, a greenish grey.

L'Hôpital, quoted I think by Sainte Beuve in his 'English Portraits,' speaks of Mary's 'long, elegant, and slender hands, and face of alabaster, which shone beneath the crape and *golden* hair;' but Sir Walter Scott, describing her as a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, mentions thick *dark brown* tresses escaping from under her head-gear. Madam Sand, writing of a portrait she had seen at the Englishwomen's convent, says, 'Mary was beautiful, but *red-haired*,' while Brantome praises her locks 'si beaux, si blonds, et cendrés.' Sainte Beuve, again, quotes the opinion of Mr. Scharf (Director of the National Portrait Gallery) that, 'According to the best pictorial authorities, Mary, Queen of Scots, had in her youth (when Dauphiness) yellow-brown hair. This, no doubt, deepened as she grew older. But in the great memorial pictures of her, with the execution in the background, the hair is deep chestnut. The colour of the hair was made to vary by powder, gold dust, and dyes.' The well-known passage in a letter of Knollys to Cecil mentions another source of perplexity. 'Mary Seaton, who is praised by this Queen as the finest busker that is to be seen in any country . . . yesterday and this day did set a curled hair upon the Queen that was said to be a periwyke, that showed very delicate.'

As to the Queen's eyes we have again to call in Mr. Scharf to decide among the conflicting authorities. In a letter of R. Winkfield, an eye-witness of her execution (February, 1856), she is described as having 'les yeux un peu brunets;' and as Mr. Albert Way truly remarks, hazel eyes are apt to assume in certain aspects the appearance of being grey rather than brown. But Mr. Scharf, in a letter to the 'Times' (November 1877), on the burning of the hall of the Scottish Corporation, in Crane Court, laments 'one of the few authentic representations of Mary, viz. that presented to the Scottish Corporation by Mr. James Douglas in 1753,' which he proceeds to describe as follows:—'Full-length, in long black gown' . . . 'eyes, as in all genuine portraits of Mary, of a rich brown colour, the white being somewhat of a bluish hue.' We learn from Lodge, who gives us a good engraving of the Dalmahoy portrait,* that Mr. Chalmers attempted to solve the problem by collecting historical records as to the Queen's separate features, and employing an artist to produce a modification of that portrait in accordance with the information so collected. The result may be imagined.

The evidence at present points to the authenticity of the so-called 'Sheffield type.' This includes the paintings on panel by Oudry at Hardwick Hall and Hatfield, the monument in Westminster Abbey, and a half-length from Beaurepaire, Hants, now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery, near the original of our illustration. But if the Beaurepaire picture is a likeness, it is clear, in spite of Mr. Fraser Tytler's ingenious pleading, that this last is not. The authenticity of the dress and the accessories is almost self-evident, but the pretty head has an air of not belonging to them, and there is even something a little strange in the way it is set on the shoulders. The picture was originally painted on panel by an unknown artist, certainly *not* Zucharo or Marc Gheeraedts, and has been cleverly transferred to canvas while in the possession of Mr. Fraser Tytler. The theory of that historian was briefly as follows:—The city in the background is Edinburgh, 'rudely delineated, yet containing all the prominent features, thrown together as we might naturally expect to be done by a foreign artist who had never seen the original, but painted from description.' The arms on the shield suspended from a tree-trunk on the extreme left are those used by Mary when, and only when, she was Queen Consort of France. Therefore the picture must have been painted between the accession and death of Francis, an interval of nearly eighteen months. But we know, further, that Mary's assumption of the arms of England, reported to Elizabeth by Sir William Cecil, produced a remonstrance through Sir Nicholas Throkmorton, the English Ambassador, and that Mary in consequence made, but did not keep, a promise to abandon them. Then we have a friendly correspondence between the rival queens, leading up to a letter of Throkmorton's, in which he describes the serious illness of King Francis, and states that Mary had instructed Lord Seton to convey her portrait to Elizabeth. There is also evidence—in the shape of a complaint by Mary that she had not received the promised return from Elizabeth—that these instructions were carried out. Now from the Fraser-Tytler portrait the arms of England are certainly omitted, though Sir Nicholas Throkmorton complains to Cardinal Lorraine, even as late as November 17, 1560, that Mary and Francis 'openly used and quartered the arms of England.' Therefore this is the very picture painted expressly for Elizabeth, and sent by Lord Seton.—Q.E.D.

No one, surely, can reject without a sigh a theory at once so courageous and so neat. Yet either this or Oudry's Sheffield type must go, and the authorities have decided in favour of the latter. We may be

* Concerning which Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks (quoted by Mr. Albert Way), says, 'I never could ascertain the authenticity and originality of any portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, but of that which is in the possession of the Earl of Morton, and was painted when she was a prisoner at Lochleven.' But Mr. Scharf, in a paper read June 15th, 1876, before the Society of Antiquaries, gave good reason for supposing this to be only a modification of the Hardwick or 'Sheffield' type.

allowed, however, to console ourselves with the thought that Oudry does not give us our heroine at her best; and that until the history of the sixteenth century be rewritten, we cannot make sense of it without the key, if not of overwhelming beauty, at least of irresistible charm, in Mary Stuart.

Among the many points of contrast between the two queens it has been pointed out that Mary, for the most part, avoided the ungraceful stiffness and extreme artificiality of Elizabeth's costume. The controversy at present raging between smartness and grace had its counterpart in Tudor times, when, it must be confessed, smartness got much the best of it. There is a legitimate satisfaction in that good workmanship, without which smartness is impossible, there is also a quite illegitimate merging of the human form in the dressmaker's or tailor's art, and the last is but the too-frequent outcome of the first. It has been said with some justice that Queen Elizabeth, for all her greatness, was outwardly a mere frame for the display of fine clothes. In our illustration she is seen in that character. She who is reported to have insisted on being painted without shadows now appears before us—thanks to time and the picture-cleaner—with a face as flat as if it were cut out in tin; but her clothes, at least, have defied oblivion, and remain, like the real garments among the wax-works at Westminster Abbey, to drape an unmeaning and expressionless dummy.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In this portrait, as in others, the line of her shoulders, which is said to have been good, is hopelessly disguised, and the starched ruff and long-waisted bodice proclaim the skill of the laundress and the tailor, while they reduce the Queen to insignificance. No wonder she and Cecil thought it worth while, in the midst of affairs of state, to lay deep plans for enticing away a tailor from Catherine de Medici. 'The Queen's majesty would fain have a tailor that had skill to make her apparel both after the Italian and French manner; and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one that serveth the French Queen, without mentioning any manner of request in our Queen's Majesty's name.' So wrote Cecil to Sir Henry Norris, English Ambassador at Paris. And this is the Princess who for seven years after her father's death dressed like a Puritan, and whose 'maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example than with all that ever Paul or Peter wrote touching that matter.'* For the lady who could be thus described at seventeen, three thousand gowns and eighty wigs seems a considerable wardrobe to leave behind at seventy. In the original of our illustration the dress is

* Aylmer's 'Harbour for Faithful Subjects,' quoted by Miss Strickland, vol. iv. p. 54.

black, ornamented with a network of gold and pearls, interspersed with golden leaves. The ruff, of the smaller variety, fits close to the throat, and is met by a white network embroidered in black. In her hair, which on this occasion is a rather dark yellow, is an arch of jewels and enamel, and a white gauze veil hangs on each side from a sort of plaiting on the top of the head. Her ears and right hand are without rings, the left hand not being shown. The colour of the plain background is a brown-red. The eyes are dark brown, and the eyebrows do not seem to have been marked. The large cut stone in the centre of her jewelled and enamelled collar is black, but this, it must be remembered, was then the ordinary mode of representing a diamond. From the collar is suspended a phœnix rising from flames, a device known to have been used by Elizabeth.

Though not so tall as Mary, who seems to have been above middle height, Elizabeth had a tolerable figure, with well-shaped shoulders and hands, but her hooked nose, bad teeth, and small eyes, must surely have been fatal to real beauty. Yet she certainly delighted in her own appearance, and must have spent in the aggregate a considerable time in sitting for her portrait, for in galleries and private houses we are haunted by her image, though Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of the 'pictures of Queen Elizabeth, made by unskillful and common painters, which by her own commandment were knocked in pieces and cast into the fire.' The enigma of Elizabeth's character is not solved by gazing at her portrait. Something of her harshness, her vanity, her indelicacy, may perhaps be read there; and we may think we see her box the ears of Essex, or fondle Leicester's neck, or hear her swearing by 'God's death.' But the heroes and sages whose lives she poisoned and degraded, while they made her kingdom famous and adorned her reign, were drawn and mastered by a magic which we can but dimly guess. 'It was a great task to prove one's honesty and yet not to mar one's fortune —in our blessed Queen's time, who was more than a man, and, in truth, sometimes less than a woman.' *Letter of Salisbury to Harrington.*

W. Chambers Lefroy.

## ART CHRONICLE.

Mr. Watts, B.A., has presented to the National Portrait Gallery three of his finest portrait studies,—the aged *Lord Lyndhurst, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe*, and *Lord Lyons.*

The Report of the Arundel Society announces the issue in 1884 and 1885 of the groups of Adoring Angels by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Riccardi Palace, Florence. Herr Kaiser has copied for the Society the whole series of frescoes in the chapel, and his drawings are to be seen at the rooms in Bond Street. The chromolithographs will be produced by Herr Frick. The fresco of the Nativity which formed the centre of Gozzoli's series was destroyed during alterations of the chapel, and an altar-piece of the same subject by Filippo Lippi, now in the Accademia at Florence, is said to have supplied its place. This picture will be copied by Herr Kaiser for the Arundel Society, and eventually reproduced, thus completing the pictorial scheme.

A recent purchase by the Director of the National Gallery from the sale of the Sunderland collection of drawings adds another work by the rare master, Mantegna. This is a small tempera painting in grisaille, representing Samson shorn of his locks by Delilah, who is seated against a rock near a sculptured fountain. The price given was 2250 guineas.

An influential committee, under the presidency of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, has been formed for the promotion of a scheme for the establishment at Athens of a British school of archaeological and classical study. A goodly company of scholars, noblemen, artists, and others, comes forward in support of the project, and the public are invited to swell the subscription-list, which is already well started. The acting Secretaries are Professor Jebb, of Cambridge, and Mr. T. H. S. Escott, Brompton Crescent, London.

The prefix of 'Royal' has, by permission of her Majesty, been added to the designation of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, now located in the new Piccadilly galleries.

Every one who has been accustomed to frequent the Print-room of the British Museum will have heard with the greatest regret of the retirement of Mr. G. W. Reid, the Keeper. He has been in the Print-room for forty years, twenty of them having been spent in a subordinate capacity and the other twenty in the chief post. Both the Editor and the Publishers of the Portfolio desire on this occasion to place on record their strong sense of the admirable manner in which Mr. Reid fulfilled the duties of his position towards those who needed his assistance. Though never in the slightest degree deviating from his natural dignity, Mr. Reid did not think it necessary to assume the repulsive attitude towards the public which is sometimes associated with office. He was always accessible, and whenever he knew that he could be of use he willingly gave hints and suggestions, in his quiet way, which were often of the greatest value. Even when we had not occasion to refer to him, the mere knowledge that he was near the Print-room, in his private cabinet, was always a satisfaction, as we were aware that if any difficulty occurred his great range of information would be immediately placed at our disposal. That such an admirable official should have been at the head of a very important department in the British Museum for twenty years was like a piece of personal good fortune for everybody who worked there. To realise this one has only to imagine what the Print-room would have been with a chief who studied his own convenience, and looked upon every questioner as 'an enemy or a bore.' If the principal satisfaction of advancing life is to look back upon a long series of duties well fulfilled, Mr. Reid must have an enviable retrospect.

His successor, Professor Colvin, is too well known to stand in need of any friendly recommendation on our part. 'He was educated at home and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Chancellor's English Medallist in 1865, and where he graduated as third in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1867. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College in 1869; Slade Professor of Fine Arts, 1873 (re-elected 1876); and was appointed Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, in 1876. He is a member of the German Archaeological Institute.' We borrow the above details from 'Men of the Time.' To readers of the Portfolio it is unnecessary to say anything of Professor Colvin's valuable contributions to the literature of the fine arts. During his tenure of the Slade Professorship at

Cambridge he has bestowed infinite pains upon his lectures, and his lecture-room has been crowded to excess. There can be no doubt that the country will find in Professor Colvin a zealous public servant, with a living interest in the preservation and augmentation of the treasures committed to his charge.

THE Premier has been memorialised by a numerous body of artists and students of art on the subject of the National Wellington Monument, designed and partially carried out by the late Alfred Stevens. The memorialists urge upon the Government the expediency of placing in competent hands the completion of the monument in the entirety of the original model, a portion of which now is set up in the crypt of St. Paul's; and they pray that it may be assigned in the nave of the Cathedral a suitable position, as at first intended. Such a reminder of the justice which is due to the sculptor who designed the monument, the nation who subscribed for it, and, above all, to the great soldier for whose honourable remembrance it was planned, seems the more timely when the much-abused equestrian statue of the Iron Duke at Hyde Park corner stands ignominiously deposed from its high position, hid away on *terra firma* among the sapling trees.

WE have received from M. Quantin, the well-known Parisian publisher, M. Chesneau's volume on the English school of painting, which forms part of M. Quantin's series of volumes entitled, 'La Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des Beaux-Arts.' M. Chesneau has the advantage of being a very clear and elegant writer, qualities always precious in literary work, but doubly precious in writings which concern the fine arts, a subject so easy to treat heavily and obscurely. M. Chesneau has also evidently taken considerable pains to make himself acquainted with what has been done in the English school, which is remarkable in a Frenchman. We believe that the increasing extent of information, which has been the result of an increasing interest in British art, has caused M. Chesneau to look upon it with less prejudice than he showed some years ago. Much of the first part of this volume appeared in a volume by the same author, published by Didier & Co. in 1864; but a careful comparison of the texts shows progress in the direction of justice. Compare, for example, the following passages:

'L'esprit britannique dans les arts a les mêmes caractères que le pays: il est dur et mâle, et comme tel dénué de grâce. Ce n'est pas celui qui nous pénètre et nous convient: *aussi le repoussons-nous.* 1864.'

Observe the absoluteness of this repudiation; the whole of the English artistic spirit is treated as repugnant to a Frenchman's feelings. No distinction is made between one artist and another, or between one epoch and another quite different from it. The same passage is preserved in M. Chesneau's present volume, but with a very significant alteration:

'L'esprit britannique dans les arts, *jusqu'à la date où nous sommes arrivés*, a le même caractère que le pays; il est dur et mâle, et comme tel dénué de grâce; ce n'est pas celui qui nous touche et nous convient; *aussi nous a-t-il fallu quelque effort pour y pénétrer.* 1882.'

The date alluded to is 1850. In its new form the application of the passage is restricted to the elder masters of the English school, and for repudiation the author has substituted a modest admission of the difficulties attendant upon serious study. He has also omitted one or two strong passages against the English school. We think it is a pity that he did not omit the following:

'Mais l'école anglaise ne montre en réalité le témoignage d'aucun effort sérieux; venue après toutes les autres, riche de l'expérience du passé, elle n'a, jusqu'à cette date de 1850, que fort peu produit et encore rien institué.'

The reader has only to run over in his mind the names of the leading English artists who worked before 1850 to perceive at once how untrue this paragraph is. So far from having *fort peu produit*, the English painters before that date had produced much; and so far from having *rien institué*, they had instituted one of the most original, one of the most observant, and one of the most imaginative schools of painting in the whole world.

We suspect that, like many Frenchmen, M. Chesneau is often liable to miss the point of an English picture. Most of our readers will remember that the full title of Turner's *Téméraire* was, *The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up*, 1838.

'The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
No longer owns her.'

M. Chesneau does not understand all this, and so simplifies the matter by calling the picture *Le Combat du Téméraire, Soleil Couchant.* He fancies that it is a sea-fight, probably between the tug and the ship (as if steamers had been used in warfare in Nelson's time), and so misses, of course, the entire pathetic meaning of the picture. He would, probably, answer that this is of little consequence, because in art the pictorial qualities are of more importance than the poetic intention, but we think that M. Chesneau is unjust towards pictorial qualities also in some cases, such as Hogarth, for instance. Hogarth was not only a great observer of human nature, but a clever painter as well. There is a great deal of skilful work in his pictures if they are considered purely from the technical point of view. M. Chesneau asks if any one to whom the offer were made of all that Hogarth ever painted and a single picture by Chardin would hesitate to choose the last. This is placing Hogarth far below his proper rank, simply as an artist. M. Chesneau is fairly just to Reynolds and Gainsborough, and not, on the whole, too severe upon the thinner talent of Lawrence; but when he is just in regard to individuals, is it not an admission that the sweeping condemnation of English art, quoted above, is undeserved? The estimate of Turner is fair, and we observe with pleasure that M. Chesneau does not fall into the vulgar French error of looking upon Turner as a feebler Claude.

'Turner ne procède d'aucune école et malgré ses débuts, Claude Lorrain n'a rien a revendiquer dans son talent qu'une influence d'enseignement pratique bientôt écartée. C'est là un des mérites du peintre anglais, il s'affirme lui-même. Son autre mérite, et le plus grand, c'est d'avoir constamment cherché le mieux, et, jusqu'à sa dernière heure, poursuivi la réalisation d'un idéal qu'il plaçait plus haut de jour en jour.'

There is a little confusion in M. Chesneau's judgment of Turner on one point. He says, 'Turner n'a point assez regardé la nature; il a, dans l'emportement de son imagination impétueuse, trop souvent dédaigné la réalité.' The second part of this sentence, that which follows the semi-colon, is perfectly true; Turner *did* too often disdain reality, but the first part of the sentence is mistaken. The evidence in Turner's work that he had observed nature long and carefully is just as abundant as the evidence that he often sacrificed nature to art. After having given some space and really some thought to Turner M. Chesneau returns to his old system of a general attack against the English school: 'Aussi ces deux mots: grandeur, élévation, doivent-ils être rayés de toute étude sur les peintres britannique d'alors.' As if there were neither 'grandeur' nor 'élévation' in Turner!

We believe, however, that these unjust general statements were written by M. Chesneau when he was a much less cultivated critic than he is now. All that surprises us is that he should print them again, especially as he is himself quite conscious that his views are not so narrow as they used to be. He still perceives that English art is very different from French, but he is no longer quite so certain that it is incomparably inferior.

'L'art anglais par son principe est donc aux antipodes de notre art. Il se dérobe aux lois qui gouvernent celui-ci. L'un est-il supérieur à l'autre, le latin au saxon? *Je l'ai cru longtemps, je n'oserais plus l'affirmer.*'

This is very honest writing, which does the greatest credit to M. Chesneau, and it quite convinces us that his previous attacks, however unjust, were made in perfect good faith. He seriously tries to be just to contemporary painters. The account of the pre-Raphaelites is not inaccurate. M. Chesneau perceives that pre-Raphaelitism was a new analysis accompanied by a high purpose, and he is aware (unlike his countrymen generally) that Mr. Ruskin was not the originator of the movement, but its

helper. M. Chesneau's observation that if pre-Raphaelitism holds truth to be necessary, its own truth must be insufficient, is just, though not new. If religious and historical painting is to be really true to fact, the pre-Raphaelites did not give truth enough, for they could not ascertain it; the figures they painted, though full of realism, were not likenesses of the persons represented, the dresses were not really authentic, nor had the adjuncts been precisely ascertained. M. Chesneau's account of the remarkable crisis through which Mr. Millais passed in the transition from his earlier to his present self, is careful and accurate. The French critic seems to respect and appreciate both the young and the mature Millais, whilst he is not unkind to the experimental or transitional Millais who held the master's palette in the short interregnum. We have not space to follow M. Chesneau in his study of the present school of English painters. It is quite evident that he is deeply interested in their work, and that he is able to enjoy it with very little national antagonism. Here and there we notice a mistake, as, for example, the strange one about Mr. Herkomer's picture *Missing*. M. Chesneau explains that the crew of the 'Atalanta' have just landed at Portsmouth, and that the *familles intéressées* crowd the docks at the arrival of the ship. As in the case of the *Téméraire*, the mistake misses the pathos of the work. We are sorry to inform M. Chesneau that the 'Atalanta' never returned, and that these friends of the sailors are not gladdened, but wearied and sickened with daily disappointment.

A VOLUME of Architectural Designs by the late William Burges, A.R.A., has been edited and brought out by Mr. R. P. Pullan, F.R.I.B.A., his brother-in-law. The plates, seventy-five in number, are chiefly republished from the pages of 'The Architect,' 'The Builder,' 'The Building News,' and other illustrated journals; many are prepared from office drawings, one design, of a projected *Fountain of Sabrina* at Gloucester, which forms the frontispiece, is directly taken from the original hand-drawing in Mr. Pullan's possession. Some of the prints or ink-photos are rather rotten, but the collection forms an acceptable record of the chief designs of Mr. Burges, the most thorough and conscientious, as well as most inventive, of Gothic mediaevalists. The editor does not overstate the case in his preface when he comments that these designs evince 'profound knowledge of style, great imaginative power, and versatile genius.' The kind of training which Mr. Burges voluntarily imposed on himself was well indicated by the folio volume of original foreign sketches which he published in 1871—real architectural, veracious studies, no pretty drawings forced up to win popular applause; and the spirit in which he worked penetrated the terse phrases of the characteristic preface in which he told how he had set himself to compile a kind of grammar of thirteenth-century art, and to illustrate it with careful drawings of detail. Then Viollet le Duc's great book came out, and the scheme was laid aside; but after awhile these studies, which had formed part of it, were reproduced, and a limited number of copies printed, at the desire of his brother artists. The illustrations in Mr. Pullan's publication include the competitive designs by Mr. Burges which were not carried out for various reasons, such as the *Memorial Church*, *Constantinople*, *Chiswick Church*, *Edinburgh Cathedral*, *The Law Courts*, and more or less completed work, such as the *East End* and *Lady Chapel of Waltham Abbey*, the great *Cork Cathedral of St. Finbarr*, Lord Bute's *Castle Coch* at Cardiff, *Studley Royal Church*, *Harrow Speech-room*, the very striking and extended design for *Trinity College*, *Hertford*, *U.S.A.*, now in course of erection, certain private houses, *Knightshayes*, the seat of Sir J. Amory, Bart., Mr. Burges' own house in Melbury Road, Kensington, and other less conspicuous examples. These designs are given in the large scheme, as also with some of the assiduous and luxuriant detail in which the quaint, inventive faculty of Mr. Burges found congenial play. Mr. Pullan promises a further volume of the decorative details in the Melbury Road house, which those who are acquainted with it know to be especially curious and beautiful.

A CORDIAL welcome is due to an admirable English catalogue of the collections at the Louvre, abridged from the French official catalogues by S. Sophia Beale, and published in London by Messrs. Harrison, Pall Mall; in Paris by M. G. Galignani. Labour has not been stinted in the difficult task of condensing into a minimum of space, and arranging in the most lucid manner up to date, the abundant material. Suppression of al but the most necessary words has been Miss Beale's effort, in order to make the volume as portable as possible; and it is brought forward accordingly in a small square octavo, light to carry, tastefully bound in black and red, full of all kinds of useful matter, with plans and directions, and moreover with interleaved blank pages for additions and notes—a happy thought. From people who desire to study among the vast art-treasures of the Louvre, and neither to rest content with the meagre information of a Paris guide-book, nor to burden themselves with a library of official catalogues, this handy little volume will meet with grateful acceptance.

THE intelligent way in which the art of engraving is studied in America finds witness in Mr. Charles G. Woodbury's pleasantly compiled 'History of Wood Engraving,' the illustrations for which have been chiefly gathered from the libraries and private collections in Boston and Harvard University. The writer traces the process as thoroughly as can be expected in a volume of some two hundred large-type pages, from the early days of the rude block-books downwards to the fantastic *finesse* of the last American artistic wood-engraving. The modern development, dating from the practice of our Thomas Bewick and the invention of the 'white line,' occupies a considerable portion of the book; and is illustrated by cuts of Bewick, Blake, and examples of recent transatlantic skill. Mr. Woodbury seems very frank in pointing out the dangers which beset the new school: such as neglect of clearly pronounced form, and of relative differences of texture and lack of consistent finish, while he does justice to its charm of suggestion and translation of colour and touch. The selection of the illustrations throughout the book is very happy. Among the early Italian cuts are three from the beautiful *Dream of Poliphilo*, of Francesco Columna, the Venetian monk, 1567. One of the finest portrait engravings of the modern American school is that of *James Russell Lowell*, by Thomas Johnson, an admirable piece of large and discriminative work. The picturesque, brush-like handling of F. Jüngling is shown in a clever head of a *Spanish Peasant in his Sombrero*, which is intricate as possible in the varied cutting. The book is published in London by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and is issued from the American firm of Harper and Brothers.

THE last two issues of Herr Unger's etchings of the Belvedere Gallery give scope for his singular power of interpretation. Part XVI. contains the *Four Quarters of the Globe*, a group of allegorical figures in Rubens' boldest manner; the *Portrait of a Man*, holding a golden claw in his hand, now ascribed to Lorenzo Lotto, a picture of suave and noble style; *Sigismonda*, otherwise *The Repentant Magdalen*, by Farini; and a landscape called *The Tomb of Cecilia Metella*, by Gaspar Poussin. Part XVII. opens with the Raphael *Madonna and Child, and St. John*, which was painted for Taddeo Taddi, and by a descendant of the family was given to the Archduke Ferdinand Carl von Tirol. Then follow *A Portrait* by Vandyke, at one time mistakenly called Charles I. of England; *The Physician* of Gerard Dow, and a sketch of the *Miracles of St. Francis Xavier*, by Rubens. In this category style and touch vary entirely with each master. As a translator of Rubens, Herr Unger always has shown himself strong; he is equally happy with the delicate precision, the soft, generalised textures, the tender and smooth flesh-painting of the early Raphael. This *Madonna im Grünen* is one of the etcher's happiest pieces of interpretation. The L. Lotto and the Gerard Dow are also sensitively faithful to touch and full of skilful gradations of tone.

# STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD.

BY THE LATE DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

THIS drawing was one of those left in the artist's studio at his death, and sold at Messrs. Christie's in May last, when it was purchased for reproduction in THE PORTFOLIO. It is obviously a study from life, and the graceful head is drawn in the most simple and unaffected manner. Those who have been disposed to believe that the artist had but one type of face may here find evidence that Rossetti was able to study with enjoyment a model without full lips, or large eyes, or heavy masses of hair. It is only, indeed, in the drawing of the neck that any trace of mannerism is apparent.

# PARIS.

## IX.—*St. Eustache, St. Etienne du Mont, and St. Sulpice.*

NEXT to Notre Dame, St. Eustache is the largest church in Paris, and the difference between them is much more marked in length than in height and breadth. The length of Notre Dame is nearly

THE CHURCH OF ST. EUSTACHE.

127 mètres, that of St. Eustache only 88½; but while the breadth of Notre Dame is 48 mètres, that of St. Eustache is nearly 43; and the difference of height between the two edifices, internally, is scarcely more than one English foot in favour of the Cathedral. Besides their similarity in height and width, the two churches have an important feature in common—their double aisles. In short, it seems as if the builders of St. Eustache had in their minds some distinct idea of rivalry with Notre Dame, at least to a certain degree.

Before the present church of St. Eustache, there existed a Gothic edifice that was not half so long, nor half so broad either, so that it would not occupy a quarter of the area; and if its height was proportionately small (which is probable, as the present building is very lofty), the cubic dimensions of the old church* would be less than one-eighth of those of its successor. It is evident, therefore, that so far as the importance of the edifice is concerned we have nothing to regret; and it is not probable that the Gothic church exceeded the present building either in elegance of design or perfection of workmanship, whilst it may be accepted as certain that it could not have been so interesting to the student of architecture because the St. Eustache that we know is a valuable experiment on a scale sufficiently imposing for it to be really decisive.

The interest of St. Eustache consists in this, that the designer, whoever he may have been, attempted

* There had been another church still earlier, and perhaps a still more remotely ancestral edifice than that; but of these we know nothing.

to combine the general impressiveness of a Gothic edifice with the spirit of the Renaissance in every detail. He must have admired Gothic architecture in a certain fashion, and he must have appreciated its influence on the mind, yet at the same time he did not admire it enough to follow it slavishly in anything. Nobody knows who the first architect was. It has been said that his name was David; and there was a Charles David buried in the church, whose epitaph says that he was architect and conductor of the building of that church; but he must have been a successor to the first architect, as the first stone of the present building was laid by the Provost of Paris in the year 1532 (August 19th), whilst Charles David was born in 1552. It is much to be regretted that the original architect's name should have lapsed into complete oblivion, as he was an original thinker in architecture and a man of poetic imagination.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT. FROM A SKETCH BY A. BRUNET DERAINES.

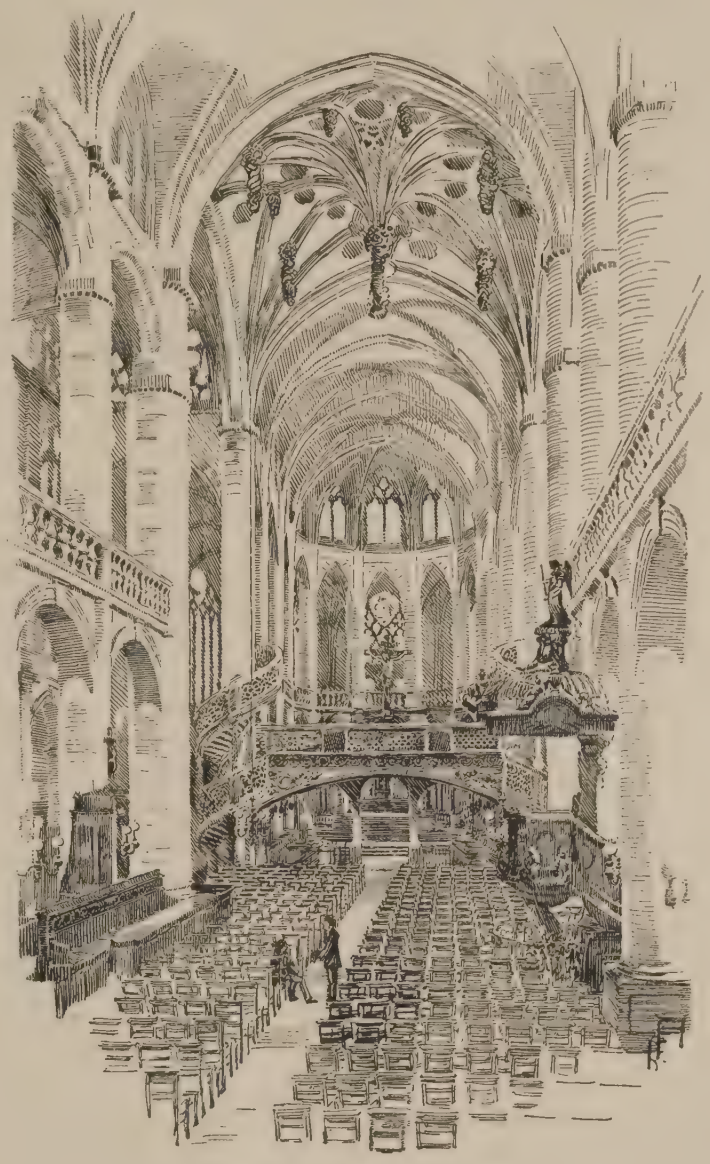
St. Eustache is closely connected, chronologically, with the Hotel de Ville, as that edifice was begun just a year after the church. It has been supposed that the architect of St. Eustache must have been the architect of the Hotel de Ville, or else one of his pupils, but this is a mere supposition without any evidence to support it. We may observe that although both edifices are works of remarkable merit, their merit is not the same. The Hotel de Ville is simply a Renaissance palace, very beautiful, but not attempting to solve any such problem as the reconciliation of two opposite styles; whilst the church of St. Eustache is from beginning to end a sustained and conscious effort to unite the imposing effect of Gothic with the delicacy and comparative sobriety of Renaissance architecture. The result is a hybrid in which every visitor who knows enough about architecture to be able to disentangle two opposite elements will find ample and pleasurable occupation.

The ground-plan of St. Eustache approaches more nearly to that of Notre Dame than would be believed from the outward appearance of the two edifices. At St. Eustache the long limb of the cross is much shorter in proportion; but you have the same four lines of columns, or piers, the same round apse and *pourtour*, and the same series of small chapels outside the double aisles. In both edifices the transepts only reach to the external walls of the chapels.

Other features that the two buildings have in common are flying buttresses, rose-windows in the transepts, and spires at the intersection of the roof. That of Notre Dame has been restored, as we have seen, but the spire of St. Eustache was long since shortened to make a platform for a semaphore telegraph, and has never been re-established.

The comparison fails most decidedly at the west end. Everybody knows that Notre Dame has twin towers and a great west front; but, unfortunately, of the twin towers that St. Eustache was to have had only one has been built, and that is small and not noteworthy. Nor is it really one of the towers intended by the original architect. It is an invention of the eighteenth century, when it was thought necessary to erect a new 'portail,' which included a complete new front. The unknown original architect had built a west front completely in harmony with the rest of the edifice; but as for the towers, he had

only carried one of them partly towards the height of the first detached story, whilst the other, though prepared for, was not carried high enough to detach it from the body of the church. Still, though incomplete, the original front was beautiful, being as elegant in its severer parts as the rest of the exterior; whilst, in obedience to Gothic precedent, it was enriched with statues on the buttresses and in the doorways, and with other decorative sculpture, which, if we may judge by what remains elsewhere, must have been of the most delicate and refined quality. That was in the time of the elegant Renaissance, when fancy and invention were not yet excluded from architecture. Then came the terrible mechanical period in the eighteenth century, when both architects and the public persuaded themselves that graceful fancy was too light an element to be admitted in serious art; and it happened unfortunately that the west front of St. Eustache was rebuilt during this period, without the slightest consideration for the desire of the original architect that the church should be a combination of Gothic with Renaissance forms.



INTERIOR OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT.

The new *portail* was a very severe and very dull arrangement of Roman Doric on the ground story, with Roman Ionic and a plain pediment above. The one tower that was built is in a sort of Italian Corinthian. In order that the pediment might not appear too absurdly out of place, the lofty, old gable which would have appeared above it was cut off like the side of a pyramid with an Italian balustrade at its base. The general result is a huge *applique* that no more belongs to St. Eustache than it would belong to the *Sainte Chapelle*. It is much to be regretted that a complete restoration of this part of the church was not undertaken during the reign of Napoleon III., when it might have been quietly carried into effect. At the same time towers might have been built in the spirit of the original work. It is now too late to dream of any such expenditure on the part of the Government; and the priests have enough on their hands with the huge monumental church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, which absorbs all the money that can be collected.

It is interesting to observe in what way the classical tastes of a Renaissance architect modified Gothic forms. Greek architecture, though elegant, was stiff and angular; Roman architecture, though less visibly angular because it had the round arch, was still simple and severe; but Gothic architecture became pliant like the branches of trees and lively like tongues of flame. In St. Eustache the Gothic forms are stiffened by classical feeling. The tracery of the windows is simplified and monotonously repeated in corresponding parts of the church. This simplification is especially visible in the rose-windows, so poor and angular in comparison with true Gothic. Again, in the spaces over the doors, instead of the richly inventive sculpture of the Gothic tympanum, with its elaborate story of the Fall of Man or the Last Judgment, the Renaissance architect has introduced

hexagonal tracery almost like the cells of a honeycomb. Even in the large pilasters with Corinthian capitals the half-column becomes an elongated panel with a triangle at the top, and another triangle at the bottom, pointing towards each other. For the intricately curved iron-work on Gothic doors we have plain oblong panels giving sixteen right angles to each door. In a frieze running above the lowest windows triglyphs are introduced, and all the rest of the ornamentation is so angular that they do not seem out of place. With its exceedingly perfect finish, and its abundance of plain little details, the outside of St. Eustache reminds one of nothing so much as a masterpiecé of serious cabinet-making. And the wonder is, that although the style is a jumble of reminiscences from Greece, Italy, and mediaeval France, not one of them in a condition approaching to purity, the whole is perfectly harmonious. The reason is that every borrowed idea has been so modified as to combine with every other.

The interior has one transcendent merit, and several obvious defects. The merit is an overpowering sublimity due to the expression of height which again is in great part the result of the narrow space between the columns, or piers, and the elevation of the point at which the arches spring. It is like being at the bottom of a deep and narrow ravine and seeing it spanned by a little stone bridge far up above our heads. The impression of loftiness is also greatly aided by the unusual height of the aisles.

Unfortunately, the narrowness of the space between the piers, and the comparative massiveness of the piers themselves, have the bad effect, sometimes met with in Gothic churches, of impeding the view diagonally. So long as you are in the large open space of the nave it is well, because that space is open enough to prevent any sense of confinement, but though the aisles are very lofty they convey the feeling of narrow passages, because the successive piers of masonry are joined together in perspective exactly as if they were walls, and you only get a glimpse through the opening which is nearest you. Some readers may remember the remarkable difference in this respect between the Cathedral at Rouen and the well-known Church of St. Ouen in the same city. The Church of St. Ouen is much more open, which gives more spacious perspectives, and may be one of the reasons why it is so generally preferred to the Cathedral, in spite of some architectural authority on the other side.

There is one notable advantage in the mixed style of St. Eustache. It is near enough to classic architecture to admit without incongruity both learned figure sculpture and learned modern painting, so that there is no necessity for archaic forms in either. It is probably for this reason that St. Eustache seems more happily and suitably decorated than most other churches.

On the whole we must come to the conclusion that the interesting experiment of combining Gothic effects with classical details and finish could not have been made more intelligently than here. It is not at all an unreasoned decadence of Gothic, it is a combination at once logical and imaginative. The unknown architect was an artist, and a great artist; he could rise to the sublime, and enjoy the exercise of a delicate and discriminating taste. Yet in spite of his rare powers of combination he founded nothing. The style of St. Eustache might have become the modern style, but it did not. In the eighteenth century men fell into that heavy style of pseudo-classical architecture founded on debased Italian precedent, which mistook dulness for dignity, and of which we have a striking example in the west front of St. Eustache itself. In the nineteenth, ecclesiastical architecture in Paris has gone in two directions—either towards a revival of past styles, as in the meagre Gothic Church of St. Clotilde, the Gothic Church of St. Bernard (Rue d'Alger) and others, the Romanesque St. Ambroise (Boulevard Voltaire), and St. Pierre de Montrouge; or else towards the invention of a thoroughly modern style, as in St. Augustin, the Trinity, and St. François Xavier. It is useless to indulge in unavailing regret, and it may have been necessary to the full understanding of Gothic by the architects of our time that many of them should pass through that wretched state of probation known by its fruits in miserable pseudo-Gothic; yet it seems as if, in St. Eustache, they had a compromise between modern finish and Gothic invention which might have suited modern capabilities, and at the same time have harmonised with the development of other arts.

The church of St. Etienne du Mont (near the Pantheon) is not, like St. Eustache, an example of the complete fusion of the Gothic and Renaissance ideas; it is an example of Gothic in its decadence, strongly influenced by Renaissance, and finally lost in the new style from which every trace of Gothic is eliminated. There is, consequently, in St. Etienne nothing of that strong and peculiar artistic interest that belongs to the remarkable edifice we have just been describing. St. Eustache stands alone, but there are many churches in which a debased Gothic is clung to with hesitation, and at length abandoned, in some important part, for the style that had come into fashion. Still, very few of these churches can be compared to St. Etienne for a certain romantic charm. Only the most severe and intolerant purists in Gothic would quarrel with a decadence like this, in which, if a great art is dying, it dies like the last cadences of music, leaving only a regret for the end of inspiring or sweet emotions. You may build a church entirely according to rule, you may copy in all

its details the best art of the best time, yet not succeed in awakening any feeling beyond a cold approval of your accuracy. In St. Etienne there are many deviations from precedent, many things that are theoretically difficult to defend; but the building is a poem, the architect was an artist who had feeling and imagination, and this small interior impresses the mind more powerfully than many that are far vaster and incomparably more costly.

We have seen that in St. Eustache the view is diagonally blocked by the nearness and thickness of the piers. In St. Etienne this fault is happily avoided. The architecture is everywhere open and penetrable, and the intersections are delightful, especially because you are always sure to have painted windows in the background. The clerestory is proportionately low, being only the height of the arch in the groined vault itself; and consequently the pillars would have appeared too high had they not been united, at nearly half their height, by a gallery on arches, which is one of the original features of the church. This gallery, which (though otherwise placed) answers to the triforium in pure Gothic edifices, is exceedingly light with open balustrades, and it has afforded an excuse for the elegant staircases that wind round the columns on each side the beautiful rood-screen, and belong to it, not only by their design, but also as parts of the same beautiful and elaborate composition.

WEST FRONT OF ST. ETIENNE DU MONT.

The great charm of St. Etienne is the beauty and variety of the accidental views in it. There is in every church the great view down the nave, and if that is not successful we say the building is a failure; but besides this supremely important aspect of the building, there is, or there is not, the quality of revealing unexpected beauties. Some churches are very remarkable for the possession of this quality—they even possess it to a degree that the architect himself may possibly not have foreseen; others are absolutely destitute of it. There is no trace of it in the Madeleine. When you have been in the Madeleine a quarter of an hour you have nothing more to discover as to the possibilities of its architecture, and for any new interest you must turn to the decorative details added by the sculptor and the painter. On the other hand, there are many little-known churches—such as that at Dreux, for example—of which the charm consists in lovely combinations, that seem entirely accidental, and which a painter would immediately select in preference to the long, formal view down the nave. The best places for finding these are near the intersections of the nave and transepts, and in the *pourtour* round the apse, when happily there is one. In *St. Etienne du Mont* all the necessary conditions for producing happy accidental combinations exist in the utmost perfection. The view is never blocked up, and there is always a rich mystery of painted glass at the end of it, relieving the cool colour of the stone. The prettiest of these minor views are those from the aisles looking across the transepts and towards the apse, because there you get the extremely elegant work of the rood-screen, which is continued across the aisles, leaving a passage through beautiful doorways under the prettiest little pediments imaginable, surrounded with fanciful and delicate sculpture in the charming taste of the refined Renaissance.

The west front of St. Etienne is very well known from photographs. It is a curious composition, not defensible, logically, yet picturesque and elegant in the total result. First you have a pediment supported on four imbedded columns of a debased Corinthian, with an arch above the tympanum over a square-headed door. Above the apex of the pediment oddly comes a rose-window, much nearer to pure Gothic than those in St. Eustache, and over the rose-window a *fronton* in the segment of a circle like those which alternate with pediments on the river-front of the Louvre. To crown all, we have a highly-pitched gable, essentially Gothic in principle, but with Renaissance ornament. The tower is narrow and elegant, and the composition of the front is happily aided by a little turret with pepper-box roof low down to the left. To a taste educated in the severe tradition either of Greek or of pure Gothic such a combination as this must seem indefensible, yet it is at the same time elegant and picturesque. It may be proved, by reasoning, to be incongruous, and yet there is so much good management in the proportioning of the parts and the finish of the details that it is impossible to turn away from such a work without a tormenting desire to look at it again.

THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.

The church of St. Sulpice is very imposing from its dimensions, and the sober massiveness of its construction, but it has none of the charm which belongs to the two edifices we have just been studying. The front is composed of two stories that include the lower parts of the towers, and between the towers an open portico with a loggia above. The architect employed two orders in the front, Italian Doric in the lower story and Italian Ionic in the loggia. Corinthian is freely employed in the northern tower, and a sort of Corinthian also in the other, which has never been externally finished, though it has attained its full height. A common criticism of this front is that it does not answer in any special manner to the interior of the church, of which it explains nothing. It is, in fact, only a gigantic screen giving the church a sort of adventitious importance. Architecture of this kind may excite admiration by majesty and grandeur, but, unlike the work of the elegant Renaissance, it can never charm or delight. It is the architecture of pride and power, it is not the architecture of inventive affection.

The rest of St. Sulpice externally is heavy, substantial, and dull. It is, I believe, a most respectable piece of building and likely to be very durable, but it seems destitute of fancy and imagination. The interior has round arches springing from massive piers against each of which is a Corinthian pilaster, and the roof is simply vaulted with a large arch springing from the walls pierced with lower vaults for the clerestory windows. The effect is serious without any of the lightness and grace that characterise the Pantheon. Much of the effect of St. Sulpice is due to its great size. The measures given by different authorities are not precisely alike; but it appears from them that the church of St. Sulpice is longer and broader than Notre Dame, and very nearly as lofty in the interior. The towers of St. Sulpice are higher by two mètres than those of the metropolitan Cathedral, which they resemble in this, that they were to have had spires, or some kind of superstructure that was never added for fear of insecurity.

The greatest artistic attraction in St. Sulpice is the chapel of the Holy Angels, with three large mural paintings by Eugène Delacroix. He painted these on the wall itself, which he primed in white lead with his own hand. They were finished in June 1861, and Delacroix admitted people to see the chapel by circular before it was open to the

general public. He was anxious about the effect on the art world, and rather disappointed, as M. Charles Blanc and others were decidedly cool, and the press was much divided in opinion. Since then Delacroix is better understood, and we are not so much disconcerted by his violent action and strong colouring. The subjects on the walls are Heliodorus beaten and Jacob wrestling, whilst that on the ceiling is a Saint Michael triumphing over Lucifer. I have not space for any adequate criticism of these works, but may say that the subjects suited the artist's genius exactly, and that he did himself justice. Whether art of that character, which is entirely wanting in repose, is suitable to mural painting, is another question. I think it is not. I believe that if the calm stability of architecture is to be happily accompanied by painting, the pictorial accompaniment should neither be too active nor too loud. It ought to be serene, calm, majestic, and severely conventional. In a moveable picture the artist may display as much fire and impetuosity as he pleases; if the owner afterwards hangs the work in a wrong place it is not the artist's mistake, and it is easily remedied: but mural painting becomes a fixed part of the edifice, and the feverish energy of Delacroix seems out of harmony with the stately and massive architecture of St. Sulpice.

P. G. HAMERTON.

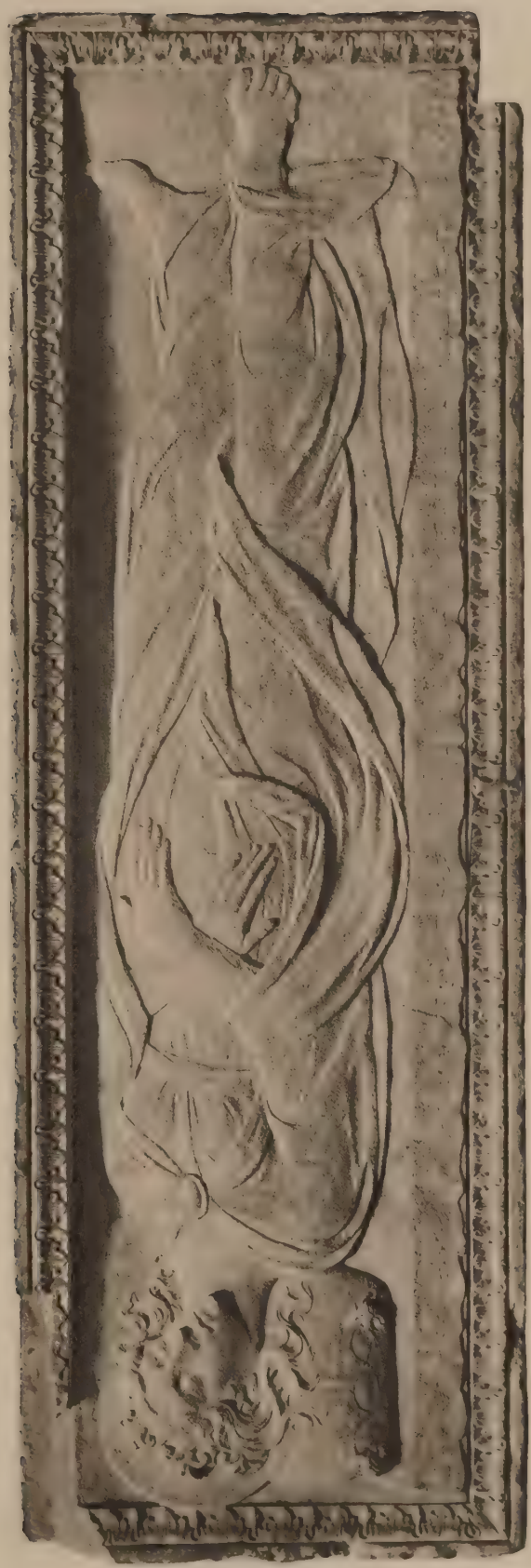
## DONATELLO.

AMONG the additions recently made to the collection of Italian sculpture at South Kensington, the most beautiful is the effigy of a virgin martyr in low relief, which forms the subject of our principal illustration to-day. The original comes from Padua, and the personage represented is presumably St. Justina, the patron saint of that city. The aureole about her head attests her saintship; the crown and robe her royal birth: her other customary emblem of the sword is wanting. The work, as we have it, is, probably, only a detached portion of a monumental structure of complex design, such as it was one of the chief occupations of Italian sculpture in the fifteenth century to produce. A feature of nearly every such monument in that age, whether raised to celebrate the virtues of some distinguished person lately dead, or to exalt the memory or enshrine the bones of some long-departed saint, was a sarcophagus adorned with an effigy of the person commemorated: such effigy most commonly consisting of a statue recumbent on the lid of the sarcophagus. The work now under consideration is of an unusual kind, being neither an ordinary sarcophagus, nor yet one of the carved panels commonly employed for altar-fronts. In shape it is like a sarcophagus open at the back, and having its front and two ends carved with figures in low relief. The subject at either end is a boy-angel swinging a censer, while in front is the recumbent effigy figured in our plate. The entire oblong field, as the reader will perceive, is enclosed by a leaf-and-tongue moulding borrowed from the Greek; a small cross being carved in the middle of the lower margin. Within this border the relief is carefully contrived so as to give the figure the appearance of perspective; not, however, the full perspective of a body lying naturally on its back, but rather the partial perspective of one somewhat tilted towards the spectator. Towards the top, the field of the relief is recessed sufficiently to receive a strong shadow from the upper border; along the bottom is indicated in slight projection the edge of the plank bed, covered by a drapery, on which the body is supposed to lie. The head of the saint is supported by a pillow of formal shape, with the fastenings of the pillow-case duly indicated in the marble. She wears a royal robe, clasped at the throat by a brooch, and opening over the body so as to show the under-tunic, which is drawn slightly together by a girdle at the waist, a straight fold of the tunic passes down between the breasts, and forms with this girdle the suggestion of a cross: further on, the folds of the cloak come together again, and cover the legs, leaving only the feet free. The arms are crossed at the wrist, and the hands laid flat and somewhat stiffly on the body: neither has the sculptor chosen to temper, by the smallest admixture of artificial grace, the rigidity of death in the posture of the legs and feet. Partly this unflinching sincerity of treatment, partly the conventional perspective of which I have spoken, partly the inherent difficulty of the undertaking, impart a certain air of primitiveness and constraint to a work which is nevertheless in its way full of accomplishment and charm. A Greek would have used less realism, and obeyed a more fastidious instinct, in the disposition and treatment of the hands and feet. But hardly a Greek could have carved the drapery with truer feeling or greater perfection of workmanship; while in the tenderness with which the virgin forms are modelled beneath the simply girdled tunic; in the air of gentle and hallowed repose in the sleeping head, not lying stiffly as in death, but bent lightly sideways on the pillow, with the hair wandering in free and pure curves besides the cheeks; in these things there breathes the peculiar spiritual grace of Christian and Italian art. One of the special achievements of the Italian sculptors of this age was to render in marble, within the limits of the lowest relief such

delicacies of facial modelling and of expression as the subtlest draughtsman on paper can hardly find a touch tender enough to follow: and there are few finer examples of their power than the foreshortened face of this *St. Justina*, with its pure contours, thin and worn almost to sharpness, its beautiful and gently closed mouth and eyelids, and its setting of exquisitely straying hair.

The hand that produced this admirable and characteristic piece of early Renaissance sculpture was unquestionably Florentine. Nay, we may be sure that it was the hand either of the great Florentine master, Donatello, himself, or of one among his immediate pupils. Donatello lived and worked much at Padua from his fifty-eighth to his seventieth year (1444–1456). Besides the famous bronze equestrian statue of the condottiere Gattamelata, figured also in our text, there may be still seen there, in the great church of St. Antonio, scattered pieces of his work in bronze and marble, and among them statues (executed, it is said, by pupils under the master's eye) of the four patron saints of the city, including this very St. Justina.

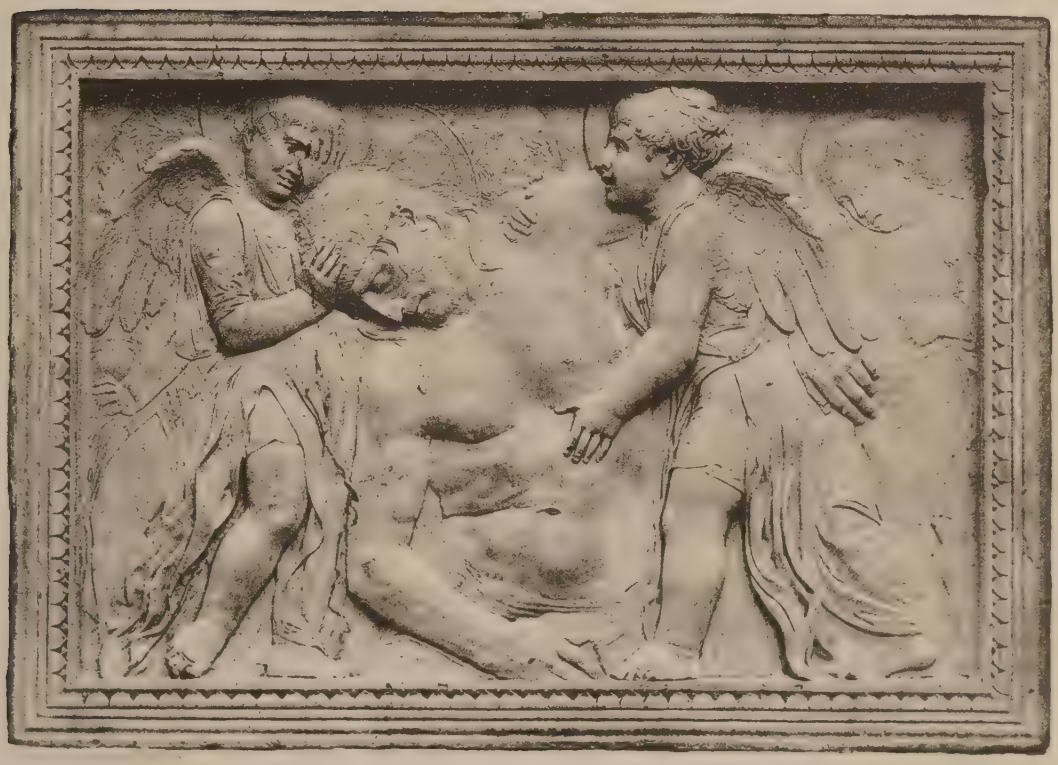
The general rank and character of Donatello, as the most vigorous, most original, and most diversely gifted of all the sculptors of Tuscany, are too well known to be insisted on here. He was one, with Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, of the famous trio who at the opening of the fourteenth century initiated a new era of art and genius in Italy. The inspiration of a former age of art had been exhausted, and its great men had passed away. At Florence during the second and third quarters of the fourteenth century there had flourished an admirable school of sculpture, founded in equal degrees on the teaching of Giotto and of the early Pisan masters. Its chief men had been first Andrea Pisano and afterwards Orcagna, who, working in connexion with Gothic forms of architectural decoration, had produced sculptures unsurpassed for justice and simplicity of design, and for thoughtfulness and dignity of religious and symbolical expression. In these qualities the men of the new age could not surpass their predecessors. But they had other worlds to conquer: they had mastery to acquire over a thousand details of natural fact: they had antiquity to rediscover and emulate: they had an eager curiosity to satisfy, and a spirit of experiment to carry them out into fields unexplored by the grave and concentrated devotional spirit of other days. Of all the masters of this new age, Donatello was the most many-sided, and had the greatest and most stimulating influence on others. As a lad of seventeen he went to Rome with Brunelleschi, and flung himself under his guidance into the study of ancient classic sculpture and architecture. Two years later, in 1406, he was back in Florence, working as an assistant to Ghiberti, his senior by a very few years, on the first of Ghiberti's two bronze doors for the Florentine Baptistery. Classic grace, the principle of rhythm and beauty, had taken Ghiberti captive from the first, and held him in allegiance to the end, in conjunction latterly with another principle, the principle of pictorial complexity and fulness of detail. Donatello underwent in his youth the same spell in all its strength, as some of his early work abundantly shows, and nothing more than the well-known relief of the *Annunciation* in the church of Sta. Croce at Florence. The date of this is 1406, and it is discussed in enthusiastic terms by Vasari, who describes, more accurately and more to the purpose than is his wont, the gestures of the saluting angel and of the graceful, startled virgin, the classic decoration, and the obvious and successful rivalry with ancient models which is apparent in the treatment of the limbs and drapery. But Donatello had also within himself an artist of quite another mettle than is revealed in a work like this. He had a sympathy with and a grasp of what is most rough and real in life, as well as with what is most tender and ideal. At one time of his career the realist in him seemed to be completely gaining the mastery. This was towards 1420, when he seems to have carved the repulsive skeleton figure of the *Magdalen* half hidden in her hair, at the Baptistery, or the kindred figure of the starving *John the Baptist*, in the Bargello. But in most of his work the genius of Donatello moves with ease and certainty at an appropriate distance between these two extremes. In the celebrated statues which adorn the external niches of San Michele, as well as in those, farther removed from the eye, which stand in like manner in niches in the upper courses of the Campanile, he has excellently combined the claims of life and reality with the claims of dignity and style. His own favourite among them all was that figure of a prophet, in the Campanile series, in which the personality and physiognomy of the model has asserted itself with the most uncompromising energy: namely, the famous bald-headed figure popularly known as the *Zuccone*, or Pumpkin. The favourite of others and of posterity is that nobler but not less real and strenuous type of the youthful warrior, the armed champion of the righteous and oppressed, the St. George of Or San Michele. Everyone knows this heroic figure, which has served as model and inspiration to so many painters and sculptors in after times; this frank and doughty presence, standing with parted legs indomitably firm, the left hand resting on the shield of fortitude, the body cased, not impeded, in its supple armour, the cloak knotted loosely at the throat and falling back so as to leave the right arm bare, the crisp hair and knitted brows, the looks of resolute expectancy and stern, unboastful daring. On our page this noblest of warrior types is placed



St. George:
Marble Statue by Donatello.
Florence, Or San Michele.

St. Mark:
Marble Statue by Donatello.
Florence, Or San Michele.

Bronze Equestrian Statue of Gattamelata;
by Donatello. Padua.



Angels weeping over the body of Christ:
Marble Bas-Relief by Donatello. South Kensington Museum.

beside a meditative type less frequently and less carefully studied: that of the bearded and classically draped Saint Mark, also from Or San Michele.

It was the statues of this class, looking down from their niches upon the crowd in its daily traffic,—it was the Saints and Evangelists of Or San Michele, and the Prophets and Patriarchs of the Campanile, that chiefly won for Donatello his pre-eminent renown among his fellow-citizens. And indeed they are unquestionably the finest single statues that had been produced since antiquity, and as fine, the best of them, as any in the world. But these and their like only formed a small portion of Donatello's multifarious activity. He and the troop of assistants whom he had gathered about him were equally skilled in marble-cutting, bronze-casting, wood-carving, and the chasing of precious metals, and equally at home in work of the greatest and of the minutest scale. In marble, we at one time find him fashioning these imposing single figures to produce their effect from a height in the open air; at another, rivalling Luca della Robbia in the grace and spirit of his choirs of dancing children for the adornment of the balustrades of pulpits; at another, setting an example to the generation of artists that followed him in the designing of elaborate funeral monuments in honour of departed poets and prelates; at another, fashioning the effigies of saints in relief on sarcophagus or altar-shrine with a delicacy of hand and feeling such as scarcely another master has equalled. Beside our own *St. Justina* from South Kensington, it will occur to every reader to place the still purer and more delicate relief-bust of *Cecilia*, belonging to Lord Wemyss, multiplied and made familiar as it is by a thousand copies. Another example at South Kensington, in which an exaggerated vehemence of expression is singularly joined with extreme delicacy of workmanship, is the relief—again figured in our text—of angels bewailing the body of Christ. Note how the features of the child-angels in the background, so faintly pencilled in relief with the chisel as to be barely discernible, are nevertheless delineated in the very agony and distortion of woe. In wood-carving, the aforesaid *Magdalen* survives as an example of his skill. In bronze, the examples are as various as the famous embossed cup at Vienna; the reliefs of the Baptistery doors in the Duomo at Florence; the beautiful half-Grecian ideal statue of *David* at the Bargello; and the more than half-Roman ideal *Gattamelata*, mounted on his enormous charger (who mistakenly, it will be noticed, advances both his off-legs together) at Padua. Donatello was, moreover, a painter, and member of the Guild of St. Luke, though no example of his work in that art has come to us. In a word, of all the great artists of the early Renaissance in Florence, certainly of all her sculptors, he stands out as the most gifted, energetic, and universally capable. Open-handed, cordial, loyal, and free from jealousy, his fellow-citizens, and fellow-craftsmen are recorded to have loved as much as they admired him; and the sculptor of the *St. George* and the *Gattamelata* is praised not more as an artist than as a man.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

# ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART.

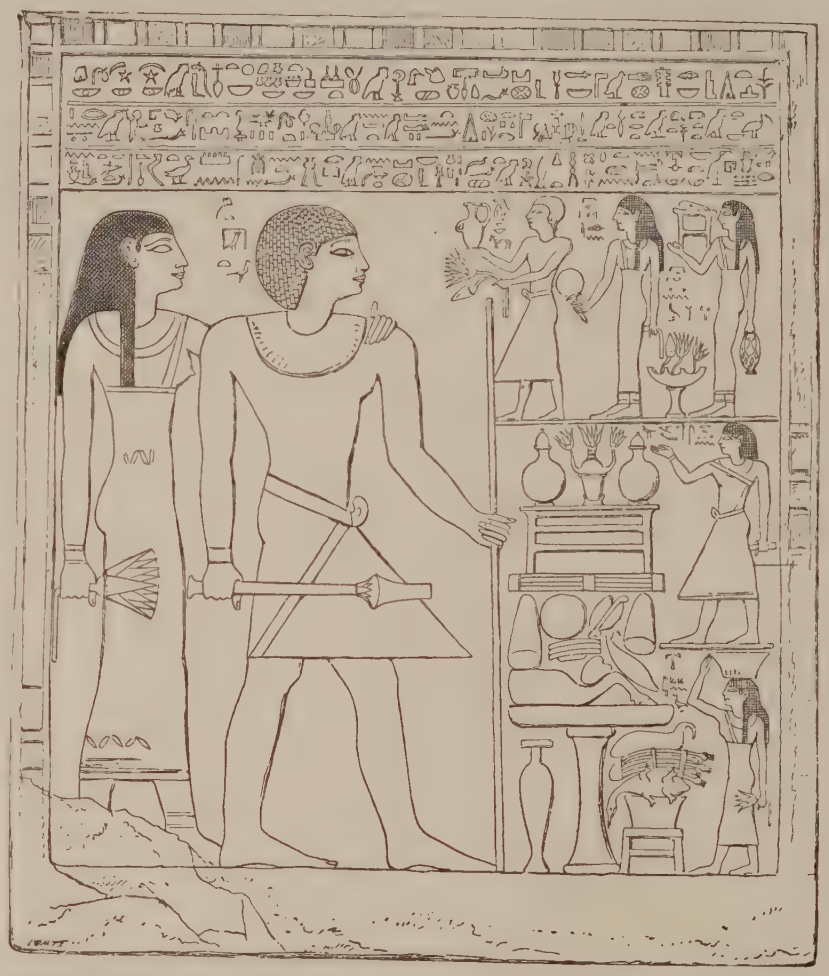
## III.—PORTRAIT-SCULPTURE UNDER THE SUCCESSIVE RENAISSANCE PERIODS.

WITH the close of the Ancient Empire (that is to say, with the end of the Sixth Dynasty), night falls upon Egypt. This night lasts for a space of 436 years. Something happened—an invasion, perhaps, or a revolution, or a civil war—of which history has preserved no record and tradition no rumour. Throughout this time, the cities and cemeteries of the Ancient Empire were deserted. Not a monument known to science, not a tomb, not a tablet, has yet been discovered which can with any degree of certainty be attributed to these 436 years. A more complete and mysterious eclipse cannot be conceived. Four dynasties of kings and fourteen generations of men came and went, and left no 'footprints on the sands of time.' It is as if a great gulf had opened in the valley of the Nile, and swallowed up the living and the dead, and all their works. When the gloom begins to disperse, all is changed. The curtain fell upon the Sixth Dynasty; it rises upon the Eleventh. Thebes and Abydos—new cities ruled by a new line of obscure sovereigns—emerge for the first time upon the stage of history. The supreme deities of the Pyramid-builders no longer occupy the front rank in the celestial hierarchy. Other gods are now in favour. The proper names of men and women are derived from new sources, and their titles of honour are unlike those borne by the Tis and Ranefers and Nemhoteps of old. The language shows traces of dislocation. The very hieroglyphs look strange. In all the art, in all the handicraft, of this first Egyptian Renaissance, we recognise the timid touch of a people who but dimly remember the traditions of their ancestors, and who are literally beginning life afresh.*

* This historical problem is not altogether insoluble. Though ignorant of the catastrophe which destroyed or scattered the citizen-population of the elder cities, we yet know perfectly well by what city Memphis was superseded and where

With the revival of art and letters under the Eleventh Dynasty (*circa* B.C. 3064), sculpture, the great national fine art of Egypt, reappears. It reappears, however, in a rudimentary stage, and upon an insignificant scale. A headless statue found at Abydos is quoted by Mariette as the only known example of figure-sculpture belonging to this dynasty. It is, at all events, the only example in the Boolak Collection. We possess in the British Museum two funereal statues attributed by Dr. Birch to the Eleventh Dynasty;* but they are much less archaic than the Boolak specimen. They probably date from the close of that period, whereas the latter would seem to belong to its commencement. The Boolak fragment is of limestone; the figure being smaller than life. It represents a seated functionary attached to the court of one of the Entef kings. Regarded merely as the next-recovered link in a broken chain, this fragment is peculiarly interesting; but regarded as the earliest specimen of a style radically unlike the style which obtained under the Ancient Empire, it becomes a landmark of the first importance in the history of Egyptian art. By Mariette, who unhesitatingly accepted it as a typical specimen of the sculpture of the period, it is thus described in the last great work which he lived to see through the press:—

'La taille est singulièrement maigre et élancée, comme sous la XIII^e^. dynastie. Les mains sont énormes et les extrémités des pouces plus en dehors qu'on ne les trouve à aucune autre époque. Les genoux sont sans vigueur; les jambes sont maigres, quoique le mollet soit très accentué. Vu de profil, notre personnage accuse, dans le développement que prennent le ventre et le commencement des jambes, une tendance à l'obésité qui rapelle la fin de la XVIII^e^. dynastie et les fonctionnaires de la cour d'Aménophis IV. . . . La conclusion à tirer de tout ceci c'est que la XI^e^. dynastie a eu comme sculpture un art *sui generis* qui, à le prendre dans son ensemble, se rapproche autant de l'art de la XIII^e^. dynastie qu'il s'éloigne de l'art de la XII^e^., et surtout des dynasties contemporaines des grands tombeaux des Pyramides et de Saqqarah.'—('Cat. Gén. des Monuments d'Abydos,' p. 138.)



BAS-RELIEF FUNERARY STELA FROM ABYDOS (TWELFTH DYNASTY), BOOLAK. DRAWN BY BOURGOIN.

I am not aware that this interesting fragment has ever been photographed or engraved; but, in illustration of an obscure period, it would have filled a *lacuna* in MM. Perrot and Chipiez's pages. That it should not be even mentioned, and that no reference should be made to the Eleventh Dynasty statues in the British Museum, is really extraordinary.

The only subject which M. Perrot offers as a specimen of the sculpture of the Eleventh Dynasty is the accompanying bas-relief, charmingly sketched by M. Bourgoin. Unfortunately, however, this tablet belongs not to the Eleventh Dynasty but to the

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the new capital was situated. Hakhenensouten (the Hanes of the Bible, the Heracleopolis of the Romans) was the seat of government of the Heracleopolitan Dynasties, which certainly fall within this period, and are ranked as the Ninth and Tenth of Manetho. The huge mounds of Ahnas-el-Medineh, in Upper Egypt, mark the site. They have never been touched by the spade of the explorer, and there can be no doubt that properly directed excavations would restore the lost history of this mysterious epoch.

* British Museum, Ground-floor Galleries, Northern Vestibule, No. 461, limestone statue of a chamberlain named Entef; and No. 100, basalt statue of a prince named Mentuaa: both of the Eleventh Dynasty.

Twelfth. The point is one upon which there is no room for doubt. Not only does Mariette twice class it under the head of the Twelfth Dynasty ('Abydos,' vol. ii., pl. 53*a*, and 'Cat. Gén. des Mon. d'Abydos,' p. 138), but the epigraphic evidence of the monument itself is conclusive. The invocation to Osiris is framed according to a formula much in favour under the Twelfth Dynasty, and the name of the son of the deceased points distinctly to that particular epoch when it was fashionable to be called Usertesen, after the Pharaohs and princes of the reigning dynasty.*

MM. Perrot and Chipiez give but one specimen of the statuary of the Twelfth Dynasty. This one specimen is altogether inadequate as a representation of that great school which produced the Amenemhat and Usertesen of Tanis and the famous colossal leg at Berlin, but it very happily illustrates the peculiar characteristics of the art of the Middle Empire. The smaller head, the greater length of limb, the general air of elegance which henceforth prevailed in the treatment of the human form, are well seen in this interesting wooden figure. 'It has been asserted,' says M. Perrot, 'that the Egyptians, as a race, had become more slender from the effects of their warm and dry climate. It is impossible now to decide how much of the change may fairly be attributed to such a cause, and how much to a revolution in taste.'† That any such change should be effected by any such cause—the people and the climate being the same as heretofore—has, I confess, always stood to me in the light of an impossible proposition. That climate affects the physique of alien settlers is, of course, indisputable; but it is simply insupposable that the native Egyptian people, after being square-built and athletic throughout an historical period of six dynasties, should presently begin to shoot up into slender men and women because the sun continued to be as hot, and the climate as dry, as in the days of their forefathers. Far more probable is it that the change was in some way due to that unknown catastrophe which shattered the civilisation of the country, and left its annals blank for upwards of four hundred years. Again and again, in the later chapters of ancient Egyptian history, we see the land flooded and the national life temporarily

WOODEN STATUE (TWELFTH DYNASTY), BOOLAK. DRAWN BY BÉNÉDITE.

obliterated by Asiatic invaders. Sometimes they were repulsed; sometimes they conquered. When they conquered, they became naturalised, and adopted the customs and religion of Egypt. That they left their mark upon the language is certain, and that they left their mark upon the population is at least highly probable. In art, the more slender type would seem to have been introduced about the time of the Heracleopolitan Dynasties, and the introduction of this more slender type undoubtedly registers a new departure in the national school of sculpture. The unaccustomed element in that type is, I venture to think, Semitic.

* The translation of this inscription, as rendered by Mariette, runs as follows:—'Votive prayer to Osiris Lord of Mendes, the great God, the Lord of Abydos, that he may grant funerary offerings of bread, cakes, drinks, geese, oxen; of thousands of pieces of linen; of all the green produce of the year; of all seasonable fruits; of all good and pure things at the monthly festival, at the festival of the half month, at the festival of *Ouaga*, at the festival of Thoth, at the date of the First Procession, at the date of the Great Procession when the God makes his passage to the lower world, that he (the deceased) may lend a hand in navigating the celestial barque *Neschemt* along the ways of the west; that he may hear the acclamations at the portals of the great region of the Thinite Nome at the festival of Hakr, so that he may receive abundance of loaves, of beer, of cakes from the Lord of Abydos, he the devotee of the Temple, ENTEF, the son of his mother the Lady Amenset.' The smaller figures, one above the other, to the right, are a priest, three servants, and the 'beloved son' of the deceased named Usertesen. The mere reading aloud of votive inscriptions of this class by visitors and passers-by was believed to be miraculously efficacious, and to answer the same purpose as the actual presentation of libations and food-offerings.

† Chap. vii., vol. ii., p. 226. Chapman & Hall.

Of the figure-sculpture of the Thirteenth Dynasty many striking examples survive, one of the most perfect being the Sevekhotep III. of the Louvre;* a seated colossus in red granite, of which De Rougé remarks that it is 'very remarkable for the slender type of the torso and the gracious bearing of the head.'† This slenderness is, however, carried to excess in the disproportionate length of the legs from the knee downwards. The feet, also, are enormously large and long, the hands shapeless, and the features vacant of expression. Though historically later by more than 2000 years, this statue, as a work of art, is rude and childish compared with the diorite Khafra of Boolak.‡ Several other colossi of this period, more or less mutilated, have been found by Mariette in the ruins of Tanis (the Zoan of the Bible); and there can be little doubt that many statues in the Turin collection which bear the cartouches of kings and princes of the Eighteenth Dynasty are really of Thirteenth Dynasty work, usurped, according to immemorial precedent, by the rulers of a later age.

The first Egyptian Renaissance, if reckoned from the beginning of the Eleventh Dynasty (*circa* B.C. 3061) to the end of the Thirteenth (*circa* B.C. 2851),§ may be estimated at a duration of 666 years. Then another eclipse darkens the land of the Pharaohs, and for well-nigh six hundred years history is silent. This time, however, we are not wholly without a clue to the mystery. The fall of the Theban line; the rise of the Xoïte princes; the consequent transfer of the capital from Thebes to Xoïs; the great and terrible invasion of the Hykshos hordes; the subjugation of Memphis and the Delta; and the rule of the so-called 'Shepherd Kings,' are facts known to us, though but in outline, from various sources. The history of Xoïte art is a blank. The site of that ancient city, in the heart of the Delta, is perfectly well known. Far from the beaten track, far from any large native town, its desolate mounds, untouched by the spade of the explorer, hold fast the secret of its sudden rise, its temporary prosperity, its achievements in art and architecture (whatever they may have been), and its ultimate downfall. The same may, in strict truth, be said of the art of the Hykshos period. It has long been believed that this lost link is represented in the Boolak Museum by certain strange and foreign-looking sculptures found at Tanis (Zoan), near Lake Menzaleh, and at Mit-Farès in the Fayoom. In the style of these sculptures, which are very fully illustrated in MM. Perrot and Chipiez's 'History of Ancient Egyptian Art,'* there is something which recalls, yet does not actually resemble, the art of Assyria. The heads bear a distinct ethnic stamp which Mariette defined as Syrian, but which is more Turanian than Semitic. The Turanian races, it is to be remembered, were the great nomadic nations of antiquity. Among the barbaric hordes which poured into Egypt at the close of the Xoïte Dynasty, it is probable, indeed (as suggested by Lenormant†), that a large majority consisted of warlike tribes from the lands to the east of the Tigris—tribes whose blood was deeply tinged with the blood of those yellow races which we now call Tartar and Mongolian. The earliest Chaldaean settlers were unquestionably of Turanian origin; and in the supposition that a Turanian horde swept down upon Egypt as the allies, and probably the leaders, of the hungry hosts of the Arabian and Sinaïtic deserts, there is nothing at all unlikely.

The excavations about to be conducted at Tanis (Zoan) by the Egypt Exploration Fund will possibly solve this most interesting question. Should it be solved in the affirmative, the fact that these so-called 'Hykshos monuments' remind us, however vaguely, of the Assyrian school, will at once be explained. In the meanwhile, it is impossible to turn over the half-dozen pages containing MM. Bénédite and Bourgoin's studies of Hykshos subjects without being struck by the force of M. Lenormant's hypothesis. As regards physiognomy, all are curiously unlike Egyptian types, and curiously like each other. Hard-featured and frowning, with high and wide cheek-bones, open nostrils, prominent jaws, and mouths curved sternly downward at the corners, these heads, whether of kings, or chiefs, or royal sphinxes, have one and all what M. Arthur Rhoné has happily described as 'ce même air sauvage et terrible qui sent l'invasion barbare.'‡

The accompanying head, though not perhaps the most striking in point of racial characteristics, is especially valuable, on account of the foreign details of the costume. It represents the important colossal fragment discovered *in situ* at Mit-Farès (Crocodilopolis) in the Fayoom. This fragment, evidently of a royal statue, marks, I venture to think, an interesting moment of transition, when the foreign despot was half naturalised and half barbarian. The original of this battered portrait still wears the uncouth necklets and baldrics of his ancestors—ornaments absolutely unknown to any period of Egyptian art. His head-gear, though apparently once decorated with the royal uraeus, is neither an Egyptian 'klaft' nor an Egyptian wig.

* Fig. 207. Vol. II. Chapman & Hall.

† 'Notice des Monuments exposés dans la Galerie d'Antiquités Egyptiennes au Musée du Louvre.' De Rougé. 1875. P. 16.

‡ See the PORTFOLIO, No. 164, p. 154.

§ These dates are according to the Chronology of Mariette, which is based on that of Manetho, an Egyptian historian who lived and wrote under Ptolemy Philadelphus (B.C. 250).

* See Figs. 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, and 213, vol. ii., Chapman & Hall.

† 'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient,' vol. ii., p. 145, 9ème Ed. 1882.

‡ 'L'Egypte à Petites Journées.' Paris, 1877. P. 101.

It resembles, rather, the plaited locks of some wild northern race. The panther-skin mantle and the broken beard show, however, that he had accepted

UPPER PART OF A COLOSSAL STATUE OF GREY GRANITE, IN THE MUSEUM OF BOOLAK. DRAWN BY BÉNÉDITE.

the religion, and assumed the royal and priestly insignia, of a legitimate Egyptian sovereign. He would belong, most probably, to a quite early stage of the Hykshos domination.

Nine specimens only, including a fine fragment in Rome and a doubtful fragment in the Louvre, have as yet been recovered of this singular school of sculpture, which, after all, may not be Hykshos,* but which certainly is not Egyptian. Of the eight examples, four are human-headed sphinxes, evidently portraits. Two of the most perfect are illustrated in M. Perrot's pages by drawings from the pencil of M. Bénédite. In neither sketch, however, is the rugged and saturnine type of the original so satisfactorily rendered as in a couple of illustrations to one of the late Mariette Pasha's letters to M. De Rougé in the 'Revue Archéologique'* (vol. iii. new series, 1861).

The Hykshos had their day; but the Theban princes—descendants of the Twelfth-Dynasty Pharaohs—rose at last, after centuries of servitude, and drove their ancient foe back over the Eastern border. Then followed a time of unparalleled prosperity, when, under the mighty Pharaohs of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, Egypt touched the highest point of all her greatness. This was the famous Theban period—the period of the second and most splendid Renaissance of Egyptian art. In this second Renaissance it is impossible not to recognise a survival and development of the first. In architecture, in sculpture, in decoration, those magnificent despots who literally 'planted the frontiers of Egypt where they pleased,' merely carried out, on a gigantic scale, the work begun by their obscure predecessors five hundred years before. It was an Entef of the Eleventh Dynasty who erected the first obelisks.† It was a Usertesen of the Twelfth Dynasty who founded the first sanctuary at Karnak. Even the taste for colossal portrait-sculpture dates from that earlier time. For aught we know, the arts went to sleep in Thebes all through the dark centuries of Hykshos domination; but when they waked, it was to take up the thread of long-cherished traditions. The stupendous obelisks of Karnak, the Hall of Columns, the Colossi of the Plain, the giant warders of Aboo-Simbel, are the direct outcome of that local school which seems to have sprung spontaneously from the soil of the Thebaid.

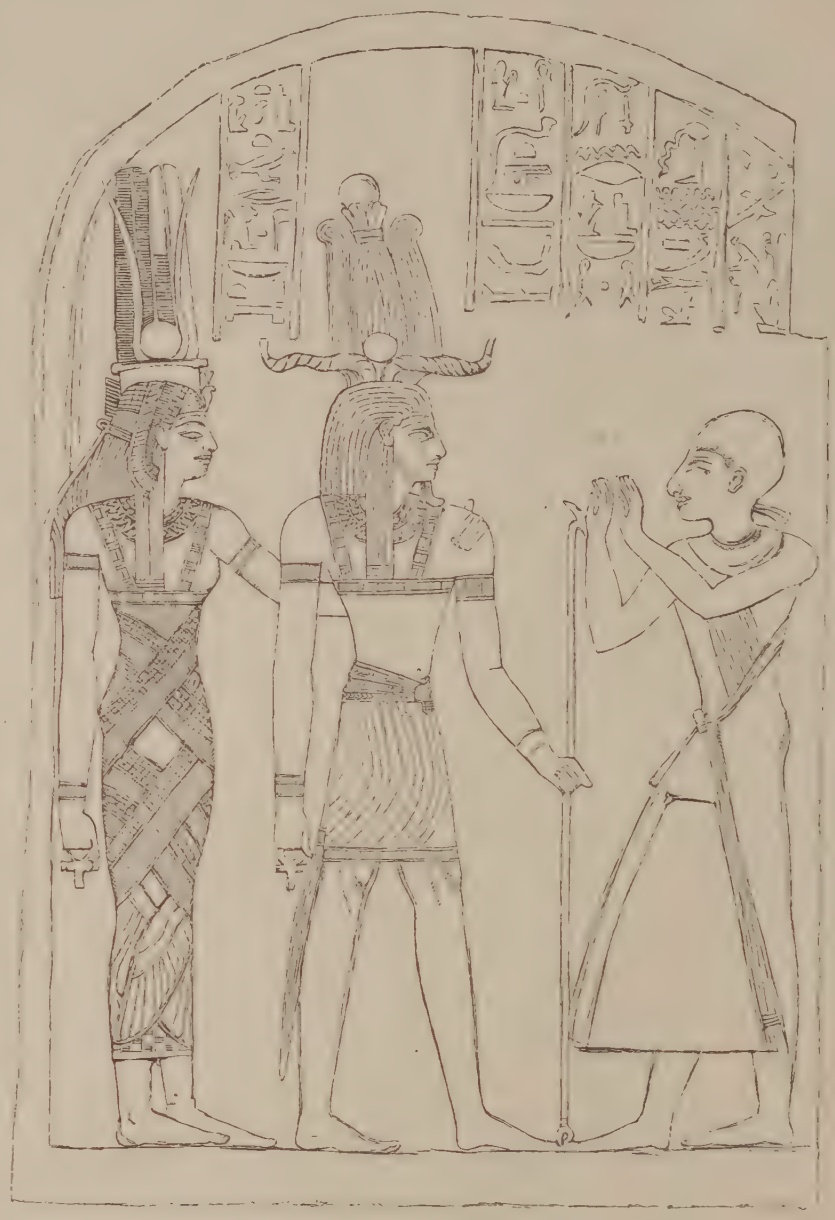
By the mere wreckage that it has left, we are enabled to form some idea of the phenomenal development and amazing productivity of the school of the New Empire. For the last three quarters of a century, the museums of Europe have been stocked to overflowing with the spoils of this one particular epoch, in which archaeologists and artists have found

* Mariette's own opinion, given with especial reference to the Sphinx in the Louvre, was that the artists who sculptured these monuments were Egyptian, but that their sitters were Hykshos. (See Perrot and Chipiez, p. 230, vol. ii. Chapman and Hall.) This same sphinx is historically, as well as aesthetically, of the deepest interest, being inscribed with the names of three Pharaohs of widely separate epochs, namely, Apapi, last of the Hykshos kings and the traditional Pharaoh of Joseph; Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus; and Sheshank I. (Shishak), the conqueror of Jerusalem. The earliest name being supposed to date the monument, this famous human-headed Sphinx has hitherto been accepted as an authentic portrait of Apapi. Professor Maspero, however, after a minute examination of the inscriptions, is of opinion that the cartouche of Apapi is a surcharge, and that the work consequently belongs to a yet remoter period. Seeing that the Hykshos rule is believed to have endured for upwards of five hundred years, this sphinx might, even so, be older by some centuries than Apapi, and yet be a work of Hykshos art. It is, indeed, difficult to account in any other way for the alien character of the head and the marked ethnic peculiarities, not only of this one monument, but of the whole group to which it belongs.

* One of these illustrations is reproduced in M. Arthur Rhoné's work before mentioned, 'L'Égypte à Petites Journées,' p. 97.

† Small obelisks, elevated on altars shaped like truncated pyramids, were erected in the time of the Pyramid-builders; but they were apparently quite small, and seem to have been designed as shrines for solar worship. No examples have been discovered, but they are represented in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of that period. (See Sir Erasmus Wilson's 'Egypt of the Past,' 2nd Edit., p. 92.)

a mine only too rich in subjects for illustration. Hence the bas-relief tableaux, the wall-paintings, the innumerable statues of gods, kings, and private persons, produced under the Thothmes, Amenhotep, and Rameses periods, came at last to be regarded by the outside world as not only the representative art, but as the one, single, and invariable art of Ancient Egypt. This error, which was perhaps inevitable, led to a radical misconception of the part played by Egypt in the art-history of the world. Confronted at every turn with works of the Theban Renaissance; knowing nothing of the marvellous portrait sculptures of the first six Dynasties; knowing nothing of the 'Hykshos' monuments; untrained to distinguish those shades of style which characterise the later Saïtic and Ptolemaic schools, it is no wonder that ordinary observers denounced the monotony of Egyptian art. A Frenchman whose acquaintance with English painting was limited to the school of Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, or an Englishman who had seen nothing of French art save the productions of the 'Peintres Galants,' would be likely to arrive at an equally unsound conclusion.



STELA OF PINAHSI: NEW EMPIRE. (BOOLAK.) DRAWN BY BOURGOIN.

With the New Empire, the slender type of the Eleventh and Twelfth Dynasties reappears. At first —that is to say, under the immediate descendants of Amenhotep I.—the general effect of this slightness of form was not ungraceful; but in process of time, what was at first mere mannerism degenerated into vicious exaggeration. In some of the mural battle-scenes at Karnak and Medinet Haboo, the principal personage stands at least fourteen heads high, and is represented with the waist and limbs of early boyhood. Excessive length of hand, foot, and finger, and a delicate Semitic cast of features, is especially to be observed in the portrait-sculpture of the Ramesside Period (Nineteenth Dynasty, circa B. C. 1462 to 1288). These characteristics are most prominently seen in bas-relief, where the heads are invariably treated in profile.* Misled by uniformity of style and costume, an unaccustomed eye too frequently overlooks the fact that these profile heads of Pharaohs and queens are carefully studied likenesses. That they are so may, however, be easily proved by comparing them with profile views of portrait-statues of the same personages.

* Front faces are sometimes, though very rarely, represented in Egyptian bas-relief, as at Karnak, in the celebrated group of Shishak and his prisoners; but the front faces in this, and some similar instances, are those of captives only. I know of no example of a front-face bas-relief representation of any personage of distinction.

Of portrait-sculpture in the round, even when upon the colossal scale affected by the Pharaohs of the New Empire, M. Perrot remarks with great justice that 'the Egyptian sculptors of this period rivalled their predecessors in the skill and sincerity with which they brought out their sitters' individuality. It was not, perhaps, their religious beliefs which imposed this effort upon them. The readiness which successive kings showed in appropriating the statues of their ancestors by simply placing their ovals upon them, proved that the ideas which were attached by the fathers of the Egyptian race to their graven images had lost their force. . . . . The early taste, however, was not extinguished. When the sculptor was charged with the representation of those kings who had made Egypt great, or one of the queens who were often associated in the sovereign power, he took the same pains as those of the Early Empire to make a faithful copy of his august model' (vol. ii., p. 241. Chapman and Hall). If by this M. Perrot would imply that the Egyptian of the New Empire had outgrown the old 'Ka superstition, he is certainly in error;* but if he means that the splendid portrait-statues which adorned the courts and colonnades of hundred-gated Thebes were not mere 'Ka-statues,' he is as certainly correct. They were historical and memorial works of art, cast for the most part in colossal mould, and conceived in the same spirit, and for the same object, as the portrait-statues of classic, mediaeval, and modern times.

RAMESES II. FROM THE CELEBRATED STATUE IN THE TURIN MUSEUM.

DRAWN BY ST. ELME GAUTIER.

One of the finest extant examples of this class of historic portrait is the famous granite Rameses of the Turin collection, here reproduced from an exquisitely accurate and highly finished drawing by M. St. Elme Gautier. This superb work, notwithstanding the hardness of the material, is wrought with the delicacy and finish of a cameo, and the head, to use M. Perrot's own words, 'a un caractère très individuel et beaucoup de distinction.'

As examples of the finest colossal portraiture, M. Perrot has done well to select the familiar granite

* Bas-relief portraits of the deceased, and even mere painted portraits, on the walls of his tomb, seem to have been regarded at this time in much the same light as actual Ka-statues. Prof. Maspero, who has given more study to this obscure subject than

head of Thothmes III. in the British Museum,* and the marvellous relic which is catalogued at Boolak under the name of Taïa, the heretic wife of Amenhotep III.† 'Whether rightly so called or not,' says M. Perrot, 'this colossal fragment is one of the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture.' That it is misnamed seems, however, no less certain than that it is a masterpiece. Seen frontwise, it bears a strong likeness to the whole Thothmes family; seen in profile, it bears an equally strong likeness to the bas-relief portrait of Hatshepsu in the cow-chamber at Dayr-el-Baharee. When to this significant testimony of resemblance is added the still more significant fact that the head was discovered close to the great standing obelisk of Hatshepsu in a corner of the Court of Caryatidae at Karnak, there can, I think, be little doubt that we behold in this speaking and vivacious fragment a portrait of the great woman-Pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty.‡ It in nowise lessens the value of these two illustrations as examples of style, that the Thothmes should have been taken from the well-known head in Mansell's fine British Museum Series and the 'Taïa' from Herr Emil Brugsch's noble photograph; but where signed sketches are not direct transcripts, it would be better to indicate the fact.

As mobile as the so-called 'Taïa,' as instinct with vitality, is the accompanying head, supposed to represent the Pharaoh of the Exodus when, though but a youth, he was first associated with his father, Rameses II., on the throne of Egypt. The head originally belonged to a standing figure holding a ram-headed staff in the left hand; and it is this ram-head which furnishes the identifying link that enabled Mariette to give it, with all due reserve, the name of Menephthah Ba-en-Ra Mer-Amen.*

HEAD, SUPPOSED TO BE OF MENEPHTHAH. BLACK GRANITE. (NINETEENTH DYNASTY.) BOOLAK. DRAWN BY ST. ELME GAUTIER.

Of the youthful charm which informs every feature of this most tenderly modelled head, M. St. Elme Gautier's refined sketch conveys a thoroughly satisfactory impression. No more admirable work of art ever issued from the studio of an Egyptian sculptor. Although he who sat for it has been dead some three thousand years and more, we know that it is, as a portrait, in the highest degree both real and ideal. It is as true to the life as 'The Sheykh-el-Beled' himself; but it is as ideally superior to 'The Sheykh-el-Beled' as a portrait by Raffaelle is superior to a portrait by Denner. To those who do not know the original, it may well seem almost incredible that a

any other Egyptologist, is of opinion that the wall-paintings of the Theban tombs were believed to have a magical reality, equivalent to the spectral reality of the Ka itself. That actual Ka-statues continued to be buried with the mummy as late as the period of the 19th dynasty cannot, I think, be doubted. The wall-paintings of the tomb of Seti I. show the priests worshipping a whole series of statues of the king. These statues are represented in the attitude of the 'Sheykh-el-Beled' of Boolak (Ra-em-ka), each on a separate platform, with no plinth or support at the back; which, as we have seen, is never the case in any material but wood. I have not the slightest doubt that these figures represent the Ka-statues of Seti, at the moment when the last funereal honours were being performed previous to the closing of the sepulchre. Neither do I doubt that the life-size wooden statues in the long ground-floor Gallery at the British Museum are two of the very statues depicted in those very paintings. They were at all events discovered by Belzoni in the principal sepulchral hall of the tomb of Seti I., and by him brought to England. Prof. Maspero, in his delightful 'Etude sur quelques Peintures Funeraires,' while taking note of the more spiritual conceptions which appear under the later dynasties to have in a measure superseded the literal conceptions of the men of the Ancient Empire, yet conceives that the earlier belief had lost none of its sanctity: 'A mesure qu'ils modifiaient la condition de leur âme, ils ne surent pas la débarrasser des notions qu'ils avaient entretenus antérieurement. Ils crurent au *Baï* et au *Khou* sans cesser pour cela de croire au *Ka*.'

* Fig. 215, vol. ii. Chapman & Hall.

† Fig. 242, idem.

‡ I have to thank my learned friend the Rev. H. G. Tomkins, author of 'Studies of the Times of Abraham,' for first drawing my attention to the resemblance between Herr E. Brugsch's photograph and the outline head of Hatshepsu in the first volume of Rossellini's 'Monumenti Storici.'

* Menephthah was a votary of the Ram-God of Mendes, after whom he was called Ba-en-Ra, the 'Ram,' or 'Spirit,' of Ra.

material so obdurate as granite can, in the hands of an ancient Egyptian artist, have been susceptible of a treatment which in pathetic fidelity rivals the Florentine terra-cottas of the Middle Ages, and in serene thoughtfulness of expression bears comparison with the young Caligula of the Capitol, or the young Augustus of the Vatican.

Other periods of obscurity, other luminous intervals, succeed the Theban Renaissance; but the decadence of that magnificent school was, in truth, the decadence of national art. Every later revival was more or less tainted by foreign influences. The head of Tahraka and the celebrated alabaster statue of Queen Ameniritis,* both in the Boolak Collection, represent almost the only known specimens of portrait-statuary under the Ethiopian Pharaohs. The Tahraka, though possibly misnamed, is in its way a *chef d'œuvre*, and deserved a niche in M. Perrot's Gallery. The art of the Saïtic Period (so called after Saïs, the capital city of the native Pharaohs of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty) is elegant and highly finished, but, in the treatment of the human figure, mannered and artificial. The bas-relief plaques of heads of animals, reproduced in my last month's paper on this subject, show the Saïte art at its best. This period is very briefly dismissed by M. Perrot; the subsequent Ptolemaic and Roman schools, under which Egyptian art survived as a mere servile industry, being altogether excluded from his pages.

And now, though reluctantly, I lay down this delightful and admirable work, remembering with wonder that it is but the first instalment of a history which it is promised shall review all the art of all the ancient world, 'from the earliest Egyptian dynasties and from fabled Chaldaea to imperial Rome, from the Pyramids and the Tower of Babel to the Coliseum, from the statue of Khafra and the bas-reliefs of Shalmaneser III. to the busts of the Caesars, from the painted decorations of the tomb of Ti and the enamelled bricks of Nineveh to the wall-paintings of Pompeii.'* To the fulfilment of this stupendous programme, M. Perrot tells us that he and his colleague have prospectively devoted 'all that remains to them of life and strength.' That they may retain both not only long enough to complete their great work to their own satisfaction, but long enough to see it translated into all the languages of Europe, and influencing for good all the teaching of the schools, must be the earnest hope of every sincere lover and student of art.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

* Fig. 226. Vol. ii. Chapman and Hall.

* Introduction. Vol. i., p. lx.

# CHAGFORD BRIDGE.

THE subject of this etching is the bridge by which the road from Okehampton to the old Stannary town of Chagford crosses the Teign, about a mile from the latter place. The beauties of the river—from its source among the granite tors to its broad estuary at Teignmouth—though better known since the days of railways than they were when the present writer first became acquainted with them forty years ago, are still unfamiliar to many, so the following brief account of them may not be superfluous.

For the first five miles of its course the Teign lies open to the sky—a narrow, moorland stream—wandering among heath-clad slopes, the soft outlines of which impart so tender a charm to the wild scenery of Dartmoor. On leaving the moor, after receiving the accession of Walla-brook, it plunges down a rocky defile by Scorhill tor, along which, often overshadowed by a thick growth of pine and oak wood, it pursues its fretful course among granite boulders to Gidleigh Park, where the woodland becomes extremely dense, and the boulders larger and more crowded. The narrow gorge of Gidleigh Park is succeeded, for a short distance, by meadows which lie embosomed among the steep hills, after the manner of Devonshire valleys, and through these the river winds until joined by the waters of the South Teign at Lea Bridge. From this point it again becomes broken, and displays, for about a mile of its course, an almost constant succession of exquisite pictures of combined rock, water, and woodland, culminating in the well-known ravine of Holy-street, with its famous water-mill, so often painted. From Holy-street it flows in a nearly straight, but most picturesque course to the bridge from which the etching is taken.

Pleasant it would be to trace the further course of the river by the rich meadows surrounding Rushford Mill and bridge, through the splendid gorge of Whyddon Park and Fingle, across which the rival heights of Cranbrook, Preston Berry, and Wooston, frown at each other, and along that deep and lovely valley by the bridges of Fingle, Clifford, and Dunsford—and still farther on, as 'by many winding nooks it strays with willing sport to the wild ocean.' But for this task space is wanting, and, with all regret, we must hold our hand, our present concern being rather with Chagford and its immediate neighbourhood, of which something more remains to be said.

For it is not on the score of picturesqueness alone that Chagford is interesting. There are, indeed, few districts in Great Britain which abound so richly in the relics of primaeval antiquity—from the crom-

lechs, the stone circles, monoliths, stone avenues, and kists, the very uses of which are lost in oblivion, to the later remains of round huts, villages, tin-workings, and hill-castles and camps, the uses of which we may indeed conjecture, but the memory of whose builders and occupants has long since utterly vanished. Of all of these the neighbourhood of Chagford boasts many conspicuous examples, together with other remains of still more recent date in ecclesiastical and domestic building.

R. S. CHATTOCK.

# ART CHRONICLE.

THE fate of Wyatt's much-derided effigy of the Iron Duke is decided, with due deference to the memory of the great soldier whom it so whimsically immortalised. The bronze is to be melted down—cocked hat, cloak, horse, and all—and the material is to be recast after the design for a fresh equestrian statue by the artist who shall win the commission in open competition. The destination of the new monument is in the park opposite Apsley House. Mr. Shaw Lefevre announced in the House that no further grant would be demanded for the transmutation process, which apparently is to pay its own expenses.

THE Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters has taken studios in Great Ormond Street, and will open the school later in the autumn. The accommodation is only sufficient for male students, and ladies will not at present be eligible. The extreme limit of age for admission is twenty-five, and the entrance, as before announced, is by competition. The classes are for water-colour study of the figure, landscape, and still-life, and there will be a class for practice in 'black and white.' The first set of competitors' drawings were to be sent in the first day of this month.

THE new gallery of the Manchester Institution of Fine Arts, now under civic control, will be opened this month, and the selection of casts from *chefs d'œuvre* of classic art gathered in Paris, and the large collection of specimens of textile fabrics, will be thrown open to the public. The autumn exhibition of pictures is of exceptional interest this year, under the new management. Two thousand pounds per annum and the net profits of the exhibition are allowed for the purchase of works of art for the permanent town gallery. The autumn exhibition remains open until the 11th of December.

A CONFERENCE of French barristers, specially convoked in July, gave judgment that the sale of a picture without reservation does not confer on the purchaser the right of reproduction. The opinion is worthy of note in these days of struggle for copyright.

MESSRS. LONGMAN announce a volume of critical essays by Lady Eastlake, on the *Five Great Painters*—L. da Vinci, Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, Albert Dürer.

THE original wood-blocks of Bewick's 'Birds,' 'Quadrupeds,' 'Æsop,' &c., will be shortly in the market, by order of the executors of the late Miss J. Bewick.

THE Series of twelve Te Deum windows for the chapel chancel of Eaton Hall, designed by Mr. Shields, and executed by Messrs. Heaton and Butler, are now in place, and must rank, for serious and imaginative designs, among the finest examples of modern 'picture' glass produced in England.

THE popularity attained by the illustrated notes on the Academy and Grosvenor Gallery Exhibitions, under the editorship of Mr. H. Blackburn, leads to the publication by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. of a supplementary volume of illustrations from this season's exhibitions, many of which will be full-page. It seems not only possible, but probable, that the idea of illustrated catalogues to annual exhibitions, which was really a valuable idea when they only included works of more than transitory interest or worth, will, like so many other good schemes, degenerate into a means of exalting second or third-rate art. Even in the capital exhibition catalogues of Paris, Berlin, &c., it is not always the pictures best worth remembering that find illustration.

PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN will not enter upon his duties as successor to Mr. Reid in the Print Room at the British Museum, until he has completed his work of editing a catalogue of the collection at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, the Keepership of which he will (so it is understood) retain.

MR. BERESFORD-HOPE'S report, as Chairman of Committee of the Ephesus exploration, sets forth how the work resumed by Mr. Wood, under the sanction of the British Museum Trustees, in March last, was brought to an untimely arrest by misunderstandings as to the purchased right of excavation, and that when, through the effectual offices of Lord Granville and the Embassy with the Ottoman Government, due permission was again obtained, the hot season had set in and operations became very difficult. Mr. Wood persevered till June 15th, however, and several interesting inscriptions and fragments of sculpture were exhumed. It has been decided that Mr. Wood shall return to Ephesus this month. Should the excavations be carried out, as proposed, to the outer face of the colonnade, much may be expected in the way of inscriptions and of sculpture of historic and artistic interest. A room is set apart at the British Museum for Ephesian antiquities, but unless the public come forward liberally, of course the explorations must be stopped for want of funds.

MR. POYNTER, R.A., writing to the *Times* last month, made another strong appeal on behalf of the purchase of that portion of the Ashburnham manuscripts known as the Appendix, the price asked for which is the same—45,000*l.*—as that to be given for the Stow division of the collection. Mr. Poynter pointed out especially the great loss of opportunity which should allow to slip from a possible place in our National Collection the unique Albani MS., with full-page miniatures by Aspertini, L. di Credi, Francia, P. Perugino, and, above all, the lovely paintings in the calendar and elsewhere in the volume by an unknown hand; also a series of paintings of the fourteenth century illustrating the life of Christ, a 'treasure of design;' another book in the style of Attavante; also certain almost unrivalled English books. Mr. Poynter strengthens his appeal by pointing to the hesitation which lost for us the Botticelli 'Dante' in the sale of the Hamilton manuscripts, and let slip the Meyrick armour, which is said to have been offered to our Government for a price afterwards obtained for one suit alone. The private collections of past generations of cultivated Englishmen are being brought one by one into the market, and now is the time for an expenditure on the part of the Government which will never be regretted, and which would be barely felt. 'If all the collections which have been offered to our Government within the last twenty years had been bought, the addition to the national expenditure would have been hardly appreciable. Who regrets the 70,000*l.* which were spent on the Peel Collection for the National Gallery, one of the rare instances in which the Government of the day took advantage of an offer?' Thus Mr. Poynter argues from the point of view of an artist and a citizen, and not of a statesman or a ratepayer, and the gratitude of all art-lovers is due to him for his persevering protest.

THE Grand Prix de Rome in painting has been gained this year by M. Marcel Baschet, pupil of MM. Boulanger and J. Lefebvre; the subject for competition was *Œdipus cursing his son Polynices in the presence of his daughters Ismene and Antigone.* The Grand Prix in sculpture fell to M. Lombard, pupil of M. Cavelier, and winner of the 'second grand prize' last year.

THE First Exhibition of the Government Triennial Salon opens in the Palais de l'Industrie this month.

THE Society of Arts' award of the silver medal to Mr. Seymour Haden for his clever but one-sided paper on 'The relative Claims of Etching and Engraving to rank as Fine Arts, &c.,' pledges that worthy body to a partiality of judgment out of its accustomed track, and perhaps hardly befitting a society which should reward research rather than endorse opinion, especially in art matters.

To the heterogeneous literature generally known as that of the Drawing-room, belongs the pretty book on 'The Sunshade, the Glove, and the Muff,' a sequel to a similar volume on 'The Fan,' written by M. O. Uzanne, illustrated by M. P. Avril, and published in an English version by Nimmo & Bain. The plentiful illustrations, fantastic *jeux d'esprit*, imitations of old prints, little elegancies and sentimentalities, are reproduced in photogravure and printed in various coloured inks, whereby the dainty drawings are in no way injured but receive a certain suitable whimsicality of effect. The text of M. Uzanne is singularly in accord, hiding as it does a considerable amount of research into the historic and anecdotic records of the three articles of costume which it pleases artist and writer to exalt, under an elegant trifling impossible to any pen but a French one.

ALL who are interested in Girtin will be glad to hear that a collection of thirteen mezzotint engravings from drawings by him will be published before very long by Messrs. Neill & Son, art-publishers and printsellers, Haddington, N.B. The plates are not recently engraved, but they have never been printed or published. They were executed in 1823–24 by the able mezzotinter, S. W. Reynolds. We have seen a few of them, and look forward to possessing the series of thirteen with eager anticipation. The four plates we have seen are: York Minster; another cathedral subject (Ripon?) with a bridge; Bolton Abbey from a distance, showing the hills behind the abbey; and an evening scene by a river. They are all beautiful, being very delicate in tone and full of Girtin's exquisitely poetical feeling. The moderation of Girtin's mind, and its power of enjoying scenery for what it really is, instead of trying to turn it into something much more sublime, may be seen in the Bolton Abbey, where he gives the true character of the Yorkshire hills, without uneasy hankering after mountain grandeur. We observe also with pleasure the broad simplicity of his foreground, characteristic of Yorkshire pasture land. Nobody but a refined and thoughtful artist would have ventured to leave it so. A vulgar man would have cut it up with picturesque bits from other places and spoilt it.

A SERIES of lectures delivered last spring in support of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title 'Lectures on Art, by R. Stuart Poole; W. B. Richmond; E. J. Poynter, R.A.; J. T. Micklethwaite; and W. Morris.' It will be observed that the discourse of Professor Colvin upon 'The War of the Gods and Giants' is not included in the issue. Mr. Poole gives a full account of the wall-paintings on the Egyptian tombs, which have now for the most part faded away or been destroyed, but which yet existed even within the last thirty or forty years. From these pictures are drawn 'all our ideas of Egyptian manners and customs,' and in them can be traced the Egyptian doctrine of the soul and a future state. The lecturer makes a good point for the cause of the Protection Society by quoting from the Arabian Aristotelian philosopher Abel-el-Lateef of Bagdad, who visited the tombs of Egypt and raised a plea for their conservation 'as records of Time' which narrate historic events and confirm the truth of the Sacred Book, and give us also warning whence we come and where we go, and present to us pictures of the art and philosophy of ancient times. Such 'monuments,' said Abel-el-Lateef, 'should be preserved, for what better motive to study could you have than they afford?'

Professor Richmond gives a sympathetic summary of the development of the Italian school of 'Monumental Painting;' Mr. Micklethwaite, a capital outline of the history of 'The English Parish Church,' with all destructions, additions, restorations, and alterations, which are incident to it; he selected, as typical example, the fine church of Wakefield, in which can be traced the various changes that have befallen the first structure of the twelfth century, until the whole building is transformed. The eloquent discourses of Mr. Morris on 'The History of Pattern Designing' and 'The Lesser Arts of Life' are written in the independent spirit on which we recently had occasion to comment when reviewing his published lectures. Perhaps the most important discourse in this series is that given by Mr. Poynter on 'Ancient Decorative Art,' in which he draws an inference for the excellence of Greek design and execution in decorative work, deduced not only from recorded contemporary opinions, or from the witness of vase paintings, but also, and chiefly, from the existing examples found in Rome in the excavated Villa of Germanicus on the Palatine, the house in the Farnesina Gardens, and the fragments of a decorated house at Pompeii now preserved in the Museo Borbonico. Mr. Poynter says:

> 'We have become so familiar with the Pompeian style of decoration, and the very simplicity of Greek art is so misleading, that there is a danger lest its infinite superiority to *every* other should be lost sight of. I say superiority to every other art, for we know that their sculpture exceeds anything done since, and I affirm that on certain points of spontaneity and vigour the best Italian painters were children to those secondary artists whose works remain for us to judge from. In the great painting of Ceres from Pompeii, at Naples, fortunately admirably preserved, though somewhat faded, there is in the representation of the goddess a dignity which is truly superhuman, and all the more striking because it is felt, not studied. . . . The attitude is simplicity itself, the drawing is executed with a few sweeping strokes of the brush, and the modelling with equally simple washes. I know nothing which gives the impression of absolute mastery over material so completely as this painting . . . and yet this is not the work of a celebrated artist; and it is of a late date, three hundred years and more later than Apelles.'

Mr. Poynter concludes by suggesting that the discoveries of Greek decorative art at Rome might form a new starting-point for fresh experiments in the way of Pompeian decoration, avoiding the mistakes in *quality* of colour which were made in the 'coarse and offensive results' of Mr. Owen Jones' model of a Pompeian house at the Crystal Palace.

AN attractive folio volume, published by subscription, is brought out by the Fine Art Society, on the life and works of the young landscape-painter named above, under the title 'Cecil Lawson, a Memoir by Edmund Gosse.' A portrait of the artist's singularly handsome face has been etched by Mr. Herkomer for the frontispiece, and the letterpress is profusely illustrated. Mr. Herkomer further supplies an etching after the rough study of the *Hop Gardens;* Mr. Whistler, a suggestion of a suggestion, in a little plate after a design of a swan startled under Battersea Bridge; a steel engraving of the *Hop Gardens* by Sadler is given; while three facsimiles of drawings and a number of woodcuts are inserted in the text; of the minor illustrations Mr. Gosse says they must be considered only to 'indicate the character of the painter's less-known work.' Mr. Gosse is a pleasant writer, and the memoir is agreeable reading, due allowance being made for the free-handed way of dealing out praise which marks the warm admiration of the friend rather than the even discrimination of the critic. Cecil Lawson was the son of artists on both father's and mother's side, and one of a family in which art faculty seems as natural as flight to a bird or swimming to a fish; Cecil might almost be

said to have been born with a brush in his mouth instead of a golden spoon, and while yet a tiny child had the greatest confidence in his mission as a painter. Unfortunately, he would not submit to the ordinary course of training at the schools, and held that Nature was tutor sufficient to an industrious and worshipping student. From boyhood he was laborious and ardent, and if genuine enthusiasm, a poetic mind, and much perseverance, could ever suffice to make the complete artist, without systematic training, then the large epithets applied to him and his work by Mr. Gosse and other friends might pass as strictly true. Lawson went through changes of method with himself, although he always had the ambition to paint big pictures. As a mere lad he painted out-of-door studies of 'bits,' flowers, plants, hedgerows, and banks, and so good were these that the shopkeepers to whom he had sold them passed the pictures off as 'William Hunts,' until Lawson found out the trick, and honestly did his best to stop the deceit. The influence of Fred. Walker and of Pinwell was strong upon him at one time: he studied the Dutch landscape school and its effect on the English painters; he looked long at Constable, and ardently delighted in Gainsborough: all of which Mr. Gosse tells, and had he left it untold the pictures of Cecil Lawson speak the same thing for themselves pretty plainly to a critical eye. Some of the large pictures were executed under this frame of mind—*The Pastoral*, *Hop Gardens*, *Minister's Garden*, *Voice of the Cuckoo*. Then came a period when the artist seemed impressed by the impressionists and affected by Mr. Whistler, though not for long. The last few years of his life he painted the pictures of Yorkshire scenery, many of them on commission for Mr. Henry Mason, of Bingley, in which a dramatic sentiment and large generalisation, and a scale of colour which was a closer compromise with natural fact than heretofore, brought sympathetic acknowledgment from the more artistic section of the public. *Wharfedale*, *The Valley of Desolation*, *Bardon Moors*, and the completion of a picture called *The Pool*, belong to this time, when the artist, as Mr. Gosse tells us, had ceased to paint, though not to study, out-of-doors. The health of Cecil Lawson broke down soon after; he went to the Mediterranean coast, whence he sent to the Grosvenor Gallery *On the Road to Monaco;* came back to England to his house at Haslemere, and to the last tried to work, struggling bravely against the disease and weakness which at last ended his short but full life.

Much stress is laid in this memoir on the disappointments which this clever young artist suffered by his treatment at the hands of the Academy at a time when the pictures he sent up were undoubtedly of superior interest and merit than many which found greater favour from the hangers. The facts are in outline as follows: in 1870 Cecil Lawson, then a lad of nineteen, had a Chelsea picture admitted and hung on the line, the next year his pictures were again, and fairly well hung; in 1872 his picture was 'skied;' in 1873 the large picture landscape, *Hymn to Spring*, was rejected, but minor work was admitted; the following year *The Pastoral* was admitted but hung high; in 1875 the *Hop Gardens* was rejected, and no picture by the artist was received within Burlington House; but the next season, 1876, the same picture got in, and was hung in a central position in the large room, together with other pictures elsewhere. After that year Lawson's pictures not only found their way on to the walls in Piccadilly, but often obtained exceptionally good positions, a fact which it is the fashion with cavillers against the Academy to attribute entirely to the distinction given to the painter's work at the exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery, commencing with the season 1878. It is not in the least our purpose to do special pleading for the Academy, but a word of protest seems called for against the unwholesome practice of working in a tragic vein upon popular sympathy by accusations of Academic neglect. No great painter is killed by the rejection from the picture-show of the year of two ambitious canvases painted in young manhood between twenty-two and twenty-five years; no genius is worthy of the name that cannot stand so brief a check of open recognition as in the case before us we are called upon to denounce. And it is not exalting the memory of a laborious and devoted artist to raise any dust of contention over his grave, or to give the impression in the face of fact to the contrary that we have in Cecil Lawson a pictorial Chatterton or Keats, of whom the world proved itself not worthy. The young painter, so far as distinction before the public went, had really success, and, as instances that have come to our personal knowledge testify, sometimes very substantial reward also. The spectacle of a gifted man like Cecil Lawson, possessed of large ambition and burning aspirations, cut off in the prime and flower of life, is pathetic enough without an added touch of fictitious sentiment.

THE lives of the Italian Condottieri of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are not beautiful to relate. Modern historians, indeed, are fain to turn aside with a shudder from the foulness of their crimes and the fierceness of their lusts, not daring to depict the full measure of their iniquity. Yet M. Yriarte is able to devote a richly adorned volume* to the history of one of the worst families among these tyrants, and to take for his hero a man whose moral depravity is a blot upon humanity. That this is possible arises from the strange fact that side by side with the savage ferocity of temper which distinguished these men, with their treachery, their coarse tastes, their reckless indulgence of passion, their cunning, and their cruelty, there grew up also in their wild breasts a love for art and a desire for knowledge worthy of the purest and most refined of princes. Thus it is that M. Yriarte is able to interest us in a man from whom otherwise we should turn in horror. He does not, it is true, altogether hide the foul deeds of the Malatesta family; he often relates them, indeed, distinctly enough, but he makes them, as it were, the dark background on which he carves in high white relief the story of their munificent patronage of art and literature. The history of the beautiful Isotta de Rimini, mistress of Sigismund Malatesta, forms an interesting portion of the narrative. An ardent love-poem addressed to her by Sigismund has been discovered by M. Yriarte among the archives of the Vatican, and is here published for the first time. It is a strange anomaly to regard this fierce warrior in the light of poet, but several poems by him are known; and such was his reverence for learning that he not only gathered around him all the men of letters, artists, poets, and philosophers, whom he could allure to his little court during his life, but desired that after death they might be buried near him in the magnificent temple he had built to hold the tombs of himself and his race. The building and completion of this temple occupies a large space in M. Yriarte's work, and everything connected with it, in however remote degree, is illustrated and commented upon. This handsome, imposing volume is, in truth, a careful, detailed study of a small section of the art of the fifteenth century, that art which rose with such surprising vigour in spite of the ferocity of men's natures and the recklessness of their lives. Indeed, one almost feels inclined to doubt the modern doctrine of the ennobling influences of art when one reads of such men as Sigismund Malatesta and his compeers, and reflects that they were the patrons of art at the time of its highest elevation.

* 'Un Condottière au xv. Siècle. Rimini,' par Charles Yriarte. Rothschild, Paris.

# PARIS.

## X.—*Parks and Gardens.*

THE parks of London are so magnificent, so far superior to those of any other capital, that we Englishmen are naturally exposed to the mistake of measuring all other town parks by that standard, and then despising them accordingly. I say 'mistake' because it is clearly an error to compare anything with a quite exceptional example of its kind. A man may be an admirable swimmer without being in any way comparable to the wonderful man who threw away his life at Niagara; a church may be a noble and interesting building without being half so large as the enormous cathedral at Rome; and a town park may be infinitely precious to the inhabitants of a great city, though it would look small on the banks of the Serpentine. A Londoner can never judge of town parks with any fairness if he is constantly thinking of his own. The right way to estimate such possessions is not the comparative, when comparison can lead to no result. If you wish to buy a book it is well for you to be told that there is a better and bigger work on the same subject, as perhaps you can afford to get it; but the Parisians cannot have Hyde Park. They have their own places of recreation, and, especially during the last thirty years, there has been a laudable desire to multiply such places, and make them both prettier and more convenient, but there is no attempt to rival the parks of London.

Even if Parisian town-councillors had been disposed to make the necessary sacrifices, such parks would have been impossible in a city enclosed by fortifications. Let us remember what the history of Paris has always been. The town has always been a fortress; ring after ring of military wall has defended and limited it, nor was an old ring ever demolished until it had been made needless by the larger one outside of it. In the cramped interior of a mediæval city the nearest approach to a park was simply a private garden, unless when land was enclosed, as it was within the wall of Philip Augustus, as a provision of building land for future necessities. Such land was usually cultivated for profit until the time came for covering it with crowded houses and narrow streets. Unfortunately, too, it invariably happens that the value of open spaces is never strongly felt until the city has grown to a great size and has generally covered the land which would have been most convenient for a park. The existence of some of the most important open spaces in such cities is due to the merest chance. Some king or queen has had a fancy for a palace or a garden just outside the wall. A considerable space of land has been enclosed for that purpose, and so protected from miscellaneous buildings. Afterwards the old wall has been removed and a new one built at a distance, and then the land happened accidentally to find itself within the city. In future ages royalty prefers some other garden, or else royalty is abolished, and then the open space is preserved as a popular recreation-ground. That is one way in which a town park may come into existence; another way is very different from that. A space of ground may be out of the way for a long time, and so irregular as to be inconvenient to build upon. Afterwards, as the town spreads, this piece of awkward ground is surrounded by houses and becomes valuable. Then the question arises how to make it most useful, and the town or the Government turns it into a sort of park or garden. In all this there is very little real planning of open spaces for the best advantage of the public.

There was a time when the garden of the Tuileries lay just outside the wall of Paris, the *enceinte* of Charles V., and now it happens exactly in the same way that the Bois de Boulogne lies just outside the present wall, and if a new belt of fortifications is made at some future time, the Bois de Boulogne will be within the city. So the space of land occupied by the park of the Buttes Chaumont lay outside of the fiscal wall erected under Louis XVI., but it was afterwards included within the fortifications of Thiers.

A short general account of the open spaces of Paris might be written as follows:—the spaces of chief importance within the present walls are the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, the Champs Elysées, the Champ de Mars, with the garden of the Trocadero opposite to it across the Pont d'Jena, the Jardin des Plantes, the Parc Monceau, and that of the Buttes Chaumont. It would seem out of place to mention the cemeteries here, but Parisian cemeteries are really little else than very large, well-kept gardens dedicated to the dead; and they are constantly visited by relatives and friends, so that, in fact, such great cemeteries as those of Mont Parnasse, Montmartre, and especially Père Lachaise, are places at least of retreat from the noise of the city, though the pleasure to be found in them belongs to the pleasures of melancholy. Just outside the present walls we have the Bois de Boulogne to the west and that of Vincennes to the east. Within the town there are now a considerable number of small gardens, with seats and fountains, besides trees, flowers, and a little space of lawn. These little gardens are always called 'squares' by the Parisians; they have become immensely popular, and are most precious to the inhabitants of crowded streets at a distance from the Tuileries or the Luxembourg.

The origin of the Garden of the Tuileries is as

follows:—In the fourteenth century it was a region of market-gardens, brick-kilns, tile-kilns (whence the name), lime and plaster-kilns, and potteries, interspersed with small summer residences for the citizens, at that time without the walls. It was in the highest degree improbable that such a region would be covered by anything better than a labyrinth of narrow streets, but it so happened that a large portion of the land fell into the hands of one family, called Le Gendre, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, which rendered it possible to make, from them, an important purchase at once. The Duchess of Angoulême, mother of Francis I., lived in a palace then existing, called '*le palais des Tournelles*,' and there was some horribly bad drainage near that dwelling, so that the most evil exhalations from a great mismanaged sewer offended the royal nostrils, and she looked out for a healthier and less odoriferous dwelling-place. There was a villa in the region of the Tuileries which sufficed for her purpose, and her son procured it for her with a considerable estate of ground which belonged to the family of Le Gendre. At that time there was not the slightest intention of erecting a palace there; the Duchess simply wanted a summer residence for health's sake, and afterwards she lent it for life to Jean Tiercelin on his marriage. He was *maître d'hôtel* to the Dauphin.

This was the beginning, and the reader knows already what very much larger projects occupied the mind of Catherine de Medicis, who wanted an important palace, and built part of the Tuileries, which she hardly ever used. Her palace has already been described; her garden was an exceedingly formal affair, so that a map of it looks like the map of an ancient Roman city, with alleys always crossing each other at right angles. It was bounded to the north by a long riding-school, situated where the Rue de Rivoli is now, and to the west by a bastion close to the present *Place de la Concorde*. The garden of Catherine de Medicis was in its perfection in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but it was altered to conform to later fashions. A century later the great principle of the right angle was abandoned, and both acute and obtuse angles, with segments of circles, were freely employed in the outlines of the beds, whilst their internal floral decoration was in flourishes of unrestrained curvature. In the latter half of the eighteenth century the flower-beds were restricted to a limited space in front of the palace, and beyond this were trees in plantations crossed by alleys at right angles. This arrangement has in the main been preserved to the present day, except that the flower-garden is now laid out differently; yet even here there is some respect for the old plan in the preservation of the basins and in the outline of the four sections westward of the great basin. The sections nearest the Louvre have been laid out afresh; the large octagonal basin near the Place de la Concorde remains exactly as it was a hundred years ago. Not one of the basins dates from the original garden of Catherine de Medicis.

The connexion of cause and effect has seldom been more remarkable than in this instance. A bad smell which enters the palace of a royal lady in the

sixteenth century is the reason why a great Republican city in the nineteenth has a garden for recreation precisely in the most convenient place. One special function of royalty in France appears to have been to prepare pleasant places for its heirs and successors, the people. It is well that the people know the value of such places. The destruction of the Tuileries by the Communards was an exceptional act committed by a small minority in an hour of frenzied exasperation; the French people generally are fond of architecture and gardens, and proud to possess them. The garden of the Tuileries is likely to be preserved to a very remote future. At the present time it may be described as a sort of wood between two ornamental spaces. The trees in the wood (principally horse-chestnut and lime-trees) make a noble avenue down the middle, but the ground beneath them is a desert trodden constantly by thousands, so that there is hardly room for a single blade of grass. At the east end of the garden the lawns are protected and kept in great perfection, as they are in all the public gardens of Paris. What the French call the 'salles de verdure' of the Tuileries are, with their statues and the massive trees beyond, very beautiful examples of the classic taste in gardening.

When the lawns are only protected by low borders children are tolerated upon them. The garden of the Tuileries is the earthly paradise of Parisian childhood; and for any person of mature years who takes pleasure in watching the ways of children, a quiet seat there is an excellent post of observation. The extreme quickness and mobility of the French nature, and especially of the Parisian nature, are never better seen than in the children of the Tuileries. The wonder is that children can play so freely and happily when they are so fashionably dressed; the explanation must be, that as they are always dressed in that manner when out-of-doors they live in a state of unconsciousness of fine clothes, which would be impossible in the country. The dressing of children is carried too far in all French towns; it seems as if they were little dolls for milliners to try expensive experiments upon. Any person who takes an interest in such matters has only to go and listen to a band on a sunny afternoon, when he will see a number of over-dressed little beings disporting themselves prettily enough.

The great defect of the Tuileries garden is the uninteresting nature of the ground itself – a dead level, enclosed by straight lines. The terraces are an exception, though they also are straight, and seem to me wearisome; but this is merely a personal impression, and I know that there are many people who take a mysterious pleasure in walking on gravel flat as a barrack-yard between two monotonous rows of trees. What is really noble and remarkable in this garden is the frequent combination of sculpture and architecture with foliage—a combination that never loses its charm, as the severe lines of stone and marble, and their grey or white colour, excite in the eye a longing for the graceful masses of foliage and a desire for the priceless refreshment of its green. It is curious how little of a loss to the garden has been the destruction of the palace. Its removal has opened the magnificent perspective of Visconti's Louvre, which is quite sufficiently massive and imposing to fill up a distance effectively.*

The most complete contrast to the garden of the Tuileries is the 'Parc des Buttes Chaumont' situated in a place that seems quite out of the way of visitors, though great numbers of them go there. It is near the north-eastern corner of Paris, between the Boulevard de la Villette and the fortifications. There is a natural hill belonging to the high ground of Belleville, and this hill was partly cut up into quarries, chiefly plaster quarries, which left a broken and precipitous appearance, suggestive of great possibilities to the enterprise of a modern landscape-gardener. When this part of the city was laid out afresh in the year 1866, it was determined to reserve the roughest and most hilly portion of the ground as a pleasure-ground, greatly needed by that populous and unfashionable quarter. It is not very extensive, only sixty-one English acres; and this want of size is a serious defect, because one sees the surrounding houses too closely and too easily for the illusion of wild scenery to be possible; but it is very amusing and interesting to see with what extreme ingenuity the clever gardeners have made the most of their opportunity. By the help of a little willingness to be deluded, the visitor may imagine himself to be—not in Scotland or Wales certainly, nor indeed in wild natural scenery anywhere, but in some picturesque park in Derbyshire, and to get so much of Nature as that is a great thing indeed in Paris. There is a pond, of course; but this pond excels most others in the possession of a precipitous rocky island, approached by a suspension-

* It has been for some time proposed to erect a new palace of art on the site of the Tuileries, but the French Parliament has hitherto refused to sanction the plan. However, a Parisian friend tells me that M. Garnier, the well-known architect of the Opera, has prepared drawings for such an edifice which is likely to be erected in course of time. There is evidently no intention of joining it to the pavilions *de Flora* and *de Marsan*, as they have new and magnificent fronts where such a juncture would have to be effected. The new palace, therefore, will probably be a completely isolated building, or else it may be connected with the pavilions by a light open screen in the form of an arcade. Whatever is done, it may be taken as certain that, with the present accumulated experience of the style, any modern Parisian architect of proved ability will produce a far better work than the old palace of the Tuileries ultimately became, and one much more in accordance with the buildings erected by Visconti, henceforth inevitably dominant over the whole edifice.

bridge from one shore, and by a lofty arch from another, and on the top of the island is a copy of the little temple of Vesta at Tivoli. Besides this, the land in the park rises to a considerable height in a steep green hill of pleasant shape with a wooded crown, and a rivulet makes music as it flows and falls happily from the wood to the lake. The water, no doubt, is real water, and the stones that it flows over are real stones, though placed there by human labour, neither is there any deception about the aquatic plants that grow gaily by its margin; but how comes the rivulet there? What is 'The Stream's Secret?' Alas, for poetry! the secret in this case is a steadily-toiling steam-engine on the banks of St. Martin's Canal, which persuades the water to go up the hill in a pipe, that it may come down again as we see. And now that I have told the stream's secret I will go yet a little further and tell mine, which is that the poor little imitation rivulet seems to me distinctly and decidedly the pleasantest thing in Paris.

The park possesses a cave, which is impressive from its height, but wanting in the obscure depth of the great caverns, which inspires one with a sort of vague apprehension; and in the cave is another purling rivulet, so that the place is a paradise of shade and coolness in the sultry Parisian summer. From the temple, and also from several different places on the higher ground of the park, the views of Paris are very extensive; but they do not answer in all respects to its great reputation for beauty. It is true that in the remote distance you have hazy visions of towers and domes, and, as in all such city views, the sublimity of what seems an infinite world of houses; but you have also, in close proximity to the park itself, a region studded with long chimneys belonging to works of various kinds, and bearing a very close resemblance—I will not say to Liverpool or Manchester, for that would be an exaggeration—but at any rate to one of our minor manufacturing towns. The number of long chimneys in or near Paris has increased during recent years. Industry has made more visible progress than art, and there is some ground for the apprehension that in course of time the French capital may lose her beauty from this cause. The long chimneys interfere, even now, with the beauty of distant views. From the parapet near the Passy stairs I counted sixty-three of them this year, looking down the Seine and a little to the left. To a visitor from the north of England they are a reminder of home; but as English chimneys are equally tall, and emit smoke not less abundantly, why travel so far southwards to see others of the same kind? The French are rather proud of them; their artists paint them in big pictures of the Seine, their 'industriels' have them engraved for their advertisements.

Of recent improvements in Paris, there is nothing prettier or more needed than the garden on the slope between the Palace of the Trocadero and the river. It has been extended by another garden on the opposite bank of the Seine, taken from the Champ de Mars, and which now seems a continuation of the Trocadero Garden joined by the Pont d'Jena. The Champ de Mars now ends in a sort of terrace with a balustrade; and on a fine starlight night a visitor can hardly spend an hour in a manner more likely to be remembered afterwards than in quietly leaning on that balustrade, and giving himself up to the influences of the strange and wonderful scene. Behind him is the vast, open, desert space of the Champ de

Mars, silent and empty as so much land in the Sahara, and yet which has been the theatre of so many historical spectacles. There is no place in the world where the contrast between past and present—between many different pasts and the one monotonous present—is so striking and decided. No place in the world presents such a perfect *tabula rasa*, unless it be some area of salt water where fleets have fought and tempests raged, and where to-day no sound or motion disturbs the summer calm. The garden of the Tuileries was the chief scene of the Festival of the Supreme Being when Robespierre made a speech full of piety and virtue, and burnt the effigies of Atheism, Ambition, Self-seeking, and False Simplicity. Yet that memorable festival was also celebrated on the Champ de Mars; and on the next great occasion, the Festival of Federation, the whole ceremony took place there in the presence of three hundred thousand spectators, who stood upon embankments laboriously raised on purpose. Stood! nay, they sang and danced, in an ebullition of patriotic happiness. There was an altar in the middle—*autel de la patrie;* and there was a throne near the military school, whereon sat poor Louis XVI. whose head still preserved its connexion with his body. Talleyrand said mass, Lafayette rode about on a white horse. There was a great deal of solemn taking of oaths, in which the King and the President of the Assembly took part. After this, we learn that the *fédérés*, whilst they stayed in Paris, displayed a sincere enthusiasm for the king, the queen, the little dauphin, the constitution, and the Assembly. In 1815, the desert of the Champ de Mars was covered with another crowd; there was an altar once again with an officiating prelate, and a throne with another sovereign. It was now the 'Champ de Mai,' though the ceremony took place on the 1st of June: that fateful month which was to contain the date of Waterloo: Napoleon came in coronation state, with a silken coat, a feathered cap, and the imperial mantle, in a state-coach drawn by eight horses. Like Louis XVI., he, too, sat upon a throne, and received homage, and gazed over an ocean of human beings. Thiers says that almost the whole population of Paris was in the Champ de Mars that day; and it is certain that there were fifty thousand soldiers and a hundred pieces of artillery. It was the last imperial ceremony of the First Empire. When Napoleon laid aside the imperial mantle that day, as he left the throne to distribute colours, he had done for ever with imperial state. Nothing remained for him but a fortnight of rough life as a soldier, to be followed by a crushing defeat, a wretched exile, and a miserable death.

There has been no public ceremony in more recent times so memorable as the Champ de Mai, but many of us remember the military reviews of the Second Empire, which were very striking spectacles of their kind, and then came the great exhibitions with their enormous buildings, which have vanished like enchanted palaces in fairy tales. Changes which in other parts of Paris have required centuries are effected in a year or two on the Champ de Mars. Its permanent condition is that of perfect emptiness and aridity, but occasionally it is the scene of wonderful concentrations of humanity. The exhibition

of 1867 is like a page of ancient history already. How remote it seems! I remember, as if it were yesterday, the Emperor arriving on the opening day, accompanied by his wife and child, and looking neither well nor happy. Coming events were already casting their shadows. A German waiter calmly told me that there would soon be a war between France and Prussia, and he looked forward to the result with confidence. The Empire was already tottering, nobody counted upon its long continuance. When the next great exhibition palace had been erected in 1878 the object of the display was a revival of cheerful energy after dispiriting disaster. It was a far more imposing structure than the first, and surrounded by quite a town of buildings filled with the densest crowds. Now, again, the Champ de Mars is a *tabula rasa*, and all that is to be seen across its vast expanse at night is perhaps the lamp of a solitary cab crossing near the *École Militaire*, and proving the distance by the excessive apparent slowness of its motion.

The Trocadero Palace, which is left as a permanent legacy of the Exhibition of 1878, has often been severely criticised on account of its large protuberant central body and its great curving arms. French people say it is like Victor Hugo's *Pieuvre*, but these criticisms can only be applicable when the building is seen from a little distance. From the Champ de Mars it presents a most imposing appearance, especially on a fine night. The site is incomparable. The whole width of the building has a clear space before it for nearly fifteen hundred mètres, and it stands upon a stately height, from which a beautiful garden slopes down, at first rapidly, then more gently, to the river, crossed there by one of the finest of its bridges; then comes another wide space of garden, and beyond that the Champ de Mars. When the sky is full of stars and all this scene covered with lights like an illumination it is enough to inspire a poet, and would in itself be in the highest degree poetical if it were not so modern and so easily accessible. Only forget that it is in familiar Paris, a day's journey from London, forget that these are gaslights, imagine that those stately domes, those lofty towers, are the dwelling of some mighty and mysterious Oriental potentate, and by getting rid of the obtrusive commonplace and familiar, you may enjoy the real magnificence of the scene. On one occasion, the National Festival of 1883, especial art was employed to enhance the beauty of the spectacle, and then it reached a degree of splendour that no Eastern sovereign ever attempted.

The French have a great liking for open and extensive city views. If London belonged to them, they would clear away all the buildings between

the British Museum and Oxford Street, if they did not carry a broad avenue down to the Strand. The feeling of openness in Paris is immensely enhanced by the way in which several different spaces are often happily combined. A man's garden gains in apparent liberty by the width of his neighbour's field. The garden of the Tuileries has the *Place de la Concorde* and then the *Champs Elysées*, with the long and broad avenue beyond, up to the triumphal arch. There is a general feeling of openness about the Seine, with the *Champs Elysées* on one hand and the *Esplanade des Invalides* on the other. As for the Elysian Fields themselves they need no detailed description. They do not seem to be very much of an Elysium, but they offer shade and seats and cool draughts of Vienna beer. The word 'fields' is too ambitious. There is nothing here but a little wood with tidy walks and grass kept green by perpetual spray, altogether a pleasant small substitute for real nature, like the rivulet fed by the steam-engine. The *Palais de l'Industrie* here is better named perhaps

than if it had been more ambitiously entitled a Palace of Art, since the pictures at the annual Salons are chiefly industrial products on an extensive scale. The crudity of colour which used to be the peculiar distinction of inexperienced English painting has of late years been attained, or surpassed, by a multitude of energetic Frenchmen ; and as they combine with it a national delight in self-assertion and a peculiar enjoyment of the horrible, the present Salons are not by any means scenes of unmixed or refined pleasure, though held in the Elysian Fields.

The garden of the Luxembourg is one of the most frequented places of recreation in Paris, and it is much to be regretted that in the latter days of the Empire it was diminished by cutting off a large acute-angled triangle at the upper end of the *pépinière*, to make room for the *Rue de l'Abbé de l'Épée* and other streets. Some important buildings, including the *École des Mines*, the *Pharmacie Centrale des Hôpitaux*, and a large new *Lycée*, have been erected on ground that formerly belonged to the nursery or the garden of the Luxembourg, and this at a time when the rapid increase of Paris in every direction made it more than ever desirable to preserve all open spaces with the most jealous care. It was a piece of economy, and of very unpopular economy, the only practical reason in its favour being that the new *Rue l'Abbé de l'Épée* rendered communication a little easier. In the remaining ground there are five pretty gardens with lawns and a considerable number of parallelograms planted with trees, and these, with the more or less open spaces between them, serve as playgrounds for the children. The eastern side of the garden is the favourite resting-place for grown-up people, who sit there on many hundreds of chairs. What I have called especially the gardens are spaces laid out as lawns, with winding walks, a sufficiency of trees for shade, and plenty of garden-seats. The lovers of tranquillity seek these retreats, and sit quietly watching the fine spray that spurts from the water-pipes on the lawn and makes little rainbows over the grass.

There are landscape-painters who have studios in that quarter and who prize these little gardens, not as if they were wild nature, but for the degree of refreshment they afford to eyes weary of walls and pavements.

The woods of Boulogne and Vincennes both lie immediately outside the fortifications, and are good specimens of what the French understand by pleasure-grounds. Both have artificial lakes of considerable size with islands, and the woods are pierced in various directions by well-kept roads. Although the recreation-grounds within the walls of Paris are much smaller than the London Parks, the *Bois de Boulogne* is very much larger. Its area considerably exceeds two thousand acres, which is much more than that of all the London parks put together, and it includes about sixty miles of rides and drives. Almost every reader of these pages will be aware already that the Bois de Boulogne is the resort of all Parisians who can afford to keep carriages and horses ; and it is visited on holidays by many thousands of the middle and working classes. I heartily appreciate the wisdom of setting apart a great space of land for public recreation, the noise and crowding of city life make such places necessary, and if they were not firmly protected now the future would be entirely deprived of them ; but I cannot say that the *Bois de Boulogne* has ever seemed to me delightful. Any country lane that winds about amongst fields, and crosses a stream here and there, now hiding itself in a dell, now affording a view from a little eminence, suits my taste far better than well-kept carriage drives between dense, monotonous groves of green. The *Bois de Boulogne* is one of those places in which a lover of real landscape feels himself to be most a prisoner. The very perfection with which it is all kept is enough to make him long for a little uncared-for nature. It is difficult to imagine any more tiresome form of recreation than that of a wealthy Frenchman, who has himself dragged along those miles and miles of road past millions of trees that always seem the same. The real amusement of such a Frenchman is

to criticise people and equipages, but he might enjoy equal facilities for such a mental occupation on a chair in the *Champs Elysees.*

The prettiest public garden in Paris is the Parc Monceau, not to be in any way confounded with what we call a park in England, yet a piece of ground very tastefully laid out with undulating lawns, shady trees, statues, and a little sheet of water, that reflects a Corinthian colonnade in a half-circle. Nothing can be more elegant than this colonnade, which has been preserved from the times of the early French Renaissance, but nobody knows exactly from what palace or monument it was taken. In its present situation it seems like a remnant of antique architecture in some graceful picture by Claude, and one is grateful for the good sense that has saved it from destruction. Lalanne once made a very poetical charcoal drawing of it, which has been reproduced in the series of his charcoals. This is one example the more of the happy combination of architecture with foliage and water. Set up in the British Museum these columns would signify comparatively little, but with graceful foliage and a mirror of water they are charming.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## PORTRAIT OF SIR RICHARD SOUTHWELL.

BY HANS HOLBEIN. ETCHED BY MADAME LOUVEAU-ROUVEYRE.

MADAME LOUVEAU-ROUVEYRE has long been a very clever etcher, and nobody would suppose from the intentional severity of style adopted in the present work that her own personal manner was so easy and so modern as it is. Here she is intentionally archaic, and, we think, quite rightly so, when the purpose is not merely to render the principal forms and tones of a picture, but to give an idea of its manner. The original Holbein in the Louvre is extremely quiet and dignified in style, as his painted works generally are. The face is plain; but the artist has not attempted to flatter, and has given to the heavy features the same care in delineation that he would have bestowed upon the handsomest of his sitters.

## THE CLYDE.

THE ages of a river, whether seven or more or less, are all being enjoyed or endured at the same moment. It is as if we could leave our grandfather asleep and run up to that homely room at the top of the house, where are the broken rocking-horse and the pictures from the 'Illustrated London News,' and find him in a moment intent upon some mimicry of wedding or of funeral, 'as if his whole vocation were endless imitation.' And then peeping through that other door could look into the room where stands the crib, brass-knobbed and snowy-draped, the quilt just stirred by the light breathing,—but happily the reality of sleeping childhood is as common as the description is hackneyed, while what we cannot see would perhaps be a sad spectacle enough—the same person, in infancy, maturity, and age. We may, however, watch to-day the headlong leap at Bonnington or Stonebyres, to-morrow the tiny streamlet in the moor beyond Little Cly de Farm, and the next day again the soiled and murky but serviceable waters of Glasgow, or the solemn breadth of the hill-bound reaches from Dumbarton to the Kyles of Bute.

The Clyde, for all the interest and episode that crowd its course, is not quite a hundred miles from source to mouth and only the third largest river in Scotland. Its commercial supremacy, however, is undisputed, and for picturesque beauty it need hardly fear comparison, while it claims to be to Scotland what the Severn is to England, the one great westward flowing river. The quest of its true source is an undertaking which, like the game with ball and mallet recommended by the Arabian physician, is indirectly as wholesome and invigorating as it is intrinsically futile. It matters, happily, very little whether the Daer, the Powtrail, or the Clyde Burn, be the true claimant. The title of the last, by name and local tradition, shall for the purposes of these presents be deemed good in law. Little Clyde Farm is not a very easy place for the chance tourist to get at. If it were it would not, in these days, be the place it is. People do, however, drive from Moffat to Leadhills—celebrated for the presence of mines and absence of poultry*—and there is also a rail-

* See, by all means, No. 4 of 'Odds and Ends'—'The Enterkin' by the late John Brown, M.D. (Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh, 1865.) A model of what such a sketch should be. 'It is six miles of a pleasant glen road from Abington to Leadhills, a dreary, unexpected little town, which has lain great part in ruins for many years, owing to the suspension or spiritless working of the mines during a long, baffling House-of-Lords lawsuit. Things are better now, &c. The people are thoughtful and solid, great readers and church-goers. They have a

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way to Elvanfoot. But the one is too far west, and the other too far north. The best that can befall the true pilgrim is to find himself about midday gazing from the platform of Abington Station at the red-stone tower of Sir Edward Colebrooke's house. There will—shortly if he is fortunate, and eventually unless he is very much the reverse—be a luggage train pausing to perform some of those shuntings in which luggage trains are mostly occupied. The driver of this train will, on the presentation of a third-class ticket for Elvanfoot, convey the pilgrim to a lonesome spot four miles from that or any other known haunt of articulate-speaking men, and drop him with a silent nod in the wilderness. Here, at 'Beattock Summit,' is the highest point on the Caledonian line; and here, in consequence, the up-express drops its second engine. Altogether this will be found a very impressive experience. It is, I believe, the invention of the station-master at Abington. A short and almost pathless walk leads from this point to 'Little Clyde Farm,' a bleak and lowly dwelling on the moor, where further instructions and a rough but disinterested hospitality will be freely bestowed. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to mention in print a place where a free meal of bread and cheese has been obtained, but the spot, as has been said, is difficult of access.

By this haunt of primitive hospitality the Clyde Burn flows, and a walk or climb of about a mile will reveal its source. The Clyde, unless indeed it is the changeling that some geographers would have us believe, has the most delightful infancy. It laughs and tumbles, it frolics and falls, it is a few feet deep one moment and a few inches the next, it is full of caprice yet for ever adapting itself to its environment, it turns in easy channels and glides unresistingly downwards, yet is it true to itself and travelling sea-wards all the time.

> 'Drum hab Ich frohen Kindersinn
> Es treibt mich fort weiss nicht wohin.
> Der mich gerufen aus dem Stein
> Der denk Ich wird mein Führer sein.'

Turf and heather, grey rock and rolling hills, the grouse, and then the sheep, and then the simple folk at the little farm, such are the surroundings of the Clyde Burn. Its tiny waterfalls seem like infant foreshadowings of the Linns of Corra and Bonnington; and when at last, some 1400 feet above the sea, it vanishes for a moment in a patch of brighter green, to reappear yet once more as a small brown bubbling pool in size and shape not unlike a cradle, we feel that, for us at least, this is the beginning of the great stream hereafter to be known as 'bludie Clyde.' The rivulet days are soon over, and by the time we reach the milestone on the old highroad which announces 'Glasgow, 45; Carlisle, 49½,' we are on the banks of an undoubted river, shallow indeed, but tolerably broad. For a time the moor and wild pasture lands give place to agriculture, and the scenery is more tame, though pretty enough in its way. Near Elvanfoot they are making hay, and there are trees of respectable size along the roadside.

By Abington, Roberton, Lamington, and Culter, the Clyde winds slowly, and though Roberton is not eight miles from the point below Carstairs, where it is joined by the Douglas Water, there are twenty miles of river between them. Here is the parish of Carmichael or *Carmil.* Tinto, with its spurs and zig-zag road, is the feature of this region, rising purple and heathery above green sheep-runs and smaller tracts of arable. Meanwhile the Pennington and many smaller 'waters' are received; and here and there a small cascade reminds us of the rock that makes these farms so poor, and the low-lying meadows tell of sudden floods and a more boisterous stream. As we approach Biggar, cleanest and almost smallest of towns, we are between the Clyde and Tweed, and so narrow and low is the intervening land that in flood-time it is said the waters mingle and the salmon have been known to lose their way. For how else, it is asked, could they be found above the Falls of Clyde?

About halfway between Abington and Lamington the Clyde enters that red sandstone which, again at Bothwell and once more below Glasgow, is characteristic of some of its most striking scenery. But the beauty of Lanark and the Falls is attained without this glowing colour; and of them it is time to speak. The first great leap is at Bonnington, though in approaching the Falls from Lanark Corra is seen before it. At Bonnington the river is flowing with considerable width in a rocky bed, but between gently sloping banks of grass, when suddenly it leaps down a precipice of thirty feet. The mass of falling water is divided by a projecting rock, which, with some aid from art, forms a sort of island reached by an iron bridge, and where, amidst a network of eddies and counter-eddies, the roar of cascades and their ceaseless rushing motion seem to come from all directions. Immediately afterwards the river turns almost at right angles, so that to anyone looking down its course from above it seems to disappear entirely. To atone for the coldness of the grey rock, we have fern and ripe and unripe rowan berries, while at the top some old and weather-beaten oaks give glimpses

capital library, &c.' On this point compare Wordsworth's 'Tour in Scotland,' and then observe that Dr. Brown continues—'If you have a keen eye you will not fail to observe something you never before *didn't* see in a Scottish village. There are the usual dogs and children about the doors, but *there is not a hen to be seen!* They would be all poisoned by the lead in the gravel they pick up.' Who does not know the lordly way in which, elsewhere in Scotland, they march and trample on the newly-washed linen spread on sunny patches on the grass?

of a quiet distance. Between the 'linns' of Bonnington and Corra is the winding path among trees and rocks that leads to the Cave of Wallace. The description of this grimly fascinating retreat and of the so-called 'Balfour's Leap' has been written once for all by Sir Walter Scott, who has caught and expressed the true spirit of the scene in his account of the last interview of Balfour and Henry Morton, and the escape of the latter. For here we find ourselves for the first time in the country with which 'Old Mortality' has from the days of our childhood made us familiar, and henceforth our vague imaginings are not left to people at their own caprice the solitudes of Clydes-

ROCKS ABOVE CORRA LINN.

dale. It is true that the wild force of the water and the rugged endurance of the rock are now enclosed in something which by contrast seems to us a garden, and that tangled copse and untrodden steep have long been opened up by beaten paths and well-laid steps; but there is really no needless assertion of man's device, and Nature, if we have eyes and ears for her, is still supreme. Indeed, it is in spots like this that the marvel of the Covenanters' stubborn spirit and narrow creed may best be understood, and the force—so awful, so concentrated, so repulsive—of such men as the murderers of Archbishop Sharp presents itself, as the working in the breast of man of the very spirit which has moulded his surroundings. The sense of humour which pervades the writings of Scott, and in those of 'Christopher North' more often rollicks into fun, is, we all know, wanting in the bulk of their countrymen; and the capacity for continuous argumentation without being tickled into abrupt and untimely laughter has gone far to make the history of Scotland and to people her glens and mountains with gloomy phantoms—sword in one hand and Bible in the other—unendurable except as they are seen through the haze of a romantic atmosphere and amid the purple mist of time. But, in spite of the efforts of here and there an 'Old Mortality,' it is not the heroes and martyrs of Calvinism that confront us most often in the Highlands. Tradition links the scenes among which we pass with a yet older day, and the names that meet us everywhere—in castle, and stream, and cave—are those of Wallace and Bruce, to which has been added—the last before the roll is closed—that of Mary Queen of Scots. These are the old gods. Glasgow and its surroundings are the creatures of a new race, to whose works and worship we shall have hereafter to refer.

Above Corra Linn the river moves with premonitory rush and swirl through a narrow gully, which in summer is sometimes airless and almost stifling. The perpendicular rock is brightened by abundant hare-bells and by other flowers and lichens, on which the sunshine falls in gleams among the opposite trees. The Fall is altogether more than eighty feet, but is twice broken by ledges of the brown, wet rock. The colouring here is very perfect. In late summer the rowan-berries relieve the masses of hazel and other leafage, while the rocks, where dry, are grey, inclined sometimes to brown, sometimes to pink. Close by, on the opposite shore, is perched, high on a crag, the old tower of Corra. As one looks at the ungoverned fury and almost feels the resistless strength of this cascade, one thinks of the tiny, petulant rivulet on the high moorland beyond Elvanfoot and of Blake's memorable line about the tiger:—

'Did He who made the lamb make Thee?'

It was on his third visit to the Falls, in 1814, that Wordsworth wrote his well-known lines:—

'Lord of the Vale! astounding Flood!
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes, conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates to its central stone
Yon time-cemented tower.

'And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been

Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little, trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.'

And this the valleys show:
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.'

And then there rises before the poet's sight the form inseparable from these surroundings, the centre of legend, the type of patriotism, and name of power:—

'Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove

Dorothy Wordsworth, who was with the poet when in 1803 he first visited the Falls, especially and justly notices the 'basin which receives the fall' of Corra, and which 'is enclosed by noble rocks, with trees, chiefly hazels, birch, and ash, growing out of their sides whenever there is any hold for them.' 'A noble resting-place,' she adds, 'for such a river; I

CORRA LINN.

Where they thy voice can hear;
And to the patriot-warrior's shade,
Lord of the Vale! to heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

'Along thy banks, at dead of night,
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
Or stands in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
A champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest.

'But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried:—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These shapes of awful Phantasy?
To what untrodden shore?

'Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn,

think more grand than the Falls themselves.' Her little story of the momentary pleasure of Coleridge who was of the party, at the use by a chance traveller of the epithet 'majestic,' for the waterfall, and his subsequent disappointment, is highly characteristic. Coleridge, it seems, had just been settling in his own mind and in discussion with Wordsworth the precise meaning of the words, 'grand,' 'majestic,' 'sublime,' &c.; and he eagerly repeated, 'Yes, sir; it *is* a majestic waterfall.' 'Sublime and beautiful,' continued the stranger; and Coleridge, completely silenced, could only take refuge in flight to the Wordsworths, to whom he told the story, 'laughing heartily.' For this laughter his companions must have felt inclined to thank the auctioneer-like traveller; for Coleridge, it will be remembered, was ill and apparently dejected, and eventually turned southwards by himself.

Between the Falls and the town of Lanark is a

point of great interest on which Miss Wordsworths' 'recollections' can give us no light. She mentions, however, that 'the night was coming on' as she approached the town, and, Coleridge having gone on before and her brother turned aside to the Falls, she 'had a delicious walk alone through the wood; the sound of the water was very solemn, and even the cotton-mills, in the fading light of evening, had somewhat of the majesty and stillness of the natural objects.' But then she passes on to record how she 'found Coleridge sitting by a good fire, which always makes an inn-room look comfortable,' and how, 'in a few minutes, William arrived, looking pale and exceedingly tired.' Again, as the quaint party with their outside car were leaving Lanark, there is mention of a group of boys, dressed all alike in blue, very neat, and who were mistaken by them for charity-scholars, but turned out, on inquiry, to be apprentices to the cotton-factory, and 'well instructed in reading and writing.' They had also seen in the morning 'a flock of girls dressed in gray coming out of the factory, probably apprentices also.' But beyond this not a word of New Lanark.

Yet here it was that Dale and Owen tried their once famous but now half-forgotten plan for hastening the golden age, in the valley of the Clyde, within sight of the heathery crown of Tinto, and amid the 'sound of the waters' in which Dorothy Wordsworth had delighted.

To-day it is almost inconceivable that even 'in the fading light of evening' the mills should seem anything but a fatal blot on the beauty of the valley. The rigid, practical straightness of the long parallel lines of roof, the unrelieved flatness of the frontage, break in upon the curves of river and woody bank with a ruthless indifference that looks like deliberate offence. And yet the spot is full of interest, for already it is the deserted shrine of a spirit of modern days, the neglected monument of the most practical of visionaries and most visionary of men of business, of one who, if he failed to bring the good time to the poor, yet, as an old inhabitant was lately heard to say, 'wrought hard for it.'

The most interesting and circumstantial account of this experiment is given by Owen himself in his 'New View of Society,' a collection of two or three essays which, judging from the difficulty of buying or borrowing a copy in Glasgow, seems now to have become rare. The alleged antipathy of the writer to all existing forms of religion makes it not a little remarkable that while the second of these essays is dedicated to the 'British public,' the first, viz., that on 'Formation of Character,' is enthusiastically inscribed to William Wilberforce, M.P. The pamphlet is dated '1813,' and in claiming for his system the testimony of practical experience, Owen declares that it has been worked for twenty years; and yet not a word of it in the Wordsworth journal!

The essence of the scheme seems to be that virtue, and especially that which he calls 'Charity,' and which answers to the uglier modern name of 'altruism,' is, and can be shown to the meanest capacity to be, the best policy. Self-interest, well understood, coincides, we are told, exactly with the highest morality, and children can be taught to understand this from their earliest years, while hardened sinners need only to be continually advised 'to use the same active exertions to make each other happy and comfortable as they have hitherto employed to make each other miserable.' On these lines Owen achieved, for a time, the most remarkable results, but he omitted from his calculations one most important factor—his own skilful and indefatigable exertions in the capacity of a kind of special Providence, to ensure in almost all cases 'quick returns' for the outlay of self-control and self-denial, and to explain every apparent or temporary failure. Yet his own simple account of the experiment is as full of instruction as of interest. In 1784, he tells us, the late Mr. Dale, of Glasgow, founded a spinning and weaving manufactory near the Falls of Clyde, and about that period cotton-mills were first introduced into the northern part of the kingdom. The situation, he considers, was in many ways unsuitable. The country was uncultivated, the inhabitants few and poor, and the roads so bad that 'the Falls of Clyde, now (1813) so celebrated, were then unknown to strangers.' In fact, the only advantage was the water-power. To collect a new population was necessary, and at the same time very difficult, for the Scotch peasantry 'disdained' the work.

Two methods were tried. Children were obtained from public charities, especially Edinburgh workhouses, and a large building was erected to accommodate 500; while, in order to induce families to settle, a village was built and houses were let cheap to such as would accept employment in the mills. These, however, were 'mostly persons destitute of friends, employment, and character;' and even they came in such insufficient numbers that they were able to give themselves airs of independence. Mr. Dale could seldom visit the colony, except for a few hours once in three or four months, and the management was committed to servants. The result was 'a very wretched society,' given up to idleness, poverty, and crime, and reaping therefrom debt, sickness, and misery. These evils were made worse by a strong sectarian influence—one sect being favoured and privileged to the prejudice of others. In the children's boarding-house, however, all was different. Here were large rooms, clean and well ventilated, good food, neat clothes, a surgeon, able teachers, and kind inspectors. And yet here, too, the result was failure. In order to make the concern pay, it was necessary that these children should work in the mills

from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m., summer and winter, and after these hours came their education. But the directors of the public charities insisted, from motives of economy, on their being taken at the ages of six, seven, and eight. Hence they too often became dwarfs in body and mind, deformity was common; and those who did not make their escape were delighted, at the end of an apprenticeship of seven, eight, or nine years, to be cast loose upon the world. If this, as Owen says, was true of the best factory, what must have been the condition of the worst? Under these circumstances, Mr. Dale, being old and having no son, was not sorry to sell the concern to a company of English merchants and manufacturers, of whom one undertook to live on the estate as acting manager. He was a man, says Robert Owen, obviously speaking of himself, who had been accustomed to the management of large factories at Manchester, and had been successful as a reformer; but he was ignorant of the local manners and customs, and the rooted prejudice, of the Scotch against strangers, and especially Englishmen, added to his difficulties. The Lanark mill-hands regarded him as an enemy, come to grind them down and get for their new masters, the company, every farthing of profit that could be wrung from their toil. The matter-of-fact description of the patient and courageous work by which the confidence of these people was won is a chapter in the autobiography of a true hero. Theft and the receipt of stolen goods had become a recognised trade in all the neighbourhood. Owen never once had recourse to imprisonment, or even to prosecution. His weapons were prevention, as far as possible, and repeated explanation of the benefits of honesty. Religious animosity was met by the respectful and impartial toleration of all conscientious opinions. Immorality was punished by fine, and eventually by public reprobation, though never by social ostracism. All fines went to swell a 'support fund,' to which each inhabitant gave one-sixtieth of his or her wages, and from which, under their own management, they were supported in age and in sickness. At the same time the houses were made comfortable, the streets improved, and good provisions sold cheap. The importation of apprentices from public charities was discontinued, and parents were advised to keep their children at home and at the village school till they were ten years old, though even this is considered by Mr. Owen to be too soon to set them to factory work. Meanwhile, however, New Lanark is no 'happy valley,' kept isolated from the polluting contact of the outer world, but intercourse with the 'royal burrough' and neighbourhood is freely carried on.

It is said that in one year of the operation of this scheme 20,000 visitors, among whom was the Czar Nicholas, came to gaze upon the marvel. 'In spite of his infidelity,' says Harriet Martineau, 'prelates and their clergy and all manner of dissenting leaders inspected his schools.' Metternich invited him to a succession of interviews, Southey praised him, and at last the 'Quarterly Review' was scandalised to learn that he had been presented by Lord Melbourne to the youthful Queen of England. Not for the first time or the last men dreamed that the promised land was reached and woke to find themselves in the wilderness. Owen could not agree with or convert his partners, and in 1823 departed to repeat his experiment with unabated faith on 30,000 acres of American soil, which he named 'New Harmony.'

That what is called a self-made man should rise to affluence is always a noticeable event; that he should rise in spite of philanthropic theories entailing boundless expenditure and indicating the temperament of an enthusiast, is one of the most remarkable facts in commercial history.* No wonder such a man is still remembered in New Lanark. 'He made a deal of money, and spent a deal,' said the old woman already quoted. 'He had the boys drilled, and all the children clad alike in tartans. Schooling cost next to nothing, maybe a penny, and there was a common day-room for the workers, and sort of common day-nursery for the babies; but *it's a' gaen to nonsense noo.*' As she spoke, the one bell which summons to one building for work, and worship, and school, was clanging not far off; and factory girls, mostly in threes, passed in pretty, accidental groups of colour along the streets. But for a single tall brick chimney 'stalk,' the whole place is stone; and the practical work of Arkwright and Dale survives, in grim and ugly irony, the social visions of Robert Owen—'a' gaen to nonsense noo.'

The road from hence to Lanark proper is through a smiling agricultural country, redeemed from being quite English by bare-legged girls and children, and such accidents as here and there a notice of building-ground to be 'feued.' In Lanark we are brought back to the old world by a bad statue of a sturdy man over the east door of the church, intended to perpetuate the semblance of the mighty Wallace. This figure was erected, we are told, in 1821, and it has become the object of a quaint sort of annual worship. On Lanimer day, being the festival of the burgh, the statue is adorned with wreaths, and a procession is made with bands of music playing 'Scots wha hae.' Indeed, every instrumental band which visits Lanark is bound by custom to play the same patriotic air before the church. For here, it must be remembered, was enacted the first scene of the national drama.

* 'In ten years, while all the world was expecting his ruin from his new-fangled schemes, he bought out his partners at New Lanark for 84,000*l.* His new partners and he realised in four years more than 150,000*l.* profit, and he bought them out for 114,000*l.*'—Miss Martineau.

Close by, in 1297, lived Wallace and Marion Bradfute, his wife. In the spring of that year the hero, with nine followers,* comes into the town in the appropriate and customary garb of green. An Englishman laughs at the green clothes, but Wallace restrains his anger. A crowd begins to gather, and another Englishman hits Wallace's sword. This is too much; the sword is drawn, and the aggressor falls dead. Then Sir John the Graham and his thirteen followers stand up for Wallace, and the fight becomes general, till the Scots, being outnumbered, make their escape, leaving fifty English corpses in the street, and Wallace and his followers conceal themselves at Cartland Crags. Meanwhile Hazelrigg, governor of Lanark, burns the house of Wallace, proclaims him an outlaw, and kills his wife and servants. When Wallace heard this he took with him thirty chosen men, and came upon the Governor in his house by night, slew him, and, aided by the townsfolk, defeated the English who came to the rescue. Thus it was, and here, that Wallace began the business of his life.

In leaving Lanark by the valley (or 'Trough') of the Clyde, the third and last of the Falls, that of Stonebyres, is passed. Less known to fame than Bonnington and Corra it is hardly less impressive. 'I had not heard it spoken of,' wrote Miss Wordsworth eighty years ago; and added, 'It has not the imposing majesty of Corra Linn, but it has the advantage of being left to itself, a grand solitude in the heart of a populous country. We had a prospect above and below it of cultivated grounds, with haystacks, houses, hills; but the river's banks were lonesome, steep, and woody, with rocks near the Fall.' Now, however, Stonebyres is no more left to itself than the other Linns. Smooth walks lead to seats carefully placed at the best points of view, but all is wisely done and in the fashion of the Bolton Abbey woods in Wharfdale rather than that of Black Gang Chine, or, according to all accounts, of the world's great sight Niagara.

The foliage is thick, and when relieved by rowan-berries and the first few isolated orange-bright leaves of an early autumn, has a peculiar richness, seeming, as it does, to clothe the rocks down to the very edge of the water in the lowest pool. From a height about level with the top of the cascade the vista of the approaching stream is seen in all its loveliness, and then the headlong leap from a sort of wall of rock, one side of which is left almost uncovered. The dazzling whiteness of the foam, the spray which, as one approaches, is dashed far up into one's face, the brown pool above full of twinkling malicious eddies —all these are memories of the humblest of the Falls of Clyde.*

All along the highroad one is struck by the numerous orchards and fruit gardens, and here and there a gardener's cottage, cosily sheltered and embowered. To those who know their 'Old Mortality' these will be signs that they are approaching Tillietudlem.

'With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have, in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.' And now it is not only orchards that we pass on our road to Tillietudlem, but also gardens of strawberries and other fruit for the supply of the great smoky Glasgow, which already begins to send out skirmisher chimneys and to darken the north-western air with smoke; otherwise the long and almost straight reach of the Clyde, which comes into view at Crossford, has a fine effect; and as, at Nethanfoot, we turn aside to follow for a while the humbler course of the tributary Nethan, we can well imagine that greatness may hereafter be thrust upon the stream which we have so long been following for its beauty.

* This is the story as told by 'Blind Harry,' the Monk of Paisley, but, according to the metrical chronicle of Andrew de Wyntown, Prior of St. Serf (B. viii. ch. 13), Wallace was alone.

* Stonebyres is, of course, an insurmountable bar to the progress up stream of the Clyde salmon. The conflict of nature in the fish against nature in the rocks is, one can well imagine, a pitiable sight. It is said that they leap again and again, and struggle till they are utterly exhausted.

W. Chambers Lefroy.

# SAN GIMIGNANO OF THE MANY TOWERS.

## A NOTE ON A TUSCAN MEDIAEVAL STRONGHOLD.

In the middle of May I went, strange to say for the first time in so many years of living in Tuscany, to San Gimignano, whose distant crown of towers I had so often seen from the road between Florence and Siena. Leaving the railway track at the little town of Poggobonsi, a few miles from Boccaccio's Certaldo, you drive through a country bossed with round hillocks, covered with green corn and patches of seeded grass, shot pinkish with the delicate-coloured vetch; here and there a straggling wood of oaks, bright green upon the crumbly metallic reddish earth, tufted with yellow broom and white cistus; a thick growth of poplars indicating and hiding a stream furrowing under the hills. The road

lay through fields, and I have never seen such flowers: the corn was perfectly patterned with pink gladiolus, poppy, all manner of purple, yellow, and blue vetch, and broken here and there by patches of flowering flax; the sprinkling of poppies among whose flowers gave just that wonderfully delicate and brilliant harmony of bright red in minority against extremely pale and luminous blue, which is the great charm of Italy, the brick building against the sky, in summer; and which of all painters perhaps only Andrea del Sarto has understood, using this combination in his draperies.

Suddenly, at a turn of the road, there appeared, far distant and high up, San Gimignano, with its array (as of lances) of tall towers against the wet grey sky. Then, with another bend of the road, disappearing, to reappear later in the direction where it was least expected; for in this country of hills and windings all sense of geography vanishes, or rather the country seems to spin around you. Then a long and circling ascent, winding round the invisible town, which you reach unexpectedly, dashing in, with strong, shaggy Maremma horses, under the gateway, up the precipitous narrow street, between weather-stained and blackened mediaeval houses. This street is a kind of straggling suburb, although within the walls, for the top of the town is again enclosed by walls, and again you dash up and through another gateway. For the two little squares, paved with brick, closed in by high houses of rough-hewn black stone, with projecting brackets and holes for resting the beam-heads of barricades, or of fissured and dislocated brick—these little squares, with the well in the middle, and the archway between each other, give the vivid impression of the two main yards of a large castle, whose towers, brick and stone, rise from all the roofs. Indeed, if, as is often said, San Gimignano has retained its mediaeval character more than any other Tuscan towns (which I am by no means ready to admit), this character is not that of a mediaeval town (which smaller places, like Barga in the Lucchese Apennines, with its cathedral and palaces, have more completely), but of a large mediaeval fortress. It is essentially what is mentioned in chronicles as a *grossaterra*, a refuge for the people and cattle of the adjacent country, an arsenal whence to pour down troops in the time of warfare; and which, by the accident of Italian mediaeval politics, became a free burgh (*il Chomune della terra di San Gimignano*, say the inscriptions in the public palace), instead of remaining the stronghold of a feudal family, as it would have done north of the Alps. While, on the other hand, the accident of its position, commanding the passes between Pisa, Florence, and Siena, and its consequent power of playing fast and loose between Guelphs and Ghibellines, prevented its remaining a mere fortified outpost of Siena, like the fortresses of Staggia and Monteriggioni, now mere shells of ivy-grown russet masonry in the oak woods, but which still contain good-sized villages within their ruins. Such has been the fate of San Gimignano. Its houses, dark and fissured, with flowering carnations, sweet basil, &c., in basins and pipkins, at their Gothic windows, are merely the houses of various families, which, like the Monaldeschis of Orvieto, the Baglionis, Vitellis, and Orsinis, in other Umbrian places, were successively the principal drillers and letters-out of the cavalry of the *Chomune*, which must have largely consisted in mere peasant proprietors of the surrounding country. San Gimignano may later on have done some cross-country trade, and hence grown a little, I have no doubt; but it certainly never could have had industrial or commercial importance sufficient to turn it into a mediaeval city, however small. Hence the houses at San Gimignano are, however picturesque, paltry; and still more paltry are the churches, without any attempt at the external

show which even the smallest mediaeval municipalities always strove for; the frescoes by Ghirlandaio and Benozzo Gozzoli being doubtless painted at the expense of monks and religious establishments, quite independent of the commune.

The thing, the special beauty, of San Gimignano are its towers,—the towers which one sees high on the horizon, and which from Certaldo make the little place look as grand as Siena itself. These towers are exclusively and essentially (in accordance with the military character of the place) watch-towers; not church belfries or clock-towers, like the majority of those in other Italian cities, but castle towers, whence the people enclosed in that fortress might look over miles and miles across the country, and on which they could light their signal-fires; for the excessive undulation of the country makes high towers as necessary as in any flat plain, since none of the hills are high enough in themselves to afford a perfect overlook of the neighbourhood, something always remaining screened and discoverable only from the additional height of the towers. And these towers of San Gimignano are quite peculiar in their beauty, which is wholly different from the rosy perfection of the Sienese tower of the Mangia, or the lily architecture of that of Florence. Thick square towers, built of large blocks of stone, sometimes damaged at the top, only very scantily loop-holed; the stones uncemented (or cement become invisible), forming an irregular pattern of their various shapes, clearly marked by the black weather lines and lichen fillings-up and shadows in the interstices. Towers beaten in various ways by various weathers: abraded like antique marbles in their surface, scarred, browned, blackened, reddened perhaps by minute lichens; in some places you might almost say burnt by the sun and tanned by the tremendous winds and snows which must fling themselves against that high place, on their surface of pale grey. It seems a very simple thing such a tower as this; and art, indeed, has done nothing for it. But these towers of San Gimignano, especially the twin ones of the Ardinghelli, which rise up in the inner square opposite the little town-house where Messer Dante Alighieri once persuaded the Commonwealth to lend their cavalry to Florence; these are as artistically valuable, with their diapered grey surface, weather-tinted, and tufted here and there with green weeds and crimson snap-dragon, pale, almost diaphanous (like the wings of certain birds) against the wet grey sky, as is any delicate piece of painting; the swallows whirring, with sharp, cutting noise, all round the crannies.

What the view from these towers must be one can guess when one has climbed through the little brick-paved lane closed in on one side by high, stained, scarred house-backs, on the other by the vine and fig-planted ruined walls, to the *rocca*, or citadel, of San Gimignano. Passing through a stable you enter a circular yard, the former yard of the castle, between the greenness of whose vines and corn, and through the sort of grey, hazy cobweb of whose interlaced olive-branches you see the russet, ivy-covered walls of the fortress. From their battlements you look down over a sea of billowy hills, patched green with crops and woods, and red with upturned earth, a sea

of rounded and crested wavelets, all closed in by deep ultramarine distances, all overhung by watery grey sky; the light from which makes the patches of colour even brighter, cruder, more grating, and the solitude of the country, with only a very few and far-between churches or farms, no villages, and only very distant and scarce-visible towns, more poignant. This country is not desolate, for it is extremely fertile; nor austere, for there is little grandeur of line; but it is strangely solitary: and the men and women shut up there must have looked down into the valley with a sickening sense of loneliness and distance from the rest of mankind, with envy almost, in their impregnable hill-top, for the people who dwelt in the unsafe valley, in the easily ravaged plain.

VERNON LEE.

## ART CHRONICLE.

SIR JOHN SAVILE LUMLEY, late Ambassador to the Italian Court, has presented to the National Gallery a fine picture, *Christ at the Pillar*, ascribed to Velasquez, which was bought by the donor at Madrid in 1858, when Secretary of Legation there. The composition represents the Christ, rather above life-scale, as sunk to the ground with exhaustion after the scourging. An angel, with white wings and heavily draped, bends over a little, kneeling boy, and directs the child's gaze to Christ. The authorship of the picture is a disputed point with critics. Mrs. Jamieson published an etching on 'The History of our Lord,' accompanied by warm encomium.

AN anonymous donor offered, through Sir Wm. Fettes Douglas, the sum of 10,000*l.* towards the establishment of a Scottish Historical Portrait Gallery, on condition that a like sum should be forthcoming from other quarters. The necessary amount has been granted in the Supplementary Civil Service Estimate, and Scotland, therefore, will doubtless in due time rank with the sister kingdoms in possession of a portrait gallery worthy of her memorable men and women.

BY the report of Lieut.-Colonel Festing, R.E., it is ascertained that the net saving per annum on the cost of lighting at

the South Kensington Museum by electric light as compared with the use of gas over the same period is 772*l.*, or about 41 per cent on the outlay, which was 1900*l.* The want of available motive power has hitherto prevented the extension of the system to the Art Schools, where much complaint is made of the heat and fumes of the gas. It is hoped, however, that by the employment of storage batteries and Pilsen lamps the light may be brought into the principal rooms of the School. Gas is, doubtless, both an unsatisfactory and unwholesome mode of lighting the students at their work; but unless the electric lamps give a steadier flame than those in the Art Library, there will be objections made of another kind. Nothing could be worse for drawing than the flicker and glare of the incandescent lamps in the Reading Rooms.

THE trial cartoons for the decoration of two bays in the dome of St. Paul's by Mr. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Stannus, are to be placed in position.

THE important line-engraving after the *Madonna di S. Sisto*, by Professor Edward Mandel, is announced by the publishers, Messrs. Amsler and Ruthardt, of Berlin. Remarque proofs will be 45*l.*

A TRANSLATION of 'Polyklet,' the well-known work by Schadow on the proportions of the human figure, has been brought out by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, with reproductions of the plates in the original edition, under the title 'The Sculptor and Art Student's Guide to the Proportions of the Human Figure.' The translator is Mr. J. J. Wright.

THE grand colossal statue of Victory from the Isle of Samothrace is restored and placed on a staircase in the Louvre. A collection of terra-cotta figures in the style of the Tanagra statuettes has been received from the excavations at Myrina in Asia Minor.

AT the British Museum, in one of the rooms lately occupied by the Natural History Department, Mr. Louis Fagan has arranged an interesting collection of autotypes from drawings by Raphael, or rather from drawings which, on various grounds, have been attributed to Raphael. The chief interest of the exhibition consists, indeed, in the opportunity thus afforded for ready comparison of drawings preserved in the principal galleries of Europe. The British Museum possesses some five hundred reproductions of drawings said to be by Raphael, from which Mr. Fagan has selected a hundred and sixty-two; not because he considers these, or even a majority of them, to be indisputably works of this master, but because he believes that a comparison of them will be of the greatest utility in deciding many doubtful questions of authorship. It is well known that the attribution of old drawings is a matter of extreme uncertainty, and must usually be decided on internal evidence only. They seldom come down to us with any history, or even tradition, attached to them; and even when they show some manifest correspondence with existing pictures, the question whether the drawing was made *for* or *from* the painting is not the only one. There is also the probability that when the model was posed for the master's study, his scholars also made drawings from it, and the possibility that a scholar's work has been preserved, while the master's has perished. Of all the studies here exhibited Mr. Fagan does not venture to say that more than forty can be looked upon as unquestionably from Raphael's pencil. No. 1 is the drawing of a young man, from the Oxford Collection, described as a portrait of Raphael by himself, though the inscription to that effect, which it bears, is said to be in comparatively modern handwriting. Then follow some sixty studies from the *Venice Sketch-book*, to which so much importance has been attached by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their recent 'Life of Raphael.' It is certainly not easy to trace his manner in these drawings, or even to attribute them all to one master; twelve of them have, indeed, been identified as studies for frescoes by Pinturicchio in the Sistine Chapel. To those who are interested in the authorship of these 'Sketch-book drawings, the opportunity of seeing them here side by side with undoubted works of Raphael is most valuable. So in comparing Nos. 63 and 64, if the admirable drawing in the British Museum is indeed a study for the *Coronation of the Virgin*, it is difficult to believe that the Oxford study of two figures in that picture is the work of the same hand in the same year. In No. 66, a landscape study in pen and ink from the Albertina collection, there is an obvious resemblance to the famous pen-drawings of Titian. The study of heads and hands, No. 70, is especially curious, one of the heads showing the influence of Lionardo da Vinci, and a little sketch of the *Battle of the Standard* being scribbled in one corner of the paper. On a study for the *Dispute of the Sacrament*, No. 90, are written, with many corrections, several lines of a sonnet in Raphael's own hand. On another study for the same picture, No. 92, is a fair copy of the same sonnet. The drawings are widely separated, the first being in the Albertina, at Vienna, and the second in the British Museum. Here the reproductions may be seen side by side. From the Albertina comes also the study of a group in the *Battle of Ostia*, which Raphael sent to Albert Dürer in return for the portrait presented to him by the German master, and 'to show him his hand.' On the margin is an inscription in Dürer's writing. The last three numbers in the exhibition are drawings of heads and figures in the *Transfiguration*, from Oxford, the British Museum, and the Louvre; as to the genuineness of which a student who has carefully examined all the foregoing examples may perhaps feel able to form an opinion.

In one of the adjoining rooms is a collection of small line-engravings by the late John Pye, presented to the British Museum by his daughter. And in another room is a selection of autotypes from Italian and German prints of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These are arranged round the walls; and in cases in the middle of the room are a number of objects illustrating the origin and progress of the art of engraving. In one of these cases will be found also one of the treasures of the Museum, the small carving on hard stone attributed to Albert Dürer, and representing the Birth of St. John the Baptist. We hope shortly to present our readers with a reproduction of this remarkable work.

A TOUR of inspection through art and industrial schools on the Continent was made recently by certain officials of the Department at South Kensington, for the purpose of comparing systems of training, and their results; with a view, if judged necessary, to introduce improvements into the Kensington course. Mr. Thomas Armstrong, Director for Art, states officially that the result of these 'experiences in foreign countries has not led to a belief that the main scheme or system of art education in England can be changed with advantage.' The chief points which seem to have struck the inspectors as advantages possessed by the artizan, whether in France or Germany, over the British workman, are the more artistic surroundings among which he lives, the facilities offered for study in art collections on the Sunday holiday, and in many cases the classes for art instruction open on that free day; the more extensive and better teaching of drawing in elementary schools, the influence of local art industries, and the centralisation of authority for the management of the schools, either in the State or municipal bodies, rather than, as with us, in voluntary local committees. Mr. Armstrong seems to think that the stuff which lends itself to artistic training is fully as much present in the English workman as in his foreign contemporaries. He advocates the admission of a rougher, freer execution in the classes for artizans, and the introduction of bolder and larger examples and the encouragement of modelling at an early stage in the training, together with increased effort to make the schools attractive. It appears that some scheme of travelling scholarships for students, who should make studies of decorative art and measured drawings of buildings abroad, is contemplated at South Kensington. The drawings would belong to the Department.

AN immediate result of the report cited above is an effort on the part of the Science and Art Department to establish night art-classes at Board schools, and an experiment is to be tried for two years on the system of payment for results on the scale now allowed for second-grade art-classes. Moreover, in order to encourage elementary modelling, the Department proposes to hold an annual examination at the local school whenever the class averages an attendance of ten students. A payment of two pounds for sixty attendances in the year will be made, and of twenty to five-and-twenty shillings, according to merit, for forty attendances.

THE lecture-programme of the Birmingham and Midland Institute includes four on art subjects:—'Exotic Art,' by Mr. J. H. Chamberlain; 'The Public and Private Use of Sculpture,' by Mr. G. W. Gosse; and two lectures on 'The Gothic Revival,' by Mr. William Morris.

THE Manager of the Autotype Company warns purchasers of engravings of the Liber Studiorum that copies of the last issue of autotype facsimiles are palmed off upon the inexperienced as originals, by erasure of the words 'autotype facsimile' printed on each example, and cutting away the mount.

MR. BATSFORD, of High Holborn, announces an English issue, in four folios, of the 332 phototype plates of Alexander Schütz's 'Architecture and Decorative Art of the Italian Renaissance.'

THE Report on the Industrial Arts of Venice, compiled by Signor di Zuccato, British Vice-Consul, notes the revival of the grand damask stuffs threaded with gold and silver for which Venice was once so celebrated. The lost secret of the manufacture is said to have been recovered in 1857, and the production of these splendid fabrics is now carried on with success. The lace-making also has been vigorously revived, and employs on the islands and mainland some three thousand women.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S picture, *The Shadow of the Cross*, has been presented to the Manchester Permanent Art Gallery by Messrs. Agnew.

TWO fresh gaps have recently been made in the ranks of veteran artists on the Continent. In July the celebrated Danish sculptor, Professor Jerichau, died at Copenhagen. At Rome, in August, died Professor A. H. von Riedel, the German figure-painter, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Among the best known of his works is the *Judith with the Head of Holofernes.*

TO the late Mr. Rawdon Brown, the scholarly editor of the Venetian State Papers published in the Rolls Series, who died at Venice, at an advanced age, on the 25th of August, was due the initiative and the practical aid which secured for our British Museum the celebrated Jacopo Bellini Sketch-book. Among the many claims of his memory to public gratitude this should be duly entered.

THE series of illustrated handbooks on foreign picture-galleries, under the title, 'Notes on Foreign Picture Galleries,' compiled by Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, Keeper of the National Gallery, and published by Messrs. Longman, seems admirably calculated to meet the wants of the 'general public,' for which the preface declares it intended. Two of the volumes—on the Louvre and on the Brera—are before us, and may be taken as examples of the set. Mr. Eastlake's plan is to select the pictures best worth study, and to direct the reader's attention to their characteristic graces or defects, regarded from an artistic point of view, based upon his own genuine knowledge of the subject. His judgments are coloured by individual sympathies or antipathies which might be occasionally questioned; but the reader who requires guidance in matters of taste may safely be considered to know much less than his director in this case, and the better trained are not obliged to accept Mr. Eastlake's word as final. Many persons will care to acquire the volumes for the sake of the woodcuts, not for their intrinsic merit, inasmuch as many are the roughest of rough notes, but as the most effectual and convenient aids to memory. The Louvre Handbook of notes on 450 pictures contains 115 woodcuts, and the volume on the Brera, 55. The pictorial reminiscences of Luini's frescoes in the latter are especially valuable, and the editor's comments here, as elsewhere, are much to the point, and written in the bright, easy style suited to an untechnical audience. It was necessary to condense the text as much as possible, hence all historical data have been limited to a minimum; but if we might make a suggestion, it would have been well to make the rule invariable by which the first time one of the less known painters is named, his place in the history of art should be indicated by mention of his master, school, and disciples. In the case of the Louvre pictures this has been done, as far as school and date are concerned, from the official catalogues; in the little volume on the Brera Gallery, which is put together in a less formal way, such data are given or omitted in what seems rather a chance fashion. Mr. Eastlake has, we think, done wisely to vary the arrangement of his Notes according to the different disposition of the galleries; to have followed invariably either the alphabetical order of names or the sequence of rooms would have diminished the practical use of his handbooks. Notes on the old Pinacothek, Munich, and on the Accademia della Belle Arti, at Venice, are promised as next to follow in the series.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN. A Biographical Sketch. By John H. Ingram. (Elliot Stock.)—This is one of a certain class of books—of which the number seems daily to increase—tributes of admiring friendship within the literary and artistic circles to some lamented member of the group, whose light shone during life perhaps more intensely bright for its restriction to that comparatively narrow range beyond which Philistinism was as the outer darkness. In the case before us, the flame of genius was individual and undoubted, and the discerning public which concerns itself with art and letters, has not failed to endorse the judgment which the friends of Oliver Madox Brown passed upon the singularly vivid and varied artistic gifts of one who, being loved by the gods, died young, before he was twenty, and ere his imagination had ripened into fullest fruit. Mr. Ingram, who states that he was not personally known to Oliver Brown, has nevertheless written with such close care of the biographical material readily placed at his service, and in such full sympathy with his subject, that his memoir lacks no warmth, while it probably gains in balance from the absence of too personal feeling. In the PORTFOLIO of 1870, page 119, was given a note on the young painter who then a mere lad had already done one or two things of remarkable promise. The expressions of his genius through pictorial art were nevertheless not a necessity to Oliver Brown, and he would therefore never have become a great painter, in spite of the more than promise of such designs as *Prospero and Miranda* and *Silas Marner.* The novels or fragments of novels which he produced, and the laying aside of palette and brush after the year 1871, and the poems which from time to time he composed throughout his short life, —many beautiful examples of which are quoted in this memoir—indicate the lines on which his strangely premature insight into the workings of the human heart—his ardent sympathies and glowing dramatic power, would have drawn to noblest results. With the special hold of the young artist upon the affections of his intimates within and without his family the public have nothing to do; but the testimony, duly set forth in this biography, of many of those intimates, bearing names high before the world for artistic and literary attainments, must be accepted as a reliable seal on the loss which not only friends but the world at large sustained in the early death of Oliver Madox Brown.

# INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ETCHED BY H. TOUSSAINT.

THIS familiar view is taken from a point near the organ, looking towards the altar, behind which is the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, and behind that again the entrance to the Chapel of Henry VII. In his 'Essay on the Study of Foreign Gothic Architecture and its Influence on English Art,' the late Mr. Street expressed, in enthusiastic words, his feeling about Westminster Abbey—which, as he says, is probably the feeling of most Englishmen—and also his view of the extent to which we may rightfully claim it as an English work:—

'That church, so interwoven with all our English ideas in Church and State, the very centre, in some sort, for centuries of our whole system, whose beauty, as queen amongst all our English buildings, is admitted not only by every connoisseur, but equally by every one who ever comes on any errand, however humble, to London, and would hardly venture to return without seeing its far-famed interior. That church which, in spite of all neglect, in spite of changes of the most odious kind, still comes back to one in one's dreams as, after all, the most lovely and loveable thing in Christendom, even when the mind has filled itself with all the recollections which visits to the great Continental cathedrals so abundantly supply! Here, indeed, it is hard to say how the work can be called English in the thorough sense of the word which is now insisted on. It is, on the contrary, as far as can be judged by internal evidence, the work of some English artist who had travelled largely abroad, had studied Continental examples, and had returned home full of the glories of what he had seen, anxious to engraft some of them on the genuine English stock, and careful, nevertheless—as all good students ever are—not to erect a mere repetition of anything he had ever seen, but rather something which should remind of, whilst it did not repeat, their beauties.'

# PARIS.

## XI.—*Modern Parisian Architecture.*

OF all modern cities Paris is the one in which the notion of architecture is most generally prevalent. In London, as in all our English towns, the ordinary builders have worked without any notion of architecture at all, and the real architect has seldom been called in unless to erect some important public building. In Paris architecture of some kind is very common. Thousands of houses have been erected with a definite architectural intention; and this architectural tendency has of late years become so habitual that in the better quarters of the city a building hardly ever rises from the ground unless it has been designed by some architect who knows what art is, and endeavours to apply it to little things as well as great.

Modern Parisian architecture has settled definitely into a new form of Renaissance. I find it convenient to separate the early elegant Renaissance (of which there are still some charming examples in France, full of graceful art and invention, combined with delicate finish in workmanship) from the heavy, ascetic Renaissance that followed it, in which there was no enjoyment, no fancy, no delicacy, no imagination, and scarcely a trace of any other feeling than pure pride in size, and cost, and heaviness. The Hotel de Ville and the Court of the Louvre belong to the elegant Renaissance. St. Eustache is an attempt to marry that Renaissance with Gothic, but the west front of St. Eustache is in that tiresome style which in my own mind I always think of as the stupid eighteenth-century Renaissance. Now the effort of modern French domestic architects has been to start afresh with a second elegant Renaissance, and in a great measure they have succeeded. They have emancipated themselves from the dulness and heaviness of their immediate predecessors; they have allowed themselves some variety, some free play of the fancy and intelligence; and although their art is seldom strikingly imaginative, it is full of interesting experiments. A firmly prejudiced visitor from another country might easily shut his eyes against it altogether, and say that it is all exactly alike, because it is generally governed by the prevailing taste of the time, but the real interest of it consists in the variety that underlies a general fashion. The fashion is a cheerful and free Renaissance; the variety consists in the use of as much freedom as is compatible with a dominant idea.

A few experiments have been tried with mediaeval forms, or with mediaevalism passing into Renaissance, and one of the most successful of these latter is the building of the Historical Society in the Boulevard St. Germain, but true Gothic has been definitively and wisely abandoned. It has been wisely abandoned because the pointed window-head never looks its best unless there is either a gable or a larger Gothic arch above it. A Gothic window does not look well in a room with a flat ceiling, and a row of Gothic windows do not look in their right place under a long straight cornice, like those in a modern

street. Under the gables of a mediaeval street they might look better, but a row of gables, like the teeth of a saw, is neither the most rational nor the most economical form of roofing for street houses, and it has been finally and completely abandoned. You may, it is true, fill up your Gothic window-head with a tympanum in the shape of an inverted shield, and so get a square head for the real window inside, but such a process is unnecessarily expensive. Evidently the plain course was to adopt the straight head, the simple horizontal stone of classic architecture, and that settled the question in favour of Renaissance forms. The condition of another art may also have had its influence. Modern French sculpture comes almost directly from antiquity; it has come from Greece and Rome through the Renaissance; it has not come out of Gothic forms by evolution. Modern French sculptors can be trained to do something that will pass with unobservant people as a substitute for Gothic sculpture, but it is not natural to them. They try to make their work *naïf*, but they only succeed in making it stiff; they have not the true Gothic *naïveté*, and they cannot have it; they cannot have that delightful blending of pre-scientific simplicity with deep feeling and shrewd observation which characterised Gothic art. They know far too much, and when they feel they do not feel in that manner. Now there are great numbers of sculptors in Paris who have received a considerable amount of artistic instruction, but who cannot keep themselves by making statues that only the Government buys, so these men turn their talents to ornamental sculpture. Their education in art has been wholly classical, and their practical influence upon modern architecture has been very considerable, because the architects know exactly what sort of ornamental work the carvers are fit to do. In short, the sort of domestic architecture that naturally springs from the Parisian mind, such as education has fashioned it, must be a form of Renaissance architecture, and none other. A literary critic has remarked that we are much nearer, intellectually, to the classic authors than to the mediaeval ones; and it is not less true that the architects and workmen of modern Paris work in Renaissance forms as naturally, and when left to themselves as inevitably, as they speak French. Such forms have no longer anything of an imported style; they seem as much a product of the soil as if they had been invented by the ancient Gauls.*

Any adequate account of modern architecture in Paris would require a volume to itself, and such an account could not be made interesting or intelligible without the help of minute and abundant architectural engraving, whilst it would find few readers outside the special public that really studies architectural subjects. All that can be done here is to give a general account of prevailing tendencies. The reader who cares to follow out the subject may do so with the help of the works issued by the Parisian architects themselves.

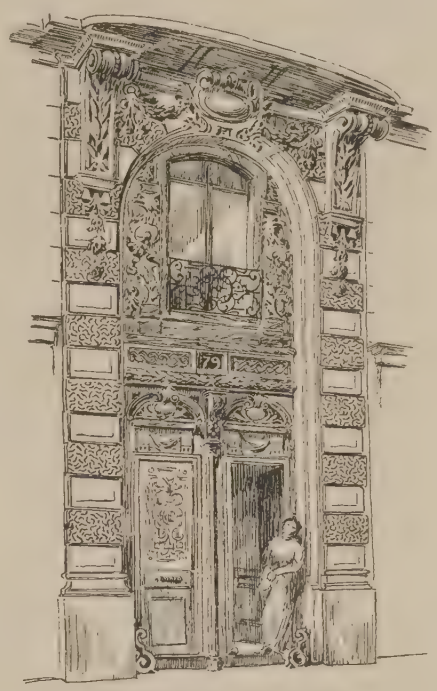
The mediaeval arrangement was to turn the gable towards the street, and in a mediaeval city every house had its own gable, whence the old French expression concerning a well-to-do citizen that he had 'pignon sur rue.' Nothing strikes us more in the old engravings of Paris than the wonderful number of gables, especially round such open spaces as the *Place de Grève* and the *Cimetière des Innocents*. Many of these survived until the eighteenth century, but they belong essentially to Gothic times. The greatest clearing away of gables appears to have taken place in the seventeenth century, after having been begun a hundred years earlier or more. Under Louis XIV. every housebuilder appears to have turned the eaves towards the street like the architects of the present day; and as in succeeding reigns the old houses were finally removed from the bridges and quays the eyes of the citizens became more and more accustomed to continuity of line.

Still, although the eaves were turned towards the street, the gable was not entirely abolished because it occurred at the end of every row of houses. Instead of being innumerable, the gables had become few, but that was the extent of the change. Now in modern Paris the gable is entirely abolished except in a few private mansions where the owner has followed his own taste, and the abolition of the gable is one of the most important of all decisive changes. It cuts modern architecture completely adrift from mediaeval. And please observe that this revolution has not been accomplished, as in London, by the abolition of the visible roof. There are plenty of streets in London where you cannot see the roofs of the opposite houses. In Paris it is not so. There the roof is rightly felt to be of the greatest expressional importance; but instead of ending with a gable, it is truncated either with a roof sloping at the same angle as the other, or with a

* I remember trying, many years ago, to get an oak pedestal carved in Paris. It was supported by three griffins, and I had drawn Gothic griffins, but the carvers I applied to immediately made sketches of Renaissance griffins, and said they would do much better. As that was the transformation I had been most anxious to avoid (for the particular piece of furniture in question), I gave up the project. The carvers were highly intelligent workmen, yet quite incapable of conceiving anything that was not in a Renaissance spirit. I had another example of the same difficulty afterwards. A French draughtsman was employed to copy with the pen, for photographic reproduction, a series of pictures by an English pre-Raphaelite artist. In making the copies he eliminated all the pre-Raphaelite characteristics of feeling and style, and substituted those of the Renaissance, thereby, of course, entirely falsifying the intentions of the original painter. I believe he did this quite unconsciously, at any rate he was evidently incapable of supposing that the peculiar interest of the originals lay precisely in those very characteristics that he eliminated.

curve when the rest of the roof is arched. The value of space in Parisian houses has led to the very general adoption of arched or bulging roofs, which have the advantage of allowing so much more head-room, a truth well known to all who use tents and waggons. In cases where the curve is not employed, the roof often begins by being exceedingly steep and then comes to an angle from which it slopes back rapidly to the ridge, and in the steep part of it there is a row of dormer windows.

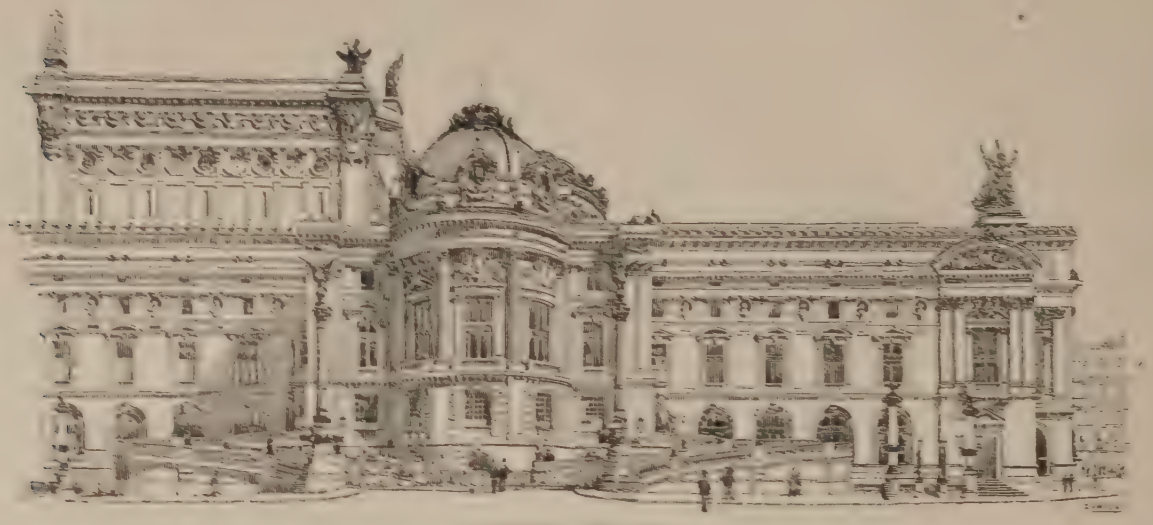
The modern Parisian house, then, is characterised by a visible roof, curved or angular, with dormer windows in it, but not any gable either towards the street or at the end. The windows are flat-headed, they are very frequently provided with an entablature and with lateral mouldings, whilst in a great number of the better class of houses the stonework that surrounds the window is carved more or less elaborately, but almost always with knowledge and good taste. Great use has been made of balconies as an element of architectural interest and an excuse for tasteful decoration. They are always supported on massive stone brackets which in every instance show at least an attempt at design, whilst many of them are beautiful in form and enriched with excellent ornamental sculpture. The doorways, in modern houses, are generally of importance. The French habit of living on flats makes one doorway the entrance to many dwellings, so that an amount of ornament may be lavished upon it which would be extravagant and impossible for a single tenant. The finest of such doorways consist of a lofty stone arch decorated with sculpture and filled with a tympanum of oak with folding-doors below, large enough for the passage of carriages. The woodwork is thoroughly sound and well finished, very strong and massive, and left almost of its natural colour, but varnished. Carving is employed on the woodwork, but generally in moderation, and always in perfect keeping with the stone-carving on the rest of the edifice. There is also a taste for massive handles plated with nickel or silver and set in small slabs of marble. Up in the panels of the tympanum there is often a window belonging to the *entresol;* and when this occurs the surroundings of the window in mouldings, carvings, and panels, are as carefully designed, though in woodwork, as the masonry of the house itself. In such a house there is not an inch of surface from roof to basement that is not ruled by thoughtful care and taste, accompanied by sufficient knowledge. I do not speak of genius and inspiration, these are as rare in architectural as in literary work; but it is a great thing to have banished ignorance and bad taste. It is a great thing, too, that house-builders should have got well out of that negative condition of perfect dulness, of incapacity to desire or apprehend the beautiful, which produced such houses as those in Harley Street. Even in Paris itself, although the builders from Louis XIV. to Louis Napoleon sometimes erected interesting separate mansions, they treated houses in rows with wearisome monotony whenever they had power to build a row of houses at all. The last houses on the *Pont au Change*, which were finished in 1647 and demolished in 1788, were as dull as domestic architecture of the last century in London. The supplementary buildings of the *Hotel Dieu* on the left bank of the Seine, which were completed in the eighteenth century, had not more architecture than a cotton-mill, and the houses behind them were no better. The pretty modern



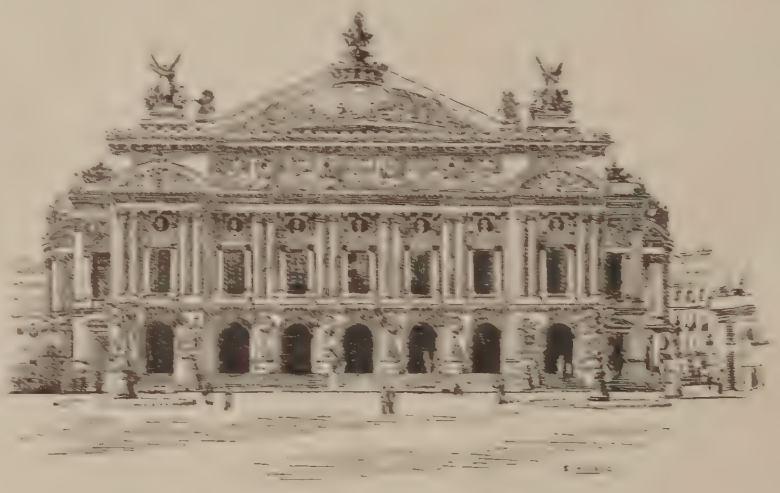
DOORWAY OF A MODERN HOUSE.

Parisian house does not date further back than Louis Napoleon, and at first it was monotonously repeated. The desire for variety came in due course, but it was only towards the close of the reign that the possibilities of the new style came to be thoroughly understood. It still requires, I think, a more obvious and clearly visible variety, though it is easy to fall into the common error of not observing the degree of variety that there is. More will have to be said about street architecture in the next chapter. For the present I desire to point out a peculiar effect of the increased attention paid to the architecture of houses. Since so many of the houses have been made lofty and beautiful many new public buildings have been very strongly influenced by them, both as to their proportions and their style of architecture. Some readers will remember an absurdly small church at Geneva with a miniature tower, which is surrounded by very lofty modern houses. In a village of low cottages such a church would look respectable; at Geneva it is like a model set there for the people to look

down upon from their windows. On the contrary, Rouen Cathedral *gains* by contrast with the old-fashioned houses close to it, which are not on a great scale. The merit of Parisian architects is to have perceived the new necessities in public buildings created by streets of magnificent private dwellings. If the ordinary architecture of a city is on a large scale and richly decorated, its public buildings must still distinguish themselves by greater richness. One consequence of the reconstruction of Parisian dwellings has been the rebuilding, in whole or in part, of almost all those theatres that happened to be near new streets or squares. The *Théâtre Francais* had a new front; the Opera was rebuilt with unparalleled magnificence; the *Vaudeville* had a narrow but strikingly rich curved *façade* at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin, with Corinthian columns and Caryatides and a *fronton* crowned with a statue of Apollo. The new *Théâtre de la Renaissance* is a heavy but sumptuous structure, also adorned with Caryatides and Corinthian columns. The *Gaîté* was rebuilt in 1861 with a pretty arcade on marble columns in front of its open loggia. The *Châtelet* was built at the same date, and has also its loggia, but with statues under the five arches. The neighbouring *Théâtre Historique*, which used to be the *Lyrique*, was also built under Louis Napoleon, though it has been rebuilt since in consequence of incendiarism by the Communards. The construction of these buildings, and of many others, was made a necessity by the handsome new houses. The *Odéon* belongs to the beginning of this century and is a plain, respectable structure. It may remain as it is because the houses near it are plain, old-fashioned dwellings of the same or an earlier date, but if the Odéon could be placed where the Opera is now, it would be too simple for such a situation.



THE OPERA. SIDE VIEW.



THE OPERA. THE PRINCIPAL FRONT.

Yes, the French understand the effect of neighbourhood in architecture, an effect which may either completely destroy or wonderfully enhance the charm and interest of a building. I wish it could be said that the English understood this equally well, or were equally ready to make the sacrifices that are necessary to protect a building from being injured by its neighbours. The French are not always careful enough, or, at least, not always successful, as we see in the injury inflicted by large buildings on Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle; still the principle is understood in Paris, and very few public buildings of any consequence are inadequate to the situations which they occupy.

The most magnificent of recent structures, and one of the most happily situated, is the Opera. The situation has been created for it purposely. The

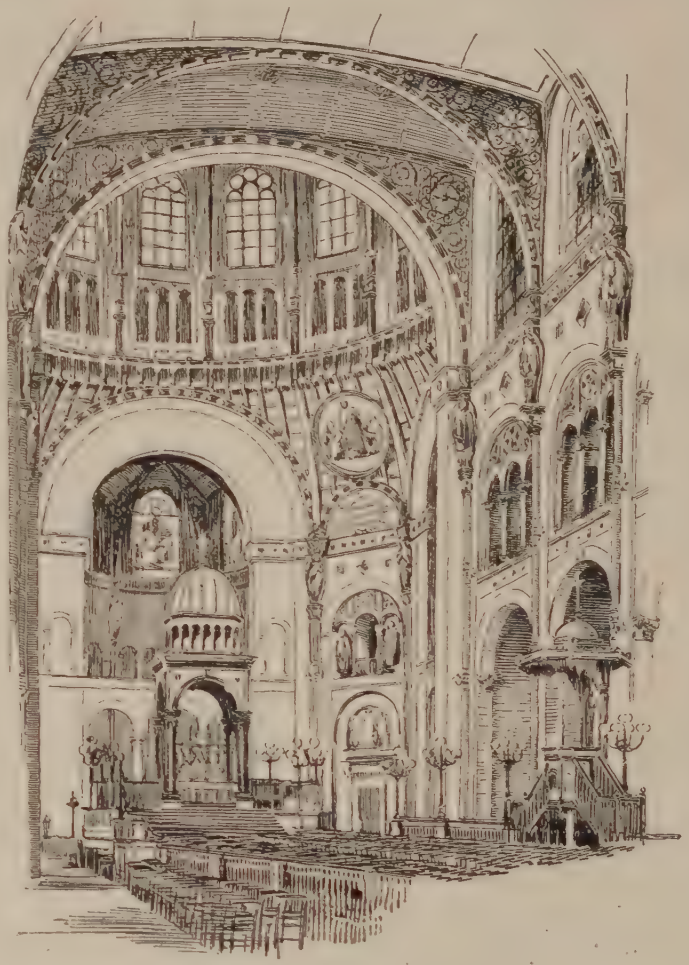
front might have looked merely across a street, but a new street of great length was opened, that it might be seen from a distance. Besides this, arrangements were made for the convergence of several other new streets in front of the Opera, so as to give to its site the utmost possible importance. As the houses in these streets are all of them lofty and many of them magnificent, the Opera itself required both size and richness to hold its own in a situation that would have been dangerous to a feeble, or even a modest architectural performance. The Opera was compelled to assert itself strongly, and if it had merits they must be of a showy and visible kind—rather those of the sunflower than those of the lily of the valley. There can be no question that M. Garnier aimed at the right kind of merit—showy magnificence—but there are two opposite opinions about his taste. Like all important contemporary efforts, the Opera has its ardent admirers and its pitiless critics. Let me tell a short anecdote about this building, which may help us in some measure to arrive at a just opinion. Shortly after its completion several distinguished men, who were not architects, met at a Parisian dinner-table, and they criticised M. Garnier with great severity. Amongst them was a provincial architect, who remained silent till the others appealed to him. Then he said, 'Gentlemen, when an architect undertakes to erect a comparatively small building it is still a very complex affair; and how much more so must be such a gigantic work as the Opera, where a thousand matters of detail and necessity have to be provided for, all of which the architect has to carry in his mind together, and to reconcile with the exigencies of art! Such a task is one of the heaviest and longest strains that can be imposed upon the mind of man; and if the architect does not satisfy everyone, it may be because other people are not aware of the extreme complexity of the problem.' For me, I confess that I know really nothing about theatres, except that they have mysterious difficulties of their own. I like being outside better than inside them, because to be outside is at the same time cooler and cheaper; and all I know about their peculiar form is that they generally have a gabled superstructure, which must be an awkward thing for an architect, and is in some way connected with scene-shifting. I humbly confess that the Parisian Opera seems to me a very odd sort of structure when seen from behind, and perhaps it might have been better to hide those parts of it. Yet I like to see the whole of an edifice, the complete work of the architect, and not merely a fine front, like the front of a shop. The truncated angles at the back have a decidedly weakening effect upon the design, but the corners were cut off in order that there might be an apparent correspondence between the building and the Rues Scribe and Glück. The rotundas on the east and west sides have a good effect in breaking their monotonous length, and their domes make a good accompaniment to the great flattened dome over the house. The principle followed everywhere has been to conform the exterior to the uses of the edifice, which is right. The exterior dissimulates nothing, and consequently it looks like nothing in the world but what it is—a great theatre, whereas the Vaudeville might be taken for the entrance to a bank, and the Odéon for a scientific lecture-hall and museum.

Whatever may be thought of the back and sides of the Opera, the principal front may be admired without reserve. The basement is a massive wall, finished plainly, and pierced with seven round arches. In the intervals between five of these arches are statues and medallions; on each side of the two exterior ones are groups representing Music, Lyrical Poetry, the Lyrical Drama, and the Dance. The contrast here of extreme architectural simplicity with figure sculpture is excellent. Above is a colonnade of coupled Corinthian columns supporting an entablature, and between each two pairs of columns is an open space, in which a lower and smaller entablature, with a wall above it, is supported on smaller columns of marble. This wall is pierced in each interval with a circular opening containing the gilded bronze bust of a great musician. Above the great entablature, and immediately over each pair of coupled columns, is a medallion with supporters, and above each open space of the loggia is an oblong panel with sculpture. Then you come to the dome of the house and the gable of the structure above the stage. The effect of the whole is a combination of splendour with strength and durability. The use of sculpture has been happy, and the sculpture has not been killed by the architecture, as it often is. On the other hand, it has lightened the appearance of the architecture, especially on the top of the edifice, where the colossal winged figures are most valuable, and so is that on the apex which holds up the lyre with both hands.

With regard to the interior, my humble opinion —the opinion of one who knows nothing about theatres—is, that the business of plotting for splendour has been considerably overdone. The *foyer* is palatial, but it is overcharged with heavy ornament, like the palace of some lavish but vulgar king. As for poor Paul Baudry's paintings on the ceiling, which cost him such an infinity of labour and pains, it does not in the least signify what he painted or how long it will last, for nobody can see his work in its present situation. There can hardly be any more deplorable waste of industry and knowledge than to devote it to the painting of ceilings that we cannot look at without pains in the neck, and cannot see properly when we do look at them. The grand staircase is more

decidedly a success than the *foyer*. It almost overpowers us by its splendour; it is full of dazzling light; it conveys a strong sense of height, space, openness; it comes on the sight as a burst of brilliant and triumphant music on the ear. The mind has its own satisfaction in a work that is splendid without false pretension. All the materials are really what they seem. The thirty columns are monoliths of marble, every step is of white Italian marble, the hand-rail of onyx, supported by balusters of *rouge antique*, on a base of green marble from Sweden. We may admire the grand staircase or object to it, but it is honest work throughout, and may last a thousand years. The architect evidently took pride in it, as he has so planned the design that visitors may look down from galleries on four different stories all round the building. The house itself is much less original, with its decoration of red and gold, and the customary arrangements for the audience.

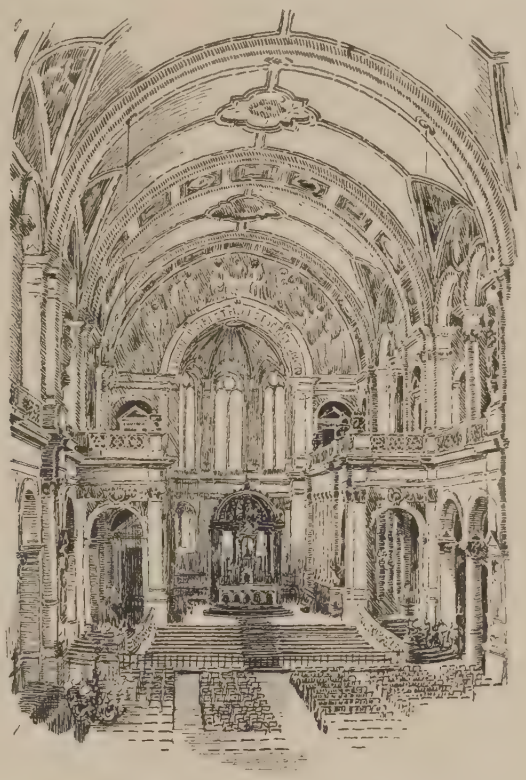
House architecture in the modern streets of Paris has led the architects to attempt the solution of a very difficult problem. They have endeavoured, I will not say to invent a new style of ecclesiastical architecture, for a really new style is not possible, but to adapt an old style in such a manner as to make it harmonise with the secular and domestic architecture of our own time. If the reader will glance back in memory at the styles of church architecture that have prevailed or been experimented upon since the beginning of French civilisation, he will soon perceive that there really is not one of them that would not look isolated in a modern boulevard. The Romanesque and Gothic styles, in all their varieties, look completely isolated. A classic temple like the Madeleine looks out of place for various reasons, especially for its want of height in comparison with modern houses, and its prison-like absence of openings, so different from the modern wall, pierced with many windows. The architect of St. Eustache made a most important experiment in the union of Gothic principles with the details of the elegant Renaissance, but his example has not been followed. As for the dull and heavy architecture that I have ventured to call plainly the stupid Renaissance, it would look uglier than ever if placed in the neighbourhood of intelligent and inventive modern domestic building. Contemporary Parisian architects have endeavoured to solve the problem by a free expansion of Byzantine ideas. The most interesting of these experiments is the church of St. Augustine, where stone and cast-iron have been employed together. The use of cast-iron has been almost entirely confined to the roof and dome. The nave is crossed by light iron arches, with spandrels of the same material; and from these arches a metal column comes down to the ground on each side, set against the stone pier like a pilaster. These iron arches carry depressed vaults corresponding to the bays. The dome is almost entirely metallic; its ribs, and even the mullions of its windows, are of iron. Each bay of the nave consists of a round arch with three minor arches above it in the triforium gallery, themselves included in a higher arch, and in front of the triforium runs a gilded railing. The windows of the clerestory are round-arched, each with two lights, containing, in painted glass, figures of bishops or other ecclesiastics. Ornament is used in moderation, and is not in itself of an elaborate kind, a small lozenge-shaped or square panel being considered enough to vary a space of plain wall. The tympanum between the three small arches and the large one that includes them is richer.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The interior of the church has certain merits in a very high degree. It is not only spacious and airy in reality, but it looks so. I have seldom found myself beneath a dome that seemed so light and lofty. The nave is of great width, but there are no aisles, and the lateral chapels are unfortunate in shape, owing to the site, which compelled M. Baltard, the architect, to make them narrower and narrower as they approach the principal entrance. The exterior has been considerably injured by this necessity, which gives the whole edifice the appearance of being huddled together. The towers are too close to the dome, and the front seems to require lateral support of some kind. Much of the interest of this church, as a piece of work, consists in the difficulty of the site. That may have been one of the reasons for the employment of iron in the roof, as it caused so much less outward thrust, and the building could not spread itself laterally. Whatever the reason, the iron has been skilfully used, and in that respect, as well as in the character of all the other arts employed, this church is thoroughly of our own time.

THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF LA TRINITÉ.

The church of *La Trinité* is another important example of modernism. The nave is very wide, and vaulted in a large round arch. The aisles are very narrow, and separated from the nave by an arcade of round arches supported on marble pillars between the piers. Above the aisles runs a lofty gallery, with a similar arcade and a pierced parapet. The space above the high altar is narrowed by the projection of two arcades, equal in height to those of the aisles, and finished by a continuation of the parapet just mentioned. There is a small apse behind. The church has a tower crowned with an octagonal dome and lantern, and flanked by two small lanterns, also with domes. The round arch is dominant everywhere, except over the niches and doors, where pediments have been frequently employed. In the perfect finish of the workmanship, the richness and excellence of the materials, and a general air of palatial elegance, this church is quite modern and Parisian. It is curious to observe how well it holds its place between two large blocks of houses built at the same date with itself, which have round arches over the *entresol*, and louvre windows not much unlike the upper niches, and pilasters recalling those at the angles of the church. Opposite the Trinité, the houses at the angles of the *Chaussée d'Antin* are finished with domes. The balustrade immediately in front of the *Trinité* (behind the three fountains) is carried round the pretty garden, which seems in this way to belong to the church. For all these reasons this piece of ecclesiastical architecture is allied to its surroundings just as the Gothic cathedrals were in the middle ages.

Another example of the same modern style, founded upon the combination of the round arch with

the classic capital, is the church of St. François Xavier, near the Invalides. This church is plainer and simpler than the *Trinité*, and much smaller than St. Augustine. It is not in any way imposing, but it is interesting as one of the most honest attempts of a modern architect to build in a modern way. Such work is far less unsatisfactory than a thin attempt at Gothic like Ste. Clothilde.

In Paris, where there is really a modern style of domestic architecture, it is possible that in the future a corresponding ecclesiastical architecture may become habitual. Gothic is too remote from modern habits of design and too much isolated in the midst of modern houses. A heavy Renaissance like that of St. Sulpice is too much wanting in grace and cheerfulness. What really suits modern Paris is a sort of Renaissance, very delicate in workmanship everywhere, and combining readily with intelligent painting and sculpture. It should employ beautiful materials, fine marbles, gilded bronze, and other good modern metal work. At St. Augustine the doors are in electrotype copper. Above all, the modern style should leave great liberty to the taste and fancy of each individual architect, because it is only in this way that any boldness of experiment can be possible, or any new ideas evolved. These modern churches show signs of real vitality, and in this respect are more hopeful than any mere *pastiche* of Gothic or Italian art.

THE CHURCH OF LA TRINITÉ.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## MEADOWS AT MARLOW ON THE THAMES.

ETCHED BY E. P. BRANDARD.

THIS plate is especially interesting as a work in free etching by one of the first line-engravers of the day. Mr. Brandard, who in his youth worked in the studio of his elder brother, the late Mr. Robert Brandard, and assisted him in the production of his admirable plates after Turner, watching the great painter make his magical touches upon unfinished proofs, has lived to see the school of English engravers whom Turner helped to train dwindle down to the verge of extinction, and the lately neglected art of etching become the fashionable art of the day. He has, however, no sympathy with those who would exalt the one method at the expense of the other; and while in the full practice of his own exquisite art, delights to spend a leisure hour in the free use of the etching-needle. This plate of *Marlow* was executed from a water-colour sketch of his own. The town has some pleasant old streets of warm-coloured brick houses; but the old bridge and church are long since gone, the one replaced by a suspension bridge, and the other by a modern building in debased Gothic, the crocketed spire of which shows, however, picturesquely enough among the trees. These stately trees in the meadows by the river, and the Quarry woods rising steeply from the Berkshire bank, are the beautiful features of the scenery in this well-known part of the Thames.

# THE CLYDE.

## II.

TILLIETUDLEM is a name which does not occur in the index to Murray's 'Scotland,' and this apparent omission is in reality an evidence of the accuracy of that authority. For, indeed, no such place exists. There is, it is true, a very small and dingy railway station so inscribed, but this is not to be called a place. Flowers, massed abundantly in the windows of its little black shed, combine with the well-known name to raise this station above the position of a mere adjunct to the neighbouring colliery. But these things would not, of themselves, have tempted us so far from our river. Nor, for our present purpose, does it much matter that here are said to be the largest works of Cannel coal in Great Britain. The weird automatism may perform its ceaseless evolutions, and wheel and crane and crank glide, whirl, and throb, as if inspired by the very Evil One: across a field or two, and below the brow of the hill, it will be possible to forget them, and be at rest for awhile in dreamland.

> 'Sit thee there, and send abroad,
> With a mind self-overawed,
> Fancy, high commissioned;—send her!
>
> * * * *
>
> Open wide the mind's cage-door,
> She'll dart forth and cloudward soar.
> O sweet Fancy! let her loose.'

And surely, if anywhere, on the banks of the Nethan she may be content to hover and circle. The Nethan—that is the name of the 'water' that has beguiled us these two miles from the shores of the Clyde—and this ruin, if it is not Tillietudlem, is the very same Craignethan Castle which Sir Walter Scott was more than half-minded to make his home. Here he gave his fancy rein till 'Old Mortality' was evolved, and Balfour and Bothwell, Henry Morton and the Bellendens, and Jenny and Cuddie and Manse, and the sweet-looking, relentless 'Clavers.'

In calling up the image of this last we may, if we will so far condescend, be greatly aided by a very striking picture at present exhibited among the loan collection of 'Works of Old Masters and Scottish National Portraits' at Edinburgh. The portrait is No. 39 in the Catalogue, 'John Graham of Claverhouse—lent by Lady E. L. M. Cartwright—painter unknown.' He was very young—hardly more than a boy, I suppose—when that was done, and cannot, surely, have had blood on his hands. The dark eyes, well-shaped nose, short upper lip, all seem fit for courts and ladies' drawing-rooms; and yet all the time there is something that will scarcely swerve, and a soul looks out that may be harder to melt than one of rougher mould—at least, so one fancies.

It is a remarkable fact that much as Sir Walter Scott was delighted with Craignethan, his description of it, under the title of Tillietudlem, does less than justice to its beauty. The deep and thickly-wooded glen, and the final interest and romance of the ruined castle, hidden till the last moment in its windings, are a delightful surprise even to those who have prepared themselves by one more re-perusal of 'Old Mortality.' The narrow and half-overgrown path by which, after crossing the rough bridge, the castle is approached, can hardly be the 'winding avenue which,' in Scott's rather ambiguous language, 'rose to the Tower along the highroad,' and which Major Bellenden barricaded with the trunks of trees. But this discrepancy may serve to give us timely warning that the attempt to verify in all its details the novelist's description will only lead to disappointment. He himself takes care to explain that he has been no slavish topographer; and most of his readers will, I think, be happier and wiser, too, if they will let the characters and incidents, which it is impossible to forget, come and go as chance or association may suggest. At any rate, the details of the retreat of the Life-guards, the siege, and the rout of Cuddie's detachment by Jenny's discharge of hot kail-brose from the pantry window, are—or should be—too familiar to bear repetition. As we ascend the valley the unlovely relics of disused coal-pits will soon be forgotten, and instead we shall see the skilful disposition of Henry Morton's skirmishers, and observe how they spare the original garrison of the castle and aim chiefly at the red-coats. We shall hear the pious arrogance of the Laird of Langcale, and the stern murmur with which, on his return, the ample red flag edged with blue is raised in the van of the Covenanters. And then, 'as the signal of war and defiance spreads out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, are immediately hoisted on the walls of the tower, and at the same time a round of artillery is discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustain some loss.'

Another old name of Tillietudlem or Craignethan Castle is 'Draphane,' or 'Draffan.' To 'Draffan' it was that Queen Mary hastened in May 1568, after sheltering for one night at Niddrie, in her flight from Lochleven, and here she may have tarried while her adherents mustered at Hamilton. No part of the existing ruin probably dates more than half a century

further back than this, but a fortification of some sort there is thought to have been from the twelfth century.* It does not seem to have been directly from hence, but either from Cadzow or Hamilton, that the Queen made her fateful march to Langside. Both Hamilton and Draffan were besieged by the Regent and dismantled. Both were afterwards recovered and repaired by the Hamiltons, and both ordered to be once more 'demolishit and caussyn down' by James VI.

In 1585 the Hamiltons regained possession of Draffan, and in the next century it was, for the last time, repaired by Mr. Andrew Hay, to whom it had been sold by 'Duchess Anne.' Mr. Hay it was who built from the ruins that 'convenient house,' which is now the abode of the care-taker. The ruins of the old castle consist of two courtyards divided by a dry moat once faced with stone, and doubtless crossed by a drawbridge. The smaller of these yards contains the keep, the work of Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, favourite and cup-bearer of James V., the chief Scotch architect of his day, who, after a busy life spent in fighting and building, was stabbed to death in Holyrood Palace. In this central keep, besides the principal room, is one still shown as Queen Mary's. Over the main entrance of the castle may be seen the escutcheon of Sir James—the arms of Hamilton, with augmentation of the Royal Treasure of Scotland, granted to him by James V.

Everywhere, if we had eyes to see and ears to hear, the native inhabitants reflect in form and voice, as they do in mind and character, the sights and sounds of the fatherland. The insensibility of even the most acute of us to this significant correspondence amounts, indeed, to such a total inability to trace the links of cause and effect, that the key to a whole branch of physiognomy may be said to be missing. We can fancy the origin of a tartan as the light sweeps across the green and purple and ruddy hill-side, but it is only in a moment of poetic insight that the deeper harmony and sequence are detected. What we then see or hear we cannot define or describe, but something like it is caught now and then in the portrayal of an Italian woman by Robert Browning; a Greek by George Eliot; or it may be a Scot by Sir Walter. We are reminded, as we read, of the winters of long wailing storm, or the lazy laughing summers, which have crept into the very tone and accent of these men and women, and we know that somehow their faces are in unexplained accord with vineyard and olive orchard, or with heather, and peat, and rock.

In this kind of suggestion no one has come nearer to success than Wordsworth. The 'Highland Girl of Inversnaid' breathes, without uttering, the very thought—he 'feels this place is made for her,' and hardly wishes to prolong the fleeting glimpse!—

> 'For I, methinks till I grow old
> As fair before me shall behold
> As I do now, the cabin small,
> The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
> And thee, the spirit of them all.'

The prose description by Dorothy Wordsworth of the same girl—for she was a real live Scotch lassie—and of the episode of the meeting, is as perfect in its way. All this was, as it happens, on Loch Lomond, and within a few miles of the Clyde; but it would not the least have mattered if it had been in Caithness. The thought is one of general appropriateness in Scotland, and has been here suggested by the remembrance of a little blue-eyed, true-faced girl at Craignethan, who looked at me with the gravity of a hundred years and the kindness of a mother, while she told me with quiet peremptoriness which road to take. Oddly enough she had with her a companion, rather younger than herself, who answered very closely to Miss Wordsworth's description of the younger of the two Inversnaid companions—'a delicate and unhealthy-looking girl; but there was an uncommon meekness in her countenance, with an air of premature intelligence, which is often seen in sickly young persons.' To return to the Clyde.

The next point of historic interest on its banks is the last before it plunges into murky Glasgow.

In June, 1492, 'Archibald Bell-the-Cat,' Earl of Angus, falling under suspicion of treasonable correspondence with Henry VII., was compelled by James IV. to exchange his too important castle of Liddisdale for that which the Earl of Bothwell owned near Glasgow. By this arrangement the stalwart Douglas became possessed of a property so beautiful that it might well comfort him for the royal displeasure. The Clyde here winds between thickly wooded banks or cliffs of rich red sandstone, and the colour which glows in natural brightness among the trees is conspicuously repeated in the walls above. High on a grassy headland, commanding with its massive towers two reaches of the protecting Clyde, stands Bothwell Castle. There is a peculiar charm in a ruin which thus claims kindred with its native earth, and it is difficult to resist a feeling that, as the massive pile came from the stores of nature at man's bidding, and took shape beneath the discipline of art, so it is even now returning whence it came. In bush and tree, in clinging ivy and creeping flower, the earth, 'with something of a mother's mind,' reclaims her own. Man has withdrawn his strenuous will, and time is on the side of the old gods. So Nature, patient as fate, wins at last by waiting, till all effort, even the highest, shall die out. Inside the Castle walls the turf is

* See Irving and Murray's 'Upper Ward of Lanarkshire.'

cool and rich against the flush of the warm stone—heated by what subterranean furnace, in what buried ages, to yield this moment of delight? And there is still beauty of form, as well as of colour, in moulding and arcade above, in the sweeping lines of the Clyde far below. Whether the Castle—or part of it—belongs to the twelfth century, and was occupied by Wallace, or the whole rose only within a conquered Caledonia to seal and secure the domination of England, I confess I am not able to determine. Yet the claim of a certain round dungeon to the title of 'Wallace's Beef-Barrel' falls through

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

if we adopt the latter alternative, and the point may well, therefore, be keenly contested.

Whoever built it, Bothwell Castle is fitly called a 'Strength.' The walls towards the river are 60 feet in height, and in many places not less than 15 in thickness. The space thus enclosed is about 230 feet by 100, and two towers on the east, and a larger one on the west, constitute its points of vantage. But the arrow-slits which are still on one side the only openings in the vast mass of ruddy masonry, have been replaced towards the river by more modern apertures, through which an almost endless variety of views may be enjoyed, though right and left of the great tower the latest innovations are not found. Supported on a waggon-vaulted under-croft, the chapel turns towards the safe seclusion of the enclosure a fine arcaded frontage, freely pierced; but even here the shriek and roar of trains comes like a surrounding foe from various points at once, and on the opposite ridge, across the river, they rush visibly on a level with our eyes. Only in the valley below, where the rich-brown shallow water, fretted by slabs of rock, remembers the fury of the Linns, can undisturbed illusion be attained.

But the name of Bothwell recalls one more point of interest which must not be passed over. About a mile above the little town is the place where Monmouth and Dalzell rode down the panic-stricken Covenanters, and 'Clavers'—not this time on his charmed black horse—wiped out Drumclog and avenged his nephew's death—'Kill! kill! no quarter! think on Richard Grahame!' Here, too, it was that Burley's sword-arm was shattered by a bullet, and he left the field crying, 'May the hand be withered that shot the shot!' The river and the low-lying meadows remain, but the bridge on which depended the issue of the fight has long since been replaced by a very modern and convenient structure whereon we may seek in vain for the gateway which was barricaded by the real Burley and the apocryphal Henry Morton.

'Along the brae, beyond the brig,' comes many a youthful inhabitant to fish, to bathe, or to paddle in the Clyde, not knowing that here if anywhere the river earned its fearful epithet, nor reflecting, it may be supposed, upon 'the bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.'

The Glasgow of Sir Walter Scott is as quaint, as

romantic, as rich in local colouring, as the wildest Highland loch or loneliest glen ; but as we stand on the Broomielaw Bridge it requires an effort to recall Rob Roy and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, or to believe that we are still gazing at the Clyde. Even the last fifty years have done much to widen the gulf. 'In my young days,' said an ancient lady in the writer's hearing, as she stood up in the railway carriage to gaze, after long absence, on the first city she had known, 'in my young days Glasgow was always considered a very handsome town, but I think it all very ugly now.' And though she had not then seen the new squares and streets of the western town, her criticism certainly struck home. Scotland is contented, it seems, to possess in Edinburgh one of the few really beautiful cities of the world. But the fascination of strength and prosperity, the endless interest of the life that is our own to-day, the 'conquering new-born' industry which will surely once again be united to comeliness and grace —these are the claims of Glasgow on our sympathy ; and behind them, in old nooks and corners, in names, in memories and traditions, still lurks the city of the past —the city that, before Watt, or Bell, or Napier, maintained a thriving trade and took pride in its Cathedral, its College, and its Trongate. 'Glasgow,' it has been said, 'looks almost as new as Chicago, but the luxuriant growth hides an ancient stem.' The marsh on which the town was largely built was, of course, destined to disappear before drainage and improved domestic architecture ; and the doom of the houses and chapels which were raised on piles amid the swamps, lay concealed in the neighbouring quarries of excellent building stone.

INTERIOR OF BOTHWELL CASTLE.

The 'leaps and bounds' of Glasgow's growth have no doubt been made by inventors and ship-builders ; but apart from these, there has been a development of trade paralleled only by that of Liverpool, and sufficient in itself to make of the settlement of Kentigern and the appendage of the royal borough of Rutherglen, a commercial capital. Our first glimpse of trading Glasgow is in the early fifteenth century,—the first conspicuous name that of Elphinstone, the father of the Bishop. But the trade on which William Elphinstone built his name and fortune, was nothing better than the exportation of pickled salmon and dried herrings to be exchanged for wine and brandy. Then, one hundred years later, Archibald Lyon, youngest son of the Earl of Strathmore, 'undertook great voyages and adventures in trading to Poland, France, and Holland.'. It is noteworthy that not only this Hon. Archibald, but likewise his son, and three sons-in-law, and their sons after them, were great merchants. 'Business' has never been plebeian in Glasgow. But all this was as nothing to the new departure which the trade of the town was enabled to take by the union of 1702. 'I desire,' said Queen Anne, in words which a late historian has rendered familiar, 'and expect from my subjects of both nations, that from henceforth they act with all possible respect and kindness to one another, that so it may appear to all the world they have hearts disposed to become one people,' — a desire and expectation which have for the seal of their fulfilment the fact that 'a fishing town on the Clyde has grown into the rich and populous Glasgow.' The trade from which such great results have followed began, indeed, with a day of small things. Half-a-dozen adventurers charter a ship, freight her with native produce and appoint an unlettered captain to act as supercargo, with instructions to spend the proceeds of his venture on tobacco. On his return he is asked by his employers for a statement of account. 'I can give you no statement,' he says, 'but here's the profit ;' and he throws down before them a large hoggar, or stocking, 'stuffed to the top with coin.' The old chronicle goes on to tell how the adventurers—thinking that if an ignorant man could do well, a skilled accountant must do far better—sent a second ship with an expert supercargo. From him they received, indeed, a model balance-sheet, but no 'hoggar.' Later adventures, however, resulted in both accounts and hoggars. And so, as we read, began the tobacco trade of Glasgow.

Lord Provost Cochrane, again, told Sir John Dalrymple that he attributed the rapid rise of Glasgow to the energy and skill of four young men, who started in business with less than 1000*l.* among them. The names of these pioneers were William Cunningham, Henry Ritchie, Alexander Spiers, and John Glassford. The last named, whose success was not equal to that of Spiers, died in 1783, having for some years been the owner of twenty-five ships, in which he annually imported 500,000*l.* worth of tobacco. Though, owing to the American War and other causes, this special trade was destined soon to decline, the wealth and energy which had been generated were not lost, but diverted into other channels. The manufacture of linen had long ago led to the importation of flax to be exported as

CARMYLE MILL.

clothing; and David Dale, towards the end of the century, established cotton-mills, first at Rothesay, and then at Lanark, and soon afterwards iron-works were introduced. At this point the history of trade and manufacture becomes linked with that of invention, for the necessity of the mills was the mother of mechanism. Sugar and cotton rather than tobacco were now the staples of Glasgow trade; and the merchant and the manufacturer, or often both combined, learned to look not only to the West Indies and United States, but to all the world, as his market. The noble river, growing daily more crowded and more foul, no longer plays its part in the world by means of pickled salmon, but bristles with the shipping and re-echoes with the roar of the third great mart of the British Isles.

So much by way of scanty reference to the trade of Glasgow. But the Clyde, which in this respect must still yield to the Mersey and the Thames, has a renown more properly its own. In steam-ship architecture and steam navigation this river, with a natural mean depth at Glasgow New Bridge of only 3½ feet,* holds the first place in the world. The rapidity of this development has been even more remarkable than its extent. On the ancient stock of a half-forgotten civilisation a new and vigorous scion has been grafted, and has outdone that prolific tree of which the 'Shepherd' speaks in the 'Noctes:'—'Would ye believe 't, an auld ash stullion in the garden hedge of Mount Benger shot out six scions last year, the langest o' them nine, and the shortest seven feet lang? That was growin' for you, sir.'

The old development was ecclesiastical, the new is industrial, and between the two came desolation. Not in Melrose and Holyrood, Rosslyn and Dryburgh, alone lies the evidence of what the middle ages could produce. Bridges, it has been remarked, are always a good test of progress, and the 'Great Bridge of Glasgow' is said to have been built by Bishop Rae in 1345. 'Some of the largest bridges,' says Sir F. Palgrave, 'were chiefly built by alms collected for this as a *religious* purpose. Pont de Gard, over the Rhone, was one; the bridge over the Taro was another; Maidenhead Bridge was also another.' And in Scotland the connexion between bridges and religious foundations is undeniable. But the art and energy which in the sixteenth century went to sleep religious, awoke—with Smeaton's bridges of Coldstream, Perth, and Banff—secular and industrial. Meanwhile the hand of death seemed to be upon the

* In 1775 it was a great matter for the first engineer of the Clyde Trust to be able at spring-tides to bring to the little pier then recently built at the Broomielaw vessels drawing six feet of water. In 1871 the depth at spring-tides was increased from fourteen to twenty-two feet.

the land, and for lack of hope the race that now seethes in a ferment of industry was long given over to listless indolence. In those days dry river courses were the summer substitutes for roads, and vehicles were few or none, and the crofter and his wife might be seen carrying sacks of manure afield upon their backs, or casting it as useless refuse into the streams. With wages at fivepence and sixpence meat was a luxury only for the rich, and for these it meant the salted flesh of half-starved beasts, and ten wedders were thought likely to overstock the Edinburgh meat market. Ayrshire was a wild and dreary common; the Lothians lay untilled. For the whole circulating medium of the Edinburgh banks 200,000*l.* was found enough; and the Macgregors openly levied blackmail, and nicely discriminated between 'picking' and 'lifting' in Perth, in Stirling, in Dumbarton, and even within the present limits of Glasgow.

But among the farmers who fashioned their own rude implements there arose Andrew Meikle, the master of Rennie, and between the birth of Watt at Greenock in 1736 and the death of Bell at Helensburgh in 1830 the banks and waters of the Clyde were the scene of an awakening which has stirred the land from Dunnet Head to Gretna. As late as 1768, when Smeaton began to carry out his great design for the Clyde and Forth Canal, the 150,000*l.* at which the cost was estimated, came in so slowly that the work was two-and-twenty years in hand, and was finished at last (1790) by Whitworth.

The completion of this canal with a rise of 156 feet in thirty-nine locks, was a performance worthy of a pupil of that Brindley who avowed before a Committee of the House of Commons that in his opinion the use of navigable rivers was to make canal navigations.* It is the very narrowness of this concentrated enthusiasm—the blindness of this devotion to an unlovely mistress—that has made of Glasgow and the lower Clyde a world's wonder. Napier, not an inventor, but simply *the* great maker of engines and builder of steamships, refused to go to Glasgow University, and clung to his father's smithy at Dumbarton. Eventually, with 50*l.* to start him, he gave 45*l.* for a small blacksmith's business in the Gallow-gate and for the necessary tools; and now the engines of his first Clyde steamer are a public monument at the foot of Dumbarton rock.

Yet the 'wynds' of Glasgow to this day outdo in

THE BROOMIELAW, GLASGOW.

pitiable squalor and loathsome degradation the worst courts and alleys that London can show, and a miserable and too often a drunken population surges out on Saturdays into the spick-and-span prosperity of Buchanan Street, or crowds and quarrels in the innumerable whisky shops of the older town. 'I wouldn't go among the wynds alone if I were you,' said a policeman to me at midday; and, he added, 'It's Monday, and the drink's still in them, and it's no vera safe for a stranger.'

These are things which it is impossible to forget among the castles, and villas, and hotels, by which prosperous Glasgow links itself with the wholesomeness and beauty of the seaward reaches of the Clyde. Nowhere, perhaps, are we more fiercely reminded of the burning questions which underlie such catchwords as 'Progress and Poverty.'

W. Chambers Lefroy.

* Smiles' 'Lives of the Engineers.'

# ROMAN REMAINS AT RAVENNA.

THE glories of Ravenna have been the theme of many an eloquent writer. The antiquity and greatness of the once-imperial city, the proud tale of her historic renown, and the splendour of her monuments, have been described in glowing language by the chroniclers of mediaeval days and by the more sober historians of modern times. Local writers delight to enumerate the rights and honours enjoyed by this most noble of cities ; and a venerable Canon, who had grown old poring over worm-eaten manuscripts in the Archbishop's palace, has been heard to say that one lifetime was not long enough to learn the number of her privileges. To this day the Archbishop of Ravenna sits on the right hand of the Pope in council ; and from the time when Charlemagne named Ravenna second to Rome in his list of cities this has been the place claimed for her both in civil and ecclesiastical rank.

There was even once a moment when Rome herself sank to the position of a provincial town, and for three centuries Ravenna became the capital of Italy and the first city of the earth. Here the last Caesars sought a refuge from the advance of the barbarians ; and here the first German kingdom beyond the Alps arose on the ruins of the falling Empire.

It is to this troubled period of the world's history, when the old order was slowly giving place to the new, and the face of the earth was undergoing a vast and complete change, that the chief monuments of Ravenna belong.

One memory there is, indeed, which calls up thoughts of another age. The tomb of Dante brings pilgrims from all parts of the world to Ravenna, and the whispering boughs of his pine-forest still speak to us of him. But with this one great exception all that is most beautiful and interesting in Ravenna dates back to a period of 250 years between the fifth and eighth centuries, when she became successively the seat of Roman emperors, Gothic kings, and Byzantine exarchs.

Intervening ages have left few marks on the imperial city. Unlike other Italian towns, the remains of mediaeval and Renaissance art in Ravenna are too insignificant to be noticed by the side of her older monuments. Nothing comes to interfere with the presence of earlier times or to disturb our thoughts as we walk those silent streets, where churches of the fifth and sixth centuries rise about us in almost perfect preservation, and the tombs of kings and exarchs surprise us in the most remote corners and desolate places. The very decay and death of the present has kept alive that past in which the true greatness of Ravenna lies.

Another distinctive feature of Ravenna is that, with the single exception of two Roman bas-reliefs preserved in San Vitale, her antiquities are all Christian. There are no remains of classical sculpture to be found here. Pagan temples and mythological subjects are alike unknown. The gods of Hellas have never reigned in these shrines. Whether Roman, or Goth, or Byzantine, the rulers of Ravenna, in her greatest days, were all Christian. The name of Christ, the symbols of the Christian faith, meet us at every turn. Everywhere we see the Cross, set in radiant hues of mosaic work, on the vaulting over our heads or in the pavement under our feet, carved on the capitals of pillars, on the keystones of arches, and the stone sarcophagi which lie about the streets. Go where we will we find the sacred monogram, or some emblem of purity, of gentleness, of hope beyond the grave, in which the early Christians loved to express the faith they held dearer than life.

Those mosaic pictures, which were the spontaneous expression of the new religion, still look down from the walls of basilica and chapel, as fresh and brilliant as they were fourteen centuries ago. And these sanctuaries have never been spoiled or desecrated by the hand of the infidel. The churches of Galla Placidia and Justinian have not, like St. Sophia, been robbed of their diadem of beauty and transformed into a Turkish mosque. Their altars have never known but one God, and the rites observed here are the same as in the days when the first Christians worshipped.

Ravenna, as might be expected, is rich in ecclesiastical traditions. It is her proudest boast that she owes Christianity to a disciple of St. Peter, Apollinaris, who suffered martyrdom under Vespasian, and whose name is borne to this day by two of her grandest churches. The long line of her bishops can be traced back to him in unbroken succession, and the lives of the older of these prelates have been recorded down to the ninth century by the historian Agnellus. Several of their number not only claimed to be second to the bishops of Rome, but refused to acknowledge the Papal supremacy, and received their pallium straight from the Caesars.

Countless were the martyrs and confessors who suffered at Ravenna in the first ages of persecution, and whose names have been faithfully handed down by local chroniclers. One of the oldest altars in the city bears the inscription '*Martyrum sanguis semen fidei tuae, O Ravenna;*' and the old saying holds good in an especial manner of this home of saints and martyrs.

When we look back on the past of Ravenna three central figures stand out conspicuously before us—the Roman empress, Galla Placidia ; the Gothic king, Theodoric ; and the emperor of the East, Justinian.

Each represents a separate phase in her history, a moment of greatness that stands as it were by itself in her annals. And the name of each lives to-day in the buildings with which all three alike adorned Ravenna, and which still bear witness to the splendour of her rulers.

The monuments of Ravenna in this manner form three classes, which belong respectively to what may be called the Roman, Gothic, and Byzantine ages. Of these, the first group arose in the first half of the fifth century, and were chiefly the work of the renowned daughter of Theodosius, Galla Placidia, whose feeble brother, Honorius II., sought refuge at Ravenna on the approach of the barbarians.

Long before, as far back as the days of Augustus, Ravenna had become famous as the seaport where the imperial fleet was stationed, and both the suburb of Caesarea and the harbour of Classis had sprung up between the older city and the shores of the Adriatic. To-day Ravenna is four miles from the sea, but classical writers speak of the city as standing, like Venice to-day, in the centre of lagunes intersected by canals and connected with the mainland by a long causeway. Gradually the sea fell back, the line of coast changed, and the circumstances of the place in their turn became altered. Orchards grew where once the galleys of the Caesars rode at anchor and the soldiers of Theodoric encamped under the pine-forest which had arisen between the port of Classis and the seashore. In the days of Honorius the alluvial deposits of the Po had already partially filled up the mouth of the original harbour; but the situation of Ravenna, in the midst of marshes, surrounded by strongly fortified walls, made it a safer place than either Rome or Milan. There, in 403, the unworthy Caesar fled for shelter from the advancing Goths, and there he remained while Alaric sacked Rome and overran the empire. Then, for the first time, Ravenna became the home of imperial rule in Italy, and the age of her greatness began. Honorius himself did little to beautify the city where he had found refuge; tradition says that S. Lorenzo of Caesarea, the one church raised by his gold, was the result of a pious fraud on the part of his chamberlain; and even this basilica has perished, ruthlessly destroyed by a pope of the sixteenth century.

Ravenna owes far more to his sister Placidia. This extraordinary woman stands out among her contemporaries as one of the most remarkable figures in the story of the decline of the Roman empire. Of all the family of Theodosius she alone inherited her father's spirit. When Alaric threatened the capital of the world she refused to seek safety in flight, and, preferring to share the fate of Rome, fell into the victor's hands. Her beauty and courage soon won the admiration of her captors; she became the wife of Ataulf, the brother-in-law and successor of Alaric, and, after the death of this brave and enlightened Goth, was restored to her brother Honorius in exchange for six hundred measures of wheat. Placidia came to Ravenna still in the pride of youth and beauty; and before her tears for her noble Goth were yet dried, she was married, against her will it is said, to the Roman general, Constantius. Soon afterwards her husband was raised to the purple to satisfy her ambition, and the Queen of the Goths became a Roman empress. But the reign of the new Caesar was cut short by his untimely death six months after his accession; and when the once violent affection of the feeble Honorius for his sister changed to hatred, Placidia was compelled to fly to Constantinople with her infant son Valentinian.

A few years later the death of Honorius effected another change in her fortunes. Her nephew, Theodosius, Emperor of the East, restored her infant son by force of arms to the throne of the West; and, after narrowly escaping shipwreck on her journey, Placidia became regent during the minority of Valentinian III. For the next five-and-twenty years she reigned at Ravenna in the name of her son, who grew up as weak and dissolute as the other members of his race. Her own career was not free from crimes, but in Ravenna her memory was ever held in the highest honour by a grateful people, and in the fourteenth century she was worshipped as a saint.

Her own love for the place showed itself in the privileges which she bestowed upon Ravenna, and the splendid buildings with which she adorned this city where the most peaceful years of her stormy life were spent.

No trace remains of her own palace or of that of Lauretum, where her son resided. Their very site is uncertain. But the churches which she helped to raise have, in part at least, escaped the ravages of Time and the more cruel hand of man, and the baptistery of the Cathedral and Placidia's own sepulchral chapel are worthy monuments of the Roman age of Ravenna.

In the first years of the fifth century, before the coming of Placidia, Ursus, Archbishop of Ravenna, had erected the vast basilica known as the *Ecclesia Ursiana*. The whole population joined in the work with the same enthusiasm that inspired the builders of Orvieto or Florence in after days, and the most precious marbles and costly mosaics were brought together to adorn the fabric. The basilica of Ursus, enriched and beautified by succeeding archbishops, remained the Cathedral of Ravenna until the eighteenth century, when, to the eternal disgrace of the archbishop who perpetrated this act of vandalism, it was pulled down to make way for a modern building altogether unworthy of the name.

The present Cathedral contains scarcely a fragment of the older church, and the only portions of the

ancient foundation which have been preserved are the adjoining bell-tower and baptistery.

The campanile is one of the finest of those round towers of brick peculiar to the churches of Ravenna. Of the date of these bell-towers, which form so striking a feature in the general aspect of the city, it is impossible to speak with any certainty. The historian Agnellus, writing in the ninth century, gives elaborate descriptions of the Ravenna churches, but makes no mention of their bell-towers. Mr. Freeman, amongst other distinguished writers who have studied the subject, is of opinion that they were added in the tenth century, or even later. On the other hand, the German antiquarian Hübsch, after a careful examination, arrived at the conclusion that several of the oldest of these towers were built in the same age as the churches to which they were attached, that is to say, the latter part of the fifth century. In his opinion the brickwork of the base of the tower attached to the Cathedral is exactly identical with that of the Baptistery. If this presumption be correct this would be the first instance of a church-tower in Italy. We know that as late as the eighth century a bell-tower was regarded as a novelty in Rome, and that the towers attached to churches of an older period were for the most part added later. But since church-towers of the fifth, or even the fourth century, have been discovered in Syria by M. de la Vogué, there seems no reason why the round towers of this city which lay mid-way between east and west should not have been the first buildings of the kind assigned to the same in Italy. On the whole, in spite of the silence of Agnellus, the most probable supposition seems to be that the oldest among them, especially the circular towers of the Cathedral, and S. Giovanni Battista, belong to the close of the fifth or beginning of the sixth century, the age when Ravenna was at the summit of her greatness, and her builders displayed their highest activity.

Of the antiquity of the Baptistery there can be no doubt. It is the oldest building now existing in Ravenna, and one of the most curious and interesting monuments of its age in the whole world. Part of the original foundation of Ursus in the first place, the Baptistery or Fonte di S. Giovanni received its rich internal decorations from the hands of Archbishop Neon, between 425 and 430. This was the very moment of Placidia's return to Ravenna, and we are told expressly that the Empress assisted largely in the work. An old mosaic inscription on the walls of the building bearing the names of Peter Chrysologus (439–450), and of Maximian (546–552), as well as that of their predecessor Neon, seems to imply that these archbishops had a share in the work. But whether they completed what Neon had left unfinished, or restored portions of the original fabric, it is evident that one ruling idea governs the whole. No other building of the time has come down to us in so perfect a state of preservation and has undergone so little alteration during the lapse of ages.

Like most of the other churches of Ravenna, the exterior is extremely plain, and even the metal cross which Archbishop Theodore placed on the roof in 680 has been removed from its original place. Once within its walls, we receive a very different impression. From the floor, in which the base of the lowest tier of pillars is embedded, to the cupola overhead, roof and walls are covered with mosaic work, whose thousand hues are blended together in perfect harmony, while forms of life and beauty seem to move among festoons and arabesques of intricate design. There is nothing stiff and lifeless in these figures, nothing of the rigid formality and crudeness of colour which we are accustomed to associate with the mosaics of later ages. Everywhere we note the same dignified movement and noble form, the same subdued richness and careful use of glowing tints which distinguish the artists of Ravenna above their contemporaries.

The building is an octagon, as usual in the case of baptisteries, and the scheme of decoration is admirably adapted to suit the requirements of the space. Two rows of arcades, here already used for a purely decorative purpose, adorn the walls. Columns and arches are all of marble, and we see here for the first time those curious blocks or imposts, generally carved with the cross or some other Christian symbol, which are placed between the capitals and the spring of the arch in all the buildings of Ravenna.

The lower part of the walls is lined with slabs of many-coloured marbles, which, from their resemblance to those used in Santa Sophia, may have been added by Archbishop Maximian in the time of Justinian. Above the lowest range of arches the first course of mosaics begins, and we discover the mystic meaning which gives unity to the whole conception, and is expressed in each elaborate detail of the work.

The Baptism of Christ is the subject of the mosaic picture, which occupies the centre of the cupola, immediately above the ancient piscina of marble and porphyry placed in the middle of the floor. The Baptist, holding in one hand the jewelled cross which is the emblem of his confession, bends forward from a grassy bank to pour water on the head of Christ, who stands in the stream with the nimbus crowning His flowing locks and the dove descending upon His brow. With a strange blending of Christian and pagan motives, the river-god Jordan is seen opposite, rising out of the waters and stretching out his arms towards Christ with a gesture of adoration, as if he too owned the power of a divine presence. In one hand he holds a reed; with the other he offers a green cloth to Christ. The water-drops cling to his hair and beard, and the name of Jordan is written above his head. All three figures

are excellent in attitude, simple and natural in action. The finely-modelled forms stand out well on a background of gleaming gold, and in the Christ we have the noblest ideal type to which the mosaic-workers of the time attained. This composition became the pattern for all future representations of the subject, and, with the substitution of angels for the river-god, was still used by Giotto at Padua as late as the fourteenth century.

Round this central medallion the twelve apostles are represented bearing jewelled crowns in their hands and marching in a procession led by St. Peter on one side and St. Paul on the other. To them the command to go forth and baptize all nations had been given, and now, the task fulfilled, they hasten with eager steps and joyous faces to lay their crowns at the feet of their Lord. The white and gold of their raiment is relieved by the grassy, emerald hues of the meadows where they walk, and the graceful forms of the flowering plants spring up under their feet. These figures, with their flying draperies and rapid stride, are cleverly adapted to suit the shape of the cupola, and the only defect about them is that, when seen from below, the heads appear too small for the bodies.

INTERIOR OF THE BAPTISTERY AT RAVENNA.

Below this apostolic procession is a third zone containing emblems of the visible Church, into which converts were admitted by the Sacrament of Baptism. This frieze consists of eight compartments, each with a threefold division corresponding to the arcades beneath. Of these compartments four are occupied by altars, each bearing an open book of the Gospels between two cathedræ, which, as the seat of the Bishop and the Emperor, were probably intended to signify the ecclesiastical and civil powers by which the Church on earth is governed. The other four contain richly-draped thrones, on which the Cross rests as a symbol of the Divine presence filling the Church, a type commonly found in Byzantine miniatures. On either side of these thrones are the tombs of the faithful departed, crowned with garlands and palm-branches, emblematic of the dead who, as well as the living, are numbered in the Church of the baptized.

These subjects have been variously explained, but there can be no doubt that they are all intended to be mystical emblems of the Christian Church, as we learn from the oldest historians who describe Neon's Baptistery.

The same thought is further developed in the upper tier of arcades, where, between the windows, sixteen figures of prophets or preachers are represented in stucco, holding the Scriptures in their hands. Above these figures we have an interesting series of symbolic devices—peacock, lambs, stags and doves drinking, and similar subjects, containing allusions to the spiritual warfare of the baptized Christian fed by heavenly food and thirsting for celestial joys. The figures of this series were evidently executed by inferior hands, but the stucco-work is very similar to contemporary Byzantine ornament of the same style, and is here introduced as a connecting link between the flat decoration of the cupola and the architectural enrichments of the walls.

The lower arcade is supported by twelve columns and adorned with another fine course of mosaics. Acanthus boughs spring from the capitals of each pillar and spread their lovely arabesques to the right and left above the arches on a ground of sapphire blue. Between these branches are gold medallions of oval shape containing eight majestic figures in flowing white draperies. Each is distinct in form and feature, but all are animated with the same heaven-sent fire as they stand, with upraised hands and lifted voices, proclaiming the faith of Christ. For want of a better designation these grandly draped forms have generally been called prophets —a term commonly applied to figures of doubt-

ful meaning in Ravenna. But since in the upper story we already have a series of inspired teachers, these are more probably intended to represent the noble army of martyrs who, with robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, join in the song of praise with the glorious company of apostles and goodly fellowship of prophets. Or in these white-robed saints we may see types of the newly-baptized —the eight souls saved by water—who, with the chrism still upon their brow and the snowy vesture of innocence on their limbs, come forth from the font of baptism chanting the joyous words of the psalm still inscribed on the wall: '*Beati quorum remissæ sunt iniquitates et quorum tecta sunt peccata.*'

Whatever the exact significance of these eight figures may be, they rank among the finest conceptions of early Christian art, and combine the grace and dignity of classic form with the deeper feeling of the new religious life.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

# ART CHRONICLE.

THE Lectures on Greek Art at University College have commenced this season with a course on 'Fictile Art,' by Mr. C. H. Smith. In January, Mr. Newton, C.B., takes up the subject with a series of seven lectures on the 'Lycian Sculpture and Monuments in the British Museum;' and next May a set of five on 'Greek Myths as illustrated in Vase Paintings' will be given.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy will include a collection of works by P. F. Poole, R.A., as the deceased British artist to be chiefly illustrated.

To the Raphael exhibition at the British Museum has now been added a similar collection of facsimiles of drawings attributed to Michelangelo and Lionardo da Vinci.

AN architect has not often the honour of leaving his individual stamp on the face of a great city to the extent which in Manchester will keep the name of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse in remembrance. Besides the Assize Courts and the Town Hall—buildings which are apart for harmonious grace and strength, for thoroughness in detail and ingenuity in construction—Mr. Waterhouse has the building of the new museums and laboratories for Owens College, the design of which includes frontage to Coupland Street and Oxford Road, and a lofty entrance tower to connect the blocks with a library and public hall. The cost of the new museums is contracted for by Messrs. Sothern at 66,375*l.*; towards this sum 27,541*l.* has been subscribed, and the committee felt themselves justified in starting the work. The abominable atmosphere of Manchester has already coated the grey walls and silvery granite shafts of the Courts and Town Hall with a grimy mockery of old age, and Mr. Madox Brown's fresh wall-paintings in the great hall at the latter building are already toned into comparative quietude. It is a pity that from no point can the series of pictures already in place be seen thoroughly well. From a moderate distance whence the designs are intelligible, the glare from the windows above disturbs the effect of colour; further off the forms lose significance, and the main lines tell satisfactorily neither for effective decoration nor for pictorial narrative; in fact, there is nothing for it on a bright day but to hoist an umbrella, in order to shut out the glare and enjoy with discrimination these original and vigorous designs. The series on the opposite wall, of which one is in place, will have only an opposite light, but fare better in the absence of any window openings above them.

THE people of Sheffield do not seem readily grateful for Mr. Ruskin's efforts on behalf of their art education. Only forty pounds are stated to be subscribed towards the museum which is to contain all the treasures offered them, now distributed in various localities, or housed at Brantwood, Mr. Ruskin's house on Coniston Lake, or still in course of production in the shape of drawings from monuments on the Continent, at which work Mr. Ruskin keeps two artists constantly employed.

THE wide spirit in which homage is paid to art in France finds illustration in the recent enrolment in the Legion of Honour of M. Quantin, the liberal and energetic publisher of art literature. Besides connexion with the 'Revue des Arts Decoratifs,' the firm of M. Quantin has been distinguished by the production of the highest class of illustrated works, reproductions of the designs of eminent artists, and *éditions de luxe* of art books of the most beautiful and valuable kind.

A MONUMENT to the memory of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from the design of Mr. Madox Brown, is to be erected over his grave in the churchyard at Birchington-on-Sea, and Mr. Shields has undertaken the design of a small memorial window in the church. In both instances old and trusted friends thus unite with the family in the office of remembrance.

THE Royal Water Colour Society has lost an old and valued member, Mr. Alfred Newton, the landscape-painter, who died in September last. Mr. Newton's studies of Welsh and Scottish mountain scenery were marked by an imaginative and original interpretation of nature, which gave charm to his drawings even when under disadvantage from a somewhat peculiar and crude mode of colouring.

ATTENTION was recently called by the 'Athenæum' to the fact that Decimus Burton, architect of the arch at Hyde Park Corner from which Wyatt's much-abused statue of the 'Iron Duke' is deposed, left drawings and models for the completion of his design by appropriate sculpture, statues at the angles, and a Victory in triumphal car. It is moreover stated that Burton originally left in his will a sum to cover the expense of removing Wyatt's equestrian effigy, but found there was no chance of fulfilment of his design, and therefore cancelled the provision.

MESSRS. DUNTHORNE announce a plate after George Pinwell's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, on which Mr. Macbeth is working. To reproduce successfully the playful execution and subtle luminosity, and, above all, the fantastic sentiment, of Pinwell's drawing, may tax the power of any etcher. Moreover, when shown at an International Exhibition at Kensington some years ago, there were signs of the colour having faded from the peculiar ruddy gold of the fresh work.

THE Germans, whose taste for colossal statuary is almost transatlantic, have at last got their gigantic *Germania* raised on the brow of the Niederwald, overlooking the Rhine. After two open competitions and eight years' labour, Herr Schelling of Dresden has completed his task to the satisfaction of the Fatherland. The monument consists first of a colossal bronze figure of Germania, as a woman in mail armour and flowing mantle, standing erect in front of a curule or imperial chair, holding high with one hand a wreath of laurel and resting the other on the hilt of a drawn sword. The figure weighs seven hundred hundredweight, and stands about thirty-six feet. The stone pedestal is pannelled with bronze reliefs, and figures of War and Peace stand at the front angles of the first socket, while the imperial eagle flaps his wings higher up. Beneath the pedestal, and above the flight of steps and terraces that lead downwards from the monument, are two recumbent figures representing the rivers Rhine and Moselle. The casting of the *Germania* was done by Herr von Miller, of Munich. Herr Schelling, by whom this national monument has been designed

and modelled, was a pupil of Rietschel, the sculptor of the great *Luther Denkmal* at Worms, and a fellow-worker with Abel Drake. His sculpture at Dresden on the Brühl Terrace, the Theatre, &c, his statues at Vienna, Trieste, and elsewhere, have won admiration for a style which combines vigorous and even defiant treatment of the figure with heroic and poetic feeling.

trated some monotony in the repetition of decorative designs is inevitable; and the engravings after pictures are very unequal in merit; still the whole work forms a sumptuously compiled casket for the Holy Writ. It was a pity to retain the frontispiece said to be 'adapted' from Perugino by Mr. Shaw which, however pious in purpose, is, in art, of the worst rank, and

WE have received from Messrs. Longman the handsome illustrated edition of the New Testament which they have re-issued in the brilliant binding of scarlet and gold, which commends itself to popular taste. Each page is decorated with borders adapted or copied from manuscripts and missals, and drawn upon the wood by Mr. H. Shaw. The same artist superintended the engravings from pictures by old masters of various schools and periods, including several by Gaudenzio Ferrari, the drawing on the wood being done by Messrs. A. J. Waudby and Scott. The Rogers Collection in the British Museum was the chief source for initial letters and borders, into which medallions of heads and figures after Raphael are also introduced. In a volume of 540 pages so profusely illus-

belies the general quality of the illustrations. The woodcut which we insert is a good example of the skill of that excellent engraver, the late Mr. John Thompson.

THE volume on Italian Masters in the Picture Galleries of Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, written in German by the eminent connoisseur Signor Morelli, under the *nom de plume* 'Lermolieff,' is likely, in Mrs. Jean Paul Richter's English translation, published by Messrs. Bell, to excite wider interest in the points of difference between Signor Morelli's judgments and those of certain distinguished critics. Between Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Signor Morelli, for example, exists considerable divergence on important matters.

# THE HOUSE OF THE CHASE, POMPEII.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES. FROM A STUDY IN WATER-COLOUR BY W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A.

THE original drawing from which this etching is taken is one of a series of studies in Pompeii painted in water-colour on the spot, and with such power of representation, both in colour and drawing, that to have seen them is like having been to the ruined city itself. We in the north are not much accustomed to see colour in ruins except that which is given to them by Nature's own lichens and mosses; those of the Tuileries and St. Cloud had colour; there were many fragments of wall on which both colouring and gilding yet remained, but broken and toned down by the fire so as to be exactly in that state of variety that interests an artist and looks best in a painted study. So at Pompeii the colour in many places is wonderfully preserved, in others it is crumbling and half effaced; and it adds immensely to the interest of the ruins by conveying to us so vividly the idea that the houses had once been perfectly finished and decorated, and inhabited by people not wholly unlike ourselves.

# PARIS.

## XII.—*The Streets.*

THE English have invented the *house*, the French have invented the *street*. By this I do not venture to affirm or undertake to maintain that nobody lived in what were called houses before the existence of Englishmen, nor that ancient cities had not streets of some kind; but I mean that the English are the first people who have thoroughly understood the house and realised it, setting in this respect an example to other nations, and that the French are the first people who have thoroughly understood the street and realised a conception of it which has become a model of excellence in its own kind.

An Englishman who finds himself in some great Parisian street quite of our own time, such as the Boulevard Haussmann or the Boulevard Malesherbes, has nothing to do but simply confess that here is the ideal street,* and that his own Piccadilly and Oxford Street are not yet the ideal. A street should not only be wide, for the facility of traffic, but it should be of the same width throughout, that there may be no local obstruction. The causeways for foot-passengers ought to be wide also, and there ought to be seats where they may rest when weary. Trees are not an absolute necessity, but next to space, air, and light, they are the greatest of all luxuries, not only for their shade, but for the delightful refreshment afforded by the green of their foliage in a wilderness of stone and mortar. With the blue sky and the passing clouds above, and the fresh green leaves on the trees, it seems as if nature were not quite banished yet.

True lovers of Paris (I am simply an admirer, and have no sentiment of affection for the place) take a keen delight in those broad *trottoirs* of the Boulevards. They walk upon them for the mere pleasure of being there till absolute weariness compels them to sit down before a café; and when the feelings of exhaustion are over, they rise to tire themselves again, like a girl at a ball. They tell one that the mere sensation of the Parisian asphaltum under the feet is an excitement itself, so that when aided by 'little glasses' in the moments of rest at the cafés, it must be positively intoxicating. These true lovers of Paris are most enchanted with those parts of the Boulevards where the crowd is always so dense that all freedom of motion is impossible, where half the foot-way is occupied by thousands of café chairs and the other half by a closely-packed multitude of loungers. The favourite places appear to be the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Montmartre. The shops are, in fact, a great permanent exhibition of industry and the fine arts, wonderfully lighted at night,* and very attractive to those who visit Paris on rare occasions, but it is surprising how much of the illusion disappears after close and old acquaintance. You find the same things repeated, either identically or with slight changes that are easily seen through. It may not be exactly the same picture that you saw in the dealer's window three years ago, but very likely it will be the same kind of picture, set off in the same way by an enormously disproportionate frame on a background of dark red velvet, the whole so lighted that the gilding flames across the street. The bronzes are not quite the same perhaps, yet it is difficult to believe them new. There is the old green caricature-bronze, some meagre-limbed Mephistopheles; there is the Barye or Cain animal bronze; there are the multitudes of coppery girls, as evidently daughters of Paris as if

* For our part of Europe and other temperate climates. It appears that narrow, tortuous streets, with overhanging storeys and a space above that can be easily covered with an awning, are much preferable in hot countries.

* On the old much-frequented Boulevards, but elsewhere early closing is beginning to prevail.

they were dressed, and dressed in the fashion. Amidst the glittering shops, where the object is to vanquish the eye by mere dazzle, you come upon the intensely respectable, excessively quiet shops, that invite only to repose. Nothing amuses me more in the French mind than its fine artistic faculty of taking up a *motive* and keeping to it. The faculty deserves hearty admiration, but the exercise of it is amusing because it is simply artistic, like acting, and has nothing to do with character. You pass a glaring, frivolous-looking shop, full of gaiety and glitter, and then you meet with a dark-looking, quiet shop, that looks like a retreat for a profoundly meditative mind, and is severely finished in ebony and

BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN.

stamped leather. What is admirable in such places is the determination to keep out the incongruous. It must be one of the keenest pleasures to plan a shop of the severe kind, to decide upon its sober colours, its rich yet simple decoration. I am not the inventor of the remark that the French have a genius for shop-keeping. Their love of neatness and order, their appreciation of pretty things, their talent for making the most of everything and showing it to the best advantage, all combine to make them masters in the art of managing a *devanture*. The proverb *marchandise bien parée est à moitié vendue* is a piece of French mercantile wisdom. There are all varieties in the art of exhibiting goods. One dealer overwhelms you with quantity, but that is an appeal to the vulgar. The opposite policy seems far more refined and crafty. I confess to a sincere admiration for the tempter who displays very few but very exquisite things, and has the art of arranging them so that they shall help each other. One Parisian dealer in works of art showed very little, yet had a great collection. 'You could fill a museum,' I said, and was told that he did not consider it good policy to show many things at once.

The colossal shops that have sprung up in Paris of late years are beginning to employ architecture as an advertisement. The most curious instance of this is the tower of the stables belonging to the *Grands Magasins du Louvre*. The stables are somewhere near the *École Militaire*, and would of course be very easily overlooked by the public, so to prevent this the proprietors have erected a tall slender tower, in shape somewhat resembling the clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament. It has much gilding about the top, and glitters in the sunshine like its great neighbour the dome of the *Invalides*. It is visible all the way from Passy to the *Place de la Concorde*, and from many other places besides, so that thousands of people see it every day, and many of them ask what it is. The *Printemps* has established its stores in a new edifice with gilded domes at the corners, in pursuance of the same policy. If the great shopkeepers found it worth while to spend money on really fine architecture, instead of scattering it about in hideous mural advertisements, the change would be most beneficial.

The magnificence of the great Parisian streets results from the habit of living in flats, as by this system a single house produces a large rental, which enables the builder to give it a magnificent front.

It is obvious also that the superposition of dwellings is very favourable to height, and height is a great element of nobility in architecture. There is, however, a limit beyond which the height of houses may become injurious to the effect of a street by excluding light, and injurious also to public buildings by making them seem low. There is a tendency in London to carry houses with flats to an altitude that is neither desirable for beauty nor security. This inconvenience has been prevented in Paris by police regulations. The Prefect of Police is empowered to fix the height of houses.

It must, I fear, be admitted that the system of living on flats is likely to prevail more and more in great cities. It is, in fact, the only practical way of reconciling wide streets with a dense population. Parisians look upon it as simply rational, and they can point to their own city as evidence of the apparent spaciousness which results from it, for many of the streets and avenues are so broad that it seems as if land were of little value. The excellence of the system as regards external appearance and facility of communication is indisputable. When the population is piled high it occupies less ground and the distances are reduced. Streets that are at the same time both broad and regular in their breadth are always preferred by coachmen. On this point I have sometimes taken the opinion of Parisian drivers, and they always agreed that the new streets had immensely facilitated their work. Tramways, also, can be established in such streets; in the old narrow ones they are impossible. Broad, open spaces are favourable to public health, by giving to rooms that look out upon them as much light as if they were in the country, and almost as much air. Foot-passengers run no risk of accident except at crossings, whilst on narrow causeways the risks are continual. The system, then, is perfect so far as the street is concerned, and has some other great recommendations, but it is not altogether favourable to the dwelling. The dwellings are small, and the sense of confinement in them is oppressive to any one who has been accustomed to space and liberty. Rents are so high that every family not positively rich is reduced to shifts and expedients. I know a young woman in the hills of the Morvan who went to Paris as a wet nurse. She was in the family of an independent gentleman, with small or moderate means and eight children. He might have lived in the country quite at his ease, but the attraction of Paris was too great and he could not leave the capital. He had a small *appartement* at a great height, consisting of three rooms, a passage, and a little kitchen. At night all the rooms, including the passage, were converted into dormitories. The servants slept in the passage. We know what overcrowding is in London; it is a terrible evil, but it affects the poor only, whilst in Paris it affects the middle classes also. The evil would be still greater if the Parisians were not so excessively ingenious in the economy of space; but they are like sailors, in that they make use of every available corner. A practical result, as affecting hospitality, is that the middle-class Parisian can very rarely invite a friend to stay with him. The friend stays at some hotel, and is invited to the table only. Frequently the dining-room and kitchen are so small that it is found more convenient to dispense hospitality at a restaurant. These are real evils, but not perhaps very serious evils; the most serious evils of the system are those that affect old persons and invalids. People in weak health often remain confined in a high lodging for months together, when if they lived nearer to the ground and possessed a garden they might go into it every day. The interminable stairs have a deterrent effect on all except robust visitors, and are a real obstacle to human intercourse. Perhaps the system of superposed habitations has not yet attained its perfection. It may be that in the future there will be an extensive system of perfectly safe lifts, and it may be possible to have gardens on the roofs.

The houses are admirably lighted from the streets and on that side they have plenty of air, but the back windows look upon narrow courts, often mere wells, which the great height of the houses makes gloomy. Once, for a fortnight, I had a room that looked into one of those wells, and the effect was so depressing that I should have preferred the poorest cottage in the country. In all other respects the new houses are a great improvement on those built just before the time of Louis Napoleon, and beyond all comparison superior to the picturesque but ill-contrived tenements of the middle ages.

There was one characteristic of Paris in the early part of the present century that has disappeared from the new streets: the old houses were so built, intentionally, that the fronts leaned back, sometimes with a curve that was very agreeable to artists. When Girtin went to Paris and made his sketches this inclination of the front was very common. You find it again in the etchings of Méryon and Lalanne. In contemporary street architecture it has been entirely abandoned for the perpendicular. There is another change of at least equal importance. Before Louis Napoleon the houses were generally of unequal height, but the love of the regular line made Haussmann's Paris almost as regular at the cornice as at the curbstone. These changes no doubt give a more orderly appearance to the city, but they detract sadly from its picturesque variety. In old Paris there were three distinct and notable irregularities: those in the tops of the houses, the slope of the fronts, and the ground-plan of the street, all of which are now replaced by straight lines. In some of the

new streets the straight line is exceedingly wearisome; it is so in the Rue de Rivoli. The reader will probably remember the passage in Mr. Arnold's essay on the 'The Literary Influence of Academies,' where he criticises Mr. Palgrave for naming the feeble frivolity of the Rue de Rivoli along with 'the dead monotony of Gower or Harley Street, or the pale commonplace of Belgrave, Tyburnia, and Kensington.' Mr. Arnold said that 'the architecture of the Rue de Rivoli expresses show, splendour, pleasure,—unworthy things, perhaps, to express alone and for their own sakes, but it expresses them; whereas the architecture of Gower Street and Belgravia merely expresses the impotence of the architect to express anything.' At the time when these criticisms were written the Rue de Rivoli occupied a very different rank amongst modern Parisian streets from that which it occupies at present. After the Boulevard Malesherbes, the Boulevard Haussmann, and the Avenue Friedland, the Rue de Rivoli, especially from the Place de la Concorde to the Rue de Louvre, appears, I should say, rather a street for business than anything else. The architecture is decent, but plain in the extreme. There is first a simple arcade, not on pillars with pretty capitals, but on plain square stone piers. Above the arches runs a cornice that is a balcony, and carries a simple iron railing. The windows of the first-floor have entablatures without sculpture, those of the second have none. On the third-floor runs another balcony without ornament. I do not see either frivolity or pleasure here; it would be scarcely possible to design anything more rigid in its severity. The houses might be a line of military barracks. Eastward of the Rue du Louvre the arcade comes to an end, and the fronts of the houses become more varied. After the construction of this street the architects seem to have perceived that the mechanical repetition of the same *bay*, the same arch with the same windows above it, might ultimately be carried too far, so happily for the future of Paris it was thought that the Rue de Rivoli and two or three little streets close to it were a sufficient supply of identical arches with windows and cornices running to a vanishing point, like an illustration in elementary perspective.

The Avenue de l'Opéra is much finer than the Rue de Rivoli, and owes much of its superiority to the variety of its architecture. It is really a pleasure to walk quietly down one side and study the architecture over the way. As I did this once with an old French gentleman, who always foresees evil for his country, he lamented to me that the taste for material luxury should have become so predominant. To me it seems that a love for beautiful architecture is of all possible tastes the least likely to be injurious in a wealthy nation. The satisfaction it affords is purely artistic and intellectual. The carved stones are not couches of ease to lie down upon, nor dishes to pamper the appetite; they belong to the poorest as well as the richest of the citizens. All that can be reasonably objected to is the waste of wealth in the repetition of forms that have no meaning, and that are simply customary. Even incongruous innovations may sometimes be useful as an interruption to what we see every day. Somebody has built a Moorish house in the Avenue de Friedland, which, though out of place there, strikes the eye with a change that is not unwelcome. The stately, separate mansions are a great relief after the continuous blocks of buildings.

It is much to be regretted that many fine old houses have disappeared, but a few are visible still. I remember the feeling of sudden and keen pleasure with which I first came upon the Hôtel La Valette on the Quai des Celestins. The restoration of it had been begun with the intention of making it a private museum, but it has changed hands and is now a school. These old houses are seldom preserved as residences, and the best that can happen to them is to be employed as museums, like the Hôtel Carnavalet, which is to be the future lapidary museum of Paris and library of historical records concerning the history of the city.* This project was due to Baron Haussmann, the great destroyer of old Paris, who in this instance appears as a preserver. The architecture of the hotel is heavy, but would appear much heavier if it were not lightened by the graceful sculpture of Jean Goujon. One of the curiosities of Paris in domestic architecture is the house on the *Cours la Reine* called the *Maison de François 1er.* Here we have an excellent example of what ought to have been done with many old houses. This one was erected near Fontainebleau by Francis I., and sold in 1826 to a private purchaser, who had every stone removed to Paris and erected again as we see. The house is not large, but the size of it is practically much increased by its having been rebuilt on a broad basement that gives a terrace round the building without injuring its architecture in the slightest degree, whilst it affords ample room for kitchens and other offices and leaves the beautiful little house itself for the master and his family. In the front are three arches with a broad frieze above them. Above the frieze are three windows, very large in proportion as they are divided only by piers the width of the pilasters in front of them and by their own heavy mullions and transoms. Over the windows is an entablature, and the whole is crowned with a parapet which is pierced over the windows, but not elsewhere, a refinement clearly demonstrating the artist-nature

* A description of the Hôtel Carnavalet with an account of the museum was published in 'L'Art' for January 18th and January 25th, 1880. The hotel is situated at the angles of the *Rue des Francs Bourgeois* and the *Rue Sevigné*, not far from the *Rue Turenne.*

of the architect. There is no visible roof, but the need for one is not felt. The front is rich in beautiful sculpture, supposed to be by Jean Goujon, and including medallion-portraits of royal personages. There are also decorative trophies and subjects illustrating the vintage.

Although the Hôtel de Cluny has not been transferred to another site like the *Maison de François 1er*, it has been almost as wonderfully preserved. It was built at first by the Abbots of Cluny, but not much used by them. In the early part of the present century it was private property let in tenements to a number of tenants. It now belongs to the State, a happy result due entirely to the public spirit of a lady, Madame du Sommerard, widow of the antiquary and collector who had found a home for his treasures in the Hôtel de Cluny which he owned. Madame du Sommerard sold the whole together to the State at a loss to herself as she had much more advantageous offers. Thus it has most happily come to pass that in the midst of a very busy part of Paris, close to the great Boulevards of St. Germain and St. Michel, there is a safe little island of the past amidst the noisy torrents of the present. I know nothing more delightful in Paris than the peace of the Hôtel de Cluny; and what a wonderful piece of good luck it is that this beautiful relic of the fifteenth century should have been quite close to the most interesting remnant of Roman Paris, so that both can be kept together in the same safe enclosure! I have only space to point to a few of the chief characteristics of the building. I do not know of any kind of domestic architecture quite so satisfactory as that when the house is isolated. For street architecture the modern Parisian is practically much better; but for a builder who has but one dwelling to erect, and is not restricted to ground-space, this fifteenth-century architecture is the one that best unites a homely expression with beauty and convenience. The walls are not too high, the roof has a comfortable appearance, the building is of ample size yet not wearisome in vastness; it is not a proud palace, but a beautiful home that one might live in habitually and love with intense affection. The windows in the walls are square-headed with mullions, transoms, and weather mouldings that connect the windows together. There is a pierced parapet, and the dormer-windows are beautifully finished with pinnacles and finials. There are several staircase turrets. It is beyond my province here to speak of collections, but those in the Hôtel de Cluny, illustrating the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, are as interesting as the delightful building that contains them. The Louvre is the place to study sculpture, but the lover of *carving* (in stone, wood, and ivory) should go to the Hôtel de Cluny. The other beautiful example of fifteenth-century domestic architecture, the Hôtel de Sens, also built by a great ecclesiastic (the Archbishop of Sens) for his town residence, is remarkable for the great development of bartizan turrets relatively to the rest of the building. I do not know of any edifice whatever in which they are relatively so large, but as they are enriched with panels and carving the size of them may be forgiven. They have become very familiar objects of late years as the hotel is unfortunately occupied as a manufactory of sweets, and the enterprising maker uses a representation of the building in all his illustrated advertisements. How little the architect in the fifteenth century foresaw this special kind of celebrity for his work!

AVENUE FRIEDLAND.

There is a very curious example of the modern love of symmetry and order in the arrangements concerning the outside of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As you stand under the eastern entrance to the old courtyard of the Louvre, the front of that church is to your right on the other side the Rue du Louvre, but it is not parallel with the street; it inclines towards the east. It was a very perplexing problem to get any symmetry out of that, but the solution was found in the construction of another building—a *Mairie*—inclined conversely, and in the erection of a tower between the two. St. Germain l'Auxerrois is in Gothic, and the *Mairie* is in a modified Renaissance, yet the architect has had the art and skill to give, in Renaissance, an echo of the Gothic ideas in the church, so that there is a strong general resemblance between the Mairie and the church, in spite of the difference of style.

HÔTEL DE SENS.

The vast increase of wealth and luxury in Paris during the present century has led to the construction of a great number of isolated dwellings, many of which would deserve study as examples of modern house-architecture. They are generally much superior to the London villa in elegance of design and in the quality and genuineness of the materials employed. The best of them are to be found in the regions near the Bois de Boulogne, especially about Passy and Auteuil. There are some particularly good examples on the Boulevard Beauséjour and the Boulevard de Montmorency. The misfortune of most residences of that kind is that they are almost sure to be injured by the too near neighbourhood of others. I remember a house on the Boulevard Beauséjour which is of classic design and in very perfect taste, but it happens to be low and close to a lofty edifice that crushes it completely. Again, from the variety of styles adopted, it may easily happen that you cannot attune your mind to the enjoyment of one style because a style with opposite qualities is forcing itself upon your attention at the same time. Formerly, when land was cheaper, there were many isolated houses within the fortifications which stood in their own little parks, quite separated from others by groves of shady trees. These little parks are becoming fewer every day. Where one villa stood thirty years ago three stand now, and sometimes half-a-dozen. Besides this, the old region for villas—Auteuil—is becoming a town like Passy. Enormous blocks of new houses, as large and lofty as any in the heart of Paris, are rising on the park lands and cutting them into formal streets. An old friend of mine had a delicious retreat at Auteuil—a small house in a large space of grass and grove. I went to find it this year, and found a block of buildings six storeys high and as long as the Hôtel du Louvre.

THE MAIRIE AND ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS.

The tendency of the French towards orderly and methodical arrangement is exemplified nowhere more strongly than in the radiation of the avenues from the *Arc de l'Étoile*. That huge triumphal arch is admirably situated on its height, and the ediles

appear to have determined that it should be seen from as many points as possible. There is no more stately arrangement in any capital than the wheel of streets that radiate from that wonderful centre. There are twelve of them, three of which are a hundred mètres wide, whilst seven of them are more than a thousand mètres long, and in five directions there is a clear view of more than an English mile. Such sort of beauty and sublimity as the straight and broad street has to offer, with its interminable rows of trees, its vast causeways, its lofty houses, has surely been here attained, if anywhere. I admit the grandeur, the masterful thoroughness with which the idea has been carried out, but never felt the slightest desire to live in streets so totally wanting in homeliness. Many a snug, unpretending, old house in some dull provincial town has inspired me with a sudden, almost envious affection, but in these wearisome long avenues the best thing seems to be the tram-car that carries one well to the end of them.

ANGLERS ON THE QUAYS.

A question very nearly affecting the appearance of Parisian streets is at this date (1883) looming in the immediate future. Paris is to have internal railways. Commissioners have examined our London underground system, and they have also examined the American aërial system; and the conclusion of the Municipal Council, so far as it has arrived at a conclusion, appears to be for the adoption of both. Stated broadly, the present intentions amount to this, that there is to be an underground system on the right, or north side of the Seine, and a viaduct system on the south bank. It is a relief to know that the railway is not to make hideous the principal avenues, but it remains to be seen how the dwellers on the southern boulevards will appreciate a system that gives no peace to horse or man. From the artistic point of view, which chiefly concerns us here, the aërial railway seems an unmixed injury. Our London viaducts on the south side of the Thames are abominations, but the streets they pass over were so devoid of beauty already that it was impossible to spoil them. Paris, on the contrary, is a beautiful capital, and great pains have been taken hitherto for the preservation, and even the increase, of its beauty. It would be deplorable if an ill-considered decision on the part of a Municipal Council were to ruin the long line of southern boulevards from the Pont d'Austerlitz to the Trocadero.

The quays on both sides of the Seine appear to belong more to the ordinary life of the city than the more recently built embankment of the Thames. It generally happens that some idle youth may be seen lounging over the parapet and watching sympathetically an absorbed angler below who from some stair or boat at anchor, or narrow ledge of masonry, pursues through successive hours his mildly exciting sport. It is one of the most curious contrasts in the French character that, although it is said to be impatient, and often shows remarkable irritability, it is nevertheless exactly adapted to the humblest and dullest sort of angling. Nothing can exceed the patience of French anglers or their entire absorption in their pursuit. So completely do they forget everything else in the indulgence of their passion that, during the dreadful day of the Commune, the 24th of May, 1871, when the Communards were setting fire to the public buildings, and the soldiers from Versailles were shooting down the people in the streets, one or two faithful *pêcheurs à la ligne* still followed their tranquil pastime close to one of the bridges; I believe it was the Pont Neuf. Another

very French class is that of the washerwomen who cleanse (and destroy) linen in the great floating wash-houses. It is said that they have terrible tongues, but for my part, during my voyages on French rivers, I have met with nothing but civility from them and a little harmless banter. A friend of mine who has a small yacht with a huge bowsprit used to amuse himself when beating to windward by driving his bowsprit *almost* into a wash-house, to the alarm of the inmates, and then tacking just when they were beginning to scream, but they know him now, and pay no attention even when the bowsprit comes at their very faces. The washerwomen have a great reputation for talkativeness, which is a sweet compensation for their toils; and it is said that they are uncharitable, but theirs is a hard life, and it needs the charm of scandal.

A PARIS WASHHOUSE.

Here may end this series of chapters on Paris, with regard to which the writer is clearly aware that so vast a subject cannot be treated without many omissions.* He has principally concerned himself with its artistic aspects, and has only made occasional reference to the far wider historical and social aspects, concerning which the reader may find abundance of information elsewhere. Paris, as it exists at present, is the model modern city that others copy, and that London herself is probably destined to copy when the density of population makes it more and more necessary to pile many human beings on a square mile, without impeding a constantly increasing circulation. What is chiefly to be regretted in the French capital is that of the beautiful mediaeval city that preceded it so little—and that only in isolated specimens—has been preserved to our own time. The Present is merciless to the Past, and merciless it has always been. It may, however, be truly said that our age shows less of this mercilessness than its predecessors. When they preserved things it was chiefly from carelessness and indolence, but we preserve, when we think of it to preserve at all, from artistic or archaeological interest. No century but our own ever made intentional sacrifices for the preservation of ancient monuments. The nineteenth century has made some sacrifices of this kind; its shame is that they have been so few.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* For example, I have omitted the Palais Royal, but that is chiefly interesting historically; the present building is of little architectural importance, and the little shops in the square that were such an attraction in the time of our grandfathers are eclipsed by others in the new streets. I should have liked to mention some fountains and other things, but it is most difficult to compress accurate description, and criticism that gives reasons, within narrow limits. The Church of St. Germain des Prés would have been an excellent subject for a chapter if the old Romanesque edifice had been preserved in its integrity, but as that is not the case I preferred to speak of churches fully representative of their styles.

# STUDY OF ASH-TREES.

REPRODUCED BY A. DAWSON FROM A SEPIA DRAWING BY J. D. HARDING.

THE ash is one of the most beautiful of English trees, but certainly not one of the easiest to draw. Like all large-leaved trees its foliage cannot be dealt with in masses only. The form of the individual leaves must be indicated, and the difficulty of doing this without absurdly exaggerating their size is well known to artists. Though the leaflets of the ash are small, the compound leaf is of considerable size, and its graceful form gives to the foliage that appearance of plumage which is the peculiar beauty of the tree. The very elegant study which we reproduce is kindly lent by Mr. W. Walker, of Manchester, the friend and pupil of J. D. Harding, a notice of whose works, from Mr. Walker's pen, appeared in the PORTFOLIO for February, 1880.

# ROMAN REMAINS AT RAVENNA.

MANY other of the oldest churches in Ravenna were built during the five years of Neon's episcopate, although none have been preserved in so perfect a state as the Baptistery. To him Agnellus ascribes the foundation of S. Pietro, better known as S. Francesco, to whom it was dedicated by Franciscan monks in 1261.'

Modern restorations have transformed the interior of this once noble basilica, and little of the original foundation remains, but the two-and-twenty pillars of the nave and the fine sarcophagus of Archbishop Tiberius, sculptured with bas-reliefs of Christ and the Apostles. Hübsch considers the square tower which is attached to S. Francesco, and which in form somewhat resembles the Venetian campaniles, to be as old as the round towers which we usually find in Ravenna, and ascribes it to the end of the fifth, or, at latest, the sixth, century. The smaller basilica of S. Agatha, built about this time by an ecclesiastic named Gemellus, has also been altered and stripped of its mosaics, while in 1553 that of S. Lorenzo of Caesarea was destroyed by Pius IV.; and S. Pietro of Classis, to which one of Neon's successors, Peter Chrysologus, attached a splendid baptistery, fell down as early as the ninth century. But of all the churches of this age over whose destruction we mourn, none was as magnificent as the great basilica of S. Giovanni Evangelista, which the Empress Galla Placidia raised to commemorate her deliverance from shipwreck on her memorable journey from Constantinople with her son, Valentinian III. The pillars of the apse were overlaid with silver, and the walls lined with mosaics representing the ships which bore the Empress and her son tossing on the seas, and the Evangelist appearing, at her prayer, to allay the fury of the storm. The seven golden candlesticks, and many other symbols borrowed from the Apocalypse, were displayed above; and in the centre of the apse a glittering figure of God the Father enthroned, filled the whole church with the brightness of its rays, and attracted the eyes of all who entered its precincts. On the vaulting of the roof mosaic portraits of Placidia herself, her husband and children, and the whole family of Theodosius, were introduced. All these have perished, and, as at S. Francesco, little early work remains but the twenty-four grey marble pillars, with their richly carved capitals and imposts marked with the Cross. An ancient ambo and a marble and porphyry altar of the fifth century may also still be seen, but the fragments of mosaic pavement shown in the chapel of S. Bartolomeo, and said to represent the storm and vow of Placidia, are rude specimens of a later and more barbarous age.

Traditions of the great Empress lingered long at Ravenna, and in a bas-relief over the pointed doorway added to the church in the thirteenth century we see the Evangelist appearing to her in a vision, and giving her one of his sandals as a relic to enrich the basilica which bore his name.

Another church founded by Placidia for the use of her confessor, S. Barbatian, whose tomb, adorned with Christian symbols, is still preserved in a chapel of the Duomo, was barbarously pulled down and rebuilt in the year 1623. This building, dedicated to S. Giovanni Battista, retains one of the finest and best-preserved round towers, with six tiers of small arched openings, cornice and pyramidal roof complete.

Towards the latter part of her life, about the year 440, Placidia built another great basilica, that of Santa Croce, which is supposed to have stood at the gates of her palace. Connected with this church was a mortuary chapel, which originally communicated with the atrium by a portico, and which she built for her own burial-place and that of her family. Santa Croce itself has been completely ruined, and both atrium and portico have perished, but the sepulchral chapel remains almost intact, the only one of all Placidia's shrines which has come down to us in a fair degree of preservation.

Seen from without, this imperial mausoleum appears at first sight nothing but a low building of rude bricks roofed in with coarse tiles. But on closer acquaintance, this unattractive pile offers many features of architectural interest. The chapel is built in the form of a Latin cross. Each arm is covered with a barrel vault, while a small cupola rises above the square lantern at the intersection of the nave with the choir and transepts. Here we have at once the germ of the central tower, and the earliest example of a Christian church vaulted in by a dome. The floor is paved with varied-colored marbles, and the lower part of the walls up to the springing of the arches was formerly lined with marble slabs, which have now been removed. All the rest of the interior — dome, lantern, vaulting and arches — is richly covered with mosaics, in which the clearest blues and most glowing purples mingle with the brightest of greens and most lustrous of golds. The small size of the building and the dim light which penetrates through the four narrow windows add to the gem-like beauty of the whole, and few will disagree with us if we say that in harmony of colour and jewelled richness of hues there is nothing more lovely in decorative art than this chapel of Ravenna. The cross glitters in the centre of the dome, set in a vault of star-spangled azure, where symbols of the four Evangelists rest on crimson clouds. The vault of the western arm is decorated with a carpet of flowers. Vines and acanthus-leaves, baskets of pomegranates and pears, wreaths and scroll-work of gorgeous hues, cover the arches, extend over the vaulting and walls of the transepts, framing in figures of the Apostles. Every vacant corner is filled with some lovely design; everywhere we find the cross, the monogram of Christ, or one of those pious symbols which are so frequent in every Christian art.

MOSAIC CEILING IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

In the lunettes at the end of the transept stags are represented advancing through leafy boughs to drink at the crystal waters of a fountain springing up in the grass—the hart panting after the water-brooks. On the walls of the lantern, standing on either side of the windows, we see two Apostles raising their hands and speaking with animated gestures, as if in the act of proclaiming the faith for which they died. St. Peter holds a key, the other seven bear scrolls in their hands, and the four who are represented on the roof of the transepts complete the number of the twelve. Below the windows, between the standing Apostles, a pair of doves are drinking, perched on the rim of a basin of transparent blue-green water, not unlike the famous mosaic described by Pliny. The subject of the lunette over the altar has received different interpretations. A majestic figure, robed in white drapery and bearing the cross in one hand, a book of the Gospels in the other, is advancing with resolute step towards an iron gridiron where a wood fire is burning. On the opposite side we see a golden shrine containing the three other Gospels. Until lately this was supposed to be a representation of Christ in the act of burning heretical books—a conception singularly unlike any other in early Christian art, and more akin to the spirit of the Middle Ages than to that of the primitive era in which Placidia's chapel was built.

We are convinced that the true explanation of this subject is that given by Dr. Richter and Father Garrucci, who see in this white-robed figure a representation of the Roman martyr St. Lawrence, here shown with the gridiron on which he suffered, just as in the basilica of the Via Nomentana, two hundred

years later, St. Agnes was represented with the sword of her martyrdom lying at her feet. The details of the

STAGS AT A FOUNTAIN. MOSAIC IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

picture all point to the same conclusion. The Gospel of St. Mark which the saint holds is a sign of his

Lord is always represented in the mosaics of Ravenna, the figure we have here is clad in a light blue tunic and white mantle similar to that worn by apostles and martyrs. The cross which he bears on his

TWO APOSTLES. MOSAIC IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF GALLA PLACIDIA.

deacon's office. His short brown hair and beard, and delicate features, evidently intended to be the portrait of some individual, are quite unlike the usual type of Christ. Instead of the imperial purple in which our

shoulders is here introduced as the symbol of his confession, exactly as in the sixth-century mosaic with which Pope Pelagius adorned the basilica of St. Lawrence without the walls of Rome.

This martyr of noble Roman birth had always been a favourite saint of the Christian Caesars. A hundred years before Placidia's time Constantine had built a church on the spot where he suffered, and placed a picture of his martyrdom there. Already one church had been erected to his memory at Ravenna; and it may well be that Placidia, whose tomb is placed exactly underneath this mosaic, honoured him with her especial reverence. Possibly this chapel, which in later years received the name of SS. Nazzaro and Celso, may in the first place have been dedicated to St. Lawrence, since this representation of his martyrdom occupies so prominent a place above the altar.

At the west end of the chapel, immediately over the portal, is a lunette of the Good Shepherd, the latest and most beautiful example of this subject dear to the early Christians. Here we see our Lord, no longer clad in the short tunic and gaiters of the shepherd, no longer, as in the frescoes and statues of the Catacombs, with staff and dog, bearing the lost sheep on His shoulder, but robed in kingly apparel, resting in the meadows of Paradise, surrounded by His flock. His oval face is beardless, His features of the noblest Greek type might be those of an Orpheus or young Apollo. A nimbus circles His brow, and His fair hair falls in flowing locks on His shoulders. The purple mantle hangs from His left shoulder above the dalmatic of blue and gold, while His dignified attitude is that in which the Caesars and heroes are commonly represented in classical statuary. His right arm is stretched out to caress one of His sheep, and the left rests on a jewelled cross, here no longer the emblem of suffering, but the light triumphal cross borne by the mystic Lamb, or the risen Lord, the type of victory over sin and death. In the foreground of the picture are the sheep, six in number, for the seventh is evidently a later addition. Some are lying down, others standing, but all alike turn their heads towards the Shepherd, whose intimate relation to His flock is here beautifully expressed: 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me. I know My sheep and am known of Mine.'

The brightest, tenderest hues lend their charm to the pastoral scene. The grass where the sheep are feeding is of emerald green, and the chief figure stands out among the rocks and bushes of the background against a blue sky. In all religious art there is no lovelier idyll than this of the Good Shepherd making His flock to rest at noon in the green pastures and by the still waters.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Here, then, was the sepulchre where Galla Placidia chose to sleep, surrounded by these fair and touching forms of Christian imagery. After her death at Rome in the year 450 her remains were brought to Ravenna and laid in a massive sarcophagus of fine Greek marble overlaid with silver plates immediately under the mosaic of St. Lawrence's martyrdom. By her last orders her corpse was embalmed and seated, dressed in full imperial costume, on a throne of cedar-wood within the tomb. A small opening was left on one side through which a light could be introduced, and at the end of a thousand years the dead empress could still be seen sitting in state. Unfortunately in 1577 some children who were at play in the church set fire to Placidia's clothes, and before the monks of the neighbouring convent arrived, her remains were reduced to ashes. It is said that the bones found in the sarcophagus were measured on this occasion, and were found to exceed the stature of an ordinary woman.

The altar in front of Placidia's sarcophagus is a tomb-shaped structure composed of three massive

slabs of Oriental alabaster, and is said to have been brought from the Church of St. Vitale in the sixth century. The same symbolism which we find in the architecture and mosaics of the chapel appears in the decoration of this altar and of the tombs of Placidia's second husband and brother, who are both buried here. In the centre of the altar is a large Cross, and on either side we see two lambs, emblems of Christian Churches, with crowns suspended over them. The tomb of Constantius, which is placed in the left transept of this sarcophagus, is smaller than that of Placidia, but richly adorned with Christian emblems. Three lambs are carved in front. Two on this world to wake to the serener light of an endless day.

Besides the tombs which held the ashes of Galla Placidia, her husband and her brother, there are two other smaller sarcophagi in the western arm of the chapel to the right and left of the entrance. Tradition points to one of these as the grave of Placidia's daughter Honoria, the unfortunate princess who, doomed to seclusion by her family, in her despair offered her hand to Attila, king of the Huns. In the other the tutors of Valentinian III. are said, by an equally vague tradition, to be interred. Whether this emperor himself is buried in one of these sarcophagi,

SARCOPHAGUS OF HONORIUS II.

rest under the shade of palm-trees. The central one bears the nimbus and sacred monogram about his head, and stands on a mound, from which the four rivers of Eden descend, and the two others stand under palm-trees.

The sarcophagus of Honorius II., Placidia's brother, who died some years before her at Ravenna, occupies the right arm of the chapel, and is still more elaborately decorated. The lid is covered with umbricated scales, doves drinking from vases are carved at each end; and in the front we see the lamb before a Cross, with doves perched upon its arms, and smaller Crosses divided by fluted columns on either side. All these symbols point to Christ and His Cross as a source of life and a sign of victory; all alike speak of the sure hope of immortality with which the Christian closes his eyes as some writers have supposed, appears uncertain; and since he was murdered in Rome, his remains may never have been brought to Ravenna to be laid in the mausoleum where the other members of his family were interred.

Time has dealt more kindly with the sepulchre of Placidia than with most imperial tombs. The hand of the spoiler has never been laid on the mosaics which adorn its walls with their imperishable loveliness; and the dust of the Caesars who slumber here has not been scattered to the winds, like the ashes of those who were buried in Rome and Constantinople. Alone of all the emperors who reigned in East and West their resting-place has remained inviolate, and they sleep undisturbed within the hallowed precincts where they were laid more than fourteen centuries ago.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

# THE CLYDE.

## III.

THE two architectural features of Glasgow are its Cathedral and its University. In the former a changed spirit tries with uncomfortable effect to house itself within the stubbornly expressive lines of an old-world dwelling; in the latter a new dwelling is still struggling to evolve itself upon the lines of mediaeval art. It is only in the Caledonian Railway Company's new Central Hotel that we find that unperplexed simplicity in which every attempt to serve two masters must be wanting.

The Cathedral of St. Mungo stands well and in picturesque relief against the slope of the Campo Santo—a name which I take to be as good Scotch as 'Necropolis,' and much less barbarous.

Here a colossal figure of John Knox, in Geneva gown and cap, towers on a Doric column above the thickening crowd of smaller monuments, while beneath him flows that 'Molendinar burn' into which the reformers cast the 'bits o' stane idols, broken in pieces by Scripture warrant.' In the opinion of Andrew Fairservice, as expressed to Francis Osbaldiston, the High Kirk, after this purification, 'stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased.' But it may be doubted whether the utter destruction of Cathedrals, as at St. Andrews and Perth, was not the more consistent course for a people whose faces turn, as if by instinct, to a pulpit rather than an altar, and whose whole spirit is alien to the scheme of mediaeval church-building.

Intrinsically this High Kirk of Glasgow is not wanting in either beauty or interest. John Murdo, if we may trust his epitaph in Melrose Abbey, 'had in keeping al mason-work,' not only there and at St. Andrews and Paisley, but also in the Glasgow 'hie Kirke;' the last, however, like most great churches, was being built, altered, and rebuilt, for the best part of a century. Indeed the spire was not built till the middle of the fifteenth, and the southern crypt till the beginning of the sixteenth century—nearly 400 years from the date (1123) of the first foundation; and the south transept was still wanting when the Reformation, 'dark with excess of light,' extinguished the seven lamps of church architecture in Scotland.

The style of the building is, however, determined by the immense preponderance of late twelfth and early thirteenth century work, and it distinctly claims kindred with Salisbury and the great Early English churches south of the Tweed.

The crypt, with its aisles and transepts, owes its peculiar character to the situation of the Cathedral on a high bank overhanging the Molendinar burn, but the vaulting has been cited by Sir Gilbert Scott as an example of an architectural *tour de force*—a difficulty deliberately created and triumphantly surmounted. The tomb of the builder-bishop Jocelyn helps to determine its date.

Down the gloomy and almost squalid High Street extends the old Glasgow of Rob Roy, and at the Cross we are met by three more converging streets, each with an historic name. The Saltmarket recalls the early trade of the city, the Gallowgate formed part of the old highroad to Edinburgh; the Trongate contains not only the venerable and picturesque Tron Steeple, but the very Tolbooth in which Rob Roy and Nicol Jarvie met, and whence the 'Dougal cratur' absconded with the keys. At the Tron Cross itself the great epochs of Scotch history seem to start up one by one out of the level of less eventful years. Here, in fact, is the original stock from which grew this huge Glasgow of our day.

Here, in the sixth century, St. Kentigern, or, more endearingly, St. Mungo, dwelt and preached, and from this centre spread the several religious houses of the old monkish Glasgow.

In Blackfriars Street we are reminded of the late phase of monasticism which planted Dominicans and Franciscans beside the costlier buildings of the old orders, while close by, at the 'Bell o' the Brae,' if we may still put faith in Blind Harry of Paisley, Wallace defeated the English, and slew Earl Percy with his own hand. At the Tron Cross, again, the Covenanters were checked and driven back in 1679 by Claverhouse and the dragoons at the moment when their hopes were highest. But, perhaps, no more suggestive place or name remains in Glasgow than the College Station of the North British Railway.

Four hundred and thirty years ago a bishop, by desire of an independent Scottish king, obtained from a Pope the bull that founded Glasgow University.

The kingdom has now departed from Scotland, and from Pope and Bishop she herself has broken away, but the College thrives on a new and more commanding site, and two railway-stations perpetuate, the one the name of the mother of St. Mungo,* the other, the place of Bishop Turnbull's College.

On the way to the new buildings of the University lies George Square, the modern centre of the town, adorned with the statues of latter-day heroes.

* S. Enoch is commonly supposed to be a corruption of St. Thenaw.

In the midst, on a column eighty feet high, is Sir Walter Scott, with his plaid, as Scotch eyes have long ago discovered, thrown over his wrong shoulder. There are points of detail which sculptors are very apt to despise; and it may be doubted whether many critics have detected a perhaps graver inaccuracy which has been charged against the Guards Monument in London. It is said, though to non-professional eyes it is certainly not apparent, that the figures, obviously wearing greatcoats, carry the same garment strapped behind them. In George Square, however, one sculptor, Mossman by name, has certainly not shrunk from going the whole length of simple realism. His statue of James Oswald, M.P., stands boldly confronting the art-criticism of the present and the caprices of future fashion with a Sunday hat of the date of 1865 firmly grasped in one hand. Livingstone, Burns, Thomas Graham, Sir Robert Peel, Campbell the poet, and Lord Clyde, by various sculptors, and the Queen and Prince Consort, by Marochetti, have all been contributed since the middle of the present century; but the collection was well begun in 1819 by Flaxman's colossal bronze figure of Sir John Moore, a native of 'Donald's land,' in the Glasgow Trongate. One statue, however, yet remains to be noticed. In 1832 Chantrey's James Watt, in bronze, was placed on its granite pedestal at the south-west corner of the Square. The great inventor was born, not, indeed, at Glasgow, but at Greenock, which is much the same thing. To the University, however, belongs the credit of having been his friend, employer, and patron when his genius still needed encouragement and scope. Here it was that Robison and others detected in him the qualities which afterwards inspired the patient and boundless confidence of Boulton. And so we are reminded that George Square has been only a digression as we passed from the site of the old College, now the station, to the huge pile of building designed and partly built by Sir Gilbert Scott, and now being completed by his son on the ridge above the Kelvin. The attempt to give to an early pointed design the half French air which is necessary to make it distinctively Scotch, has resulted in a handsome and correct, rather than a very interesting building, of which, however, it is hardly fair to judge till the height of the obviously unfinished tower is raised, by the addition of a steeple, from 150 to 300 feet. Meanwhile, it is discouraging to learn that the lecture-rooms and examination-halls, which look to Oxford eyes so ample, have already been found much too small for their respective purposes. The too early age at which students flock to Glasgow partly accounts for this overcrowding, but the names of several of the present professors are famous enough to draw crowded audiences under any circumstances, and to add another glory to the Clyde.

THE CLYDEMAKER AT WORK.

The memory of the really noble munificence of the Marquess of Bute will be perpetuated in the name of the great hall, which, with the adjoining Randolph Hall, promises to make a worthy centre of meeting for the Senate and the University. New and even unfinished as these buildings are, they enshrine the same University in which Watt, on his second visit to Glasgow, in 1765, set up in business, making mathematical instruments, and in his spare time learning German and Italian, while the conception of the steam-engine slowly formed within his brain. A few years later the instrument-making was abandoned, and canals—the Forth and Clyde, the Monkland and Glasgow, and the Crinan—occupied his time. The navigation of the Clyde itself, too, and the harbours of Greenock and Port Glasgow, had a share of his attention. From 1774, however,—the date of the partnership with Boulton,—under the favourable conditions of the factory at Soho, local aims and undertakings were left behind, and before the end of the century the world had received from Watt the great boon which it was his mission to confer.

And yet all this while the Clyde is but a narrow river, deepened, as we have seen, by art, and crowded

by the shipping that now penetrates to the heart of Glasgow. The contrast with even the Thames, at which Americans are apt to sneer, is striking enough to every Londoner; and the picturesque gloom of the 'Pool,' in its not unusual atmosphere of mist, has no parallel in the busy reaches of the northern river. In the matter of steamers, however, the advantage is all on the other side. The big Glasgow ships make little more of the journey to Greenock than the poor Thames boats of that to Greenwich.

All along the banks of the Clyde—which, by-the-by, should be even more carefully avoided at low water than those of the Thames—the clang of hammers resounds continually, and monster hulls, like living organisms emerging from their native slime, lie in endless parallel array.

Govan—'meikle Govan'—is perhaps the heart of the ship-building; but neither this nor the historic claims of the royal burgh of Renfrew, nor even Bowling Bay, including the entrance of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and the monument to Henry Bell, will probably arrest the traveller whose face is once set towards the tempting regions of the lower Clyde. At Dumbarton, however, most people will be disposed to halt; and here, it may be noticed, the river is said to first qualify itself for the name of estuary by becoming distinctly brackish. Above the low-lying lands and streets at the mouth of the Leven rises the rock, no longer literally castle-crowned, but showing in a cleft of its side some rather picturesque old masonry, and serving well enough for the site of a modern fortress, garrisoned by a couple of hundred men. Hence, on a clear day, may be seen in the direction of Glasgow a chimney which is, or was, the tallest in the British dominions.

Among other curiosities shown at Dumbarton is the big two-handed sword of Wallace. For though Glasgow lies between us and Lanark we have by no means left behind the tokens of that heroic life. The highest of the two crests of Dumbarton rock is still called 'Wallace's Seat,' but the place is associated rather with his betrayal and imprisonment than with his triumphs. Here, too, Mary, not yet Queen, tarried at five years old before she went to learn the perfect art of charming in its native France; and hither she would fain have made her way when the issue of the battle of Langside defeated all her schemes. Two of the three great names of the old race thus claim remembrance at Dumbarton, and we may be sure we shall not have far to go before we meet the third. On the opposite shore, a little lower down, sure enough, is Castle Hill, where, within walls of which no stone remains, tradition has fixed the death-scene of the Bruce. At Newark Castle, of which there are considerable remains, we are again reminded of Wallace; and close by, at the head of the Devil's Glen, is a so-called 'Wallace's Leap.' But here also a very different subject is suggested. Certain mysterious posts in the river indicate the furthest limit of the control of the Glasgow town authorities and the beginnings of the Clyde light-house trust. At the same time it is highly probable that we shall discover in sight one at least of the eighteen 'hopper-boats'—of which, if I rightly caught the name he used, a friendly skipper once discoursed to me at large. These unearthly-looking machines are constructed for the express purpose of removing the mud of the river's bed and banks; and with this object they are arranged to open downwards and discharge—into the unfathomed depths of some smiling lake, it may be,—their 500 tons of filth. And then, too, there are the steam-dredgers by which these obscene monsters are supplied, and which, in the words of my informant 'slice off a bit of the river like a piece of cheese.' Indeed, it seems that the Clyde requires constant attention to keep it in full navigable condition.

Meanwhile two lines of railway, one on either side of the river, have been bringing their crowds of natives and strangers to join at Greenock or at Helensburgh the numerous boats which ply to all the lovely nooks and creeks of the lower Clyde. No one who thinks of Glasgow and its needs can grudge the 'opening up' of these once secluded regions, which has been effected by the very perfect system of communication established; and it may well be hoped that access to fresh air and backward glances to the bonny land of his father's fathers will do much to make the Glasgow workman a more uniformly sober and peaceable tourist. But it is too much to expect that the steamers—Clyde-built though they be—will evolve by sheer sympathy with the purer atmosphere a smoke-consuming apparatus of their own. Yet the long-drawn murky clouds which now on still days meet and mingle from as many as five or six chimneys at once are a very serious blot on many a scene of beauty, and therefore a serious drawback to its humanising power. At the mouth of the Gareloch, and nearly opposite Greenock, is Helensburgh, the end of a feeler of the North British Railway. This very modern town takes its name from a Lady Colquhoun, and its fame from Henry Bell the engineer. We have already noticed one monument to this remarkable Scotchman, an obelisk, higher up the Clyde, on Dunglass Point, near Bowling. At Helensburgh another obelisk, of like dedication, reiterates the demand that we should collect our thoughts as to who he was and what he did.

Every schoolboy knows, to begin with, that Henry Bell had the *Comet* built and started her on the Clyde in 1812, the first steam-vessel in Great Britain. But his poverty and frequent failures, the small pension,

long deferred, with which his services were recognised, the inn by which his thrifty wife made both ends meet, the fierce controversy as to his honesty in relation to Transatlantic rivals, all these also are features of a most important Clydeside episode. For many years Bell was a house carpenter in Glasgow, and he seems to have been always addicted to schemes for achieving fame and fortune. There may be something in the theory that the need of regular communication between Glasgow and the hotel at Helensburgh was the proximate cause of the *Comet*, but the inventor himself traces the origin of the idea to a correspondence with Fulton. In 1820 and 1821 the *Comet* and another vessel belonging to Bell, neither of which was insured, were lost, the one by wreck and the other by fire, and his fortunes seem never to have recovered this double blow. More practical rivals adopted and developed his ideas, and while they became rich their herald and pioneer was left to die in poverty. Bell had no Boulton with vast wealth and sound commercial instincts to stand by him in the wearing days of effort and repeated failure, nor has he left the memory of a personal greatness like that of Watt; but he launched the *Comet* at last upon the Clyde, and perhaps no man has a better claim to be commemorated on its banks. He was born at Torphichen, in Linlithgowshire, in 1769, and died at Helensburgh in 1830, twelve years after David Napier had begun to build sea-going steamers.

MONUMENT TO HENRY BELL.

Greenock has been checked in a brilliant career by the deepening of the Clyde, whereby much of its shipping trade has been transferred to Glasgow, but it remains a town and port of considerable importance, with two railway stations and nearly two miles of docks. Here, in Union Street, is a marble statue of Watt, with an inscription by Lord Jeffrey; and here, too, in the graveyard of the High Church, is the resting-place of Burns' Highland Mary. With the aid of a tramway the town joins hands with its once fashionable neighbour Gourock, now a somewhat obsolete watering-place, eclipsed by the newer glories of Rothesay and Dunoon.

The fanciful and sugarcake-like tower of its church is a familiar object from the passing boat; and the green hill, surmounted by a small tower which rises behind the town, has sometimes a fine air of purple mystery when seen from the opposite shore of Kilcreggan. But the view of Loch Long which speedily follows is always, in storm or sunshine, an endless wonder of beauty, and fit forerunner of the almost unbroken succession of famous views which awaits the traveller from this point to Oban, or, if he pleases, to Inverness.

As the islands of the Ægean are said to have tempted the Greeks to brave the sea, and gently beguiled them to colonise the Asiatic coast, so do Loch Long and Holy Loch whisper to the passenger on the *Columba* of moorland wanderings and mountain climbs, of sunshine on Ben Lomond or storm upon Ben Mhor. The prosaic, work-a-day, middle life of the Clyde is now clean forgotten and out of sight, and the workers sit at ease in countless red and grey stone villas among the trees that almost overhang the water, or wander, transformed to outward view, among strange and slippery ways. On the last Saturday in every month the Scotch version of Bank Holiday is enacted, and crowds of men and women and children bathe, and lounge, and eat—and, alas! more particularly drink—in every available corner of the coast. But for these, too, it may be supposed there is a feeling that routine and inevitable sequence have been exchanged for something like the brightness of caprice and the glow and thrill of change.

> 'In the work-a-day world, for its needs and woes,
> There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
> But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
> Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme.'

These people give the best possible proof that they appreciate the beauties of the lower Clyde; but it is to be feared that in Glasgow, as in London, there are thousands without the heart to stir from the stifling precincts of their own misery, and to whom, indeed, 'daily bread is the only end of a wearisome life, and a wearisome life the only occasion of daily bread.'

As the river widens to the Firth our thoughts will wander on to the Cumbraes, Arran, and the Kyles of Bute. Thither the large, swift steamers are carrying the crowds of smoke-dimmed Glasgow folk—thither and beyond, it may be, to that open sea whence come salt breezes and the 'murmurs and scents' of infinite and unpolluted waters. But the Firth and the Kyles are too large a subject, and lie beyond our present

ken. Our last look must be inland, past 'Toward Castle' and in the direction of Loch Striven. At the mouth of the loch the view seems to be bounded by a sheer wall of purple hill. There is no visible roundness in its surface, no indication of solidity or form. But the colour is saved from flatness by a bloom, soft, deep, and full of mystery. From this dark, impenetrable curtain, a jutting foreland of fresh grass detaches itself in a tender half-light; and nearer to us, in the centre of the deepest gloom, there floats and skims a large white gull. On the broad wings and whirling body of this bird the sunlight falls as if in deliberate concentration. But for this we should not know that the air is full of light. The sombre background serves to teach us the white beauty of the creature, and the joy of its strong swoop and dart; the bird seems to gather and almost personify the sunshine—not for itself but us.

ON THE LOWER CLYDE.

W. CHAMBERS LEFROY.

## ART CHRONICLE.

An exhibition of drawings and pictures by the late Hablot K. Browne was opened last month by the Fine Art Society. As an illustrator, this genial artist, under his pseudonym 'Phiz,' has given graphic reality to some of the most popular fictions of the century, the tales of Dickens, of Lever, and Ainsworth, the Abbotsford Edition of the 'Waverly Novels,' and other standard romances. But the illustrations which in published plates reached the general public by no means wholly represent the faculty or the activity of Hablot Browne; and since his death last year a successful effort was made to organize at the Liverpool Art Club an exhibition of designs and pictures which might testify that the artist was as fertile in original invention as he was responsive as an interpreter of the ideas of others. 'Phiz' came of a family of French Huguenots, called Brunet, refugees in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and he received his un-English name of Hablot after his sister's fiancé, a French officer who fell at Waterloo. Like Cruikshank, Browne had no systematic art-training, not even the studentship at the Academy, by which Cruikshank cared so little to profit. But he was apprenticed for a time to Finden the engraver, under whom at any rate he must have learnt the value of precise line, and the practice of etching. Men gifted with natural facility of hand and quick perception of the dramatic and the humorous are often impatient of technical drudgery; and although Hablot Browne was eminently industrious, he appears never to have attempted the labour essential to proficiency as a painter, although he sufficiently mastered the technic of oil and water-colour to work fairly in both. It may be remembered, moreover, that he sent in two large and vigorous cartoons to the exhibition of competition designs for the decoration of the Parliament Houses forty years ago.

The collection at the Fine Art Society, on loan from members of the family and from possessors of his drawings,—notably the Duchess of St. Albans, Major Jay, Mr. J. Spooner, and Mr. George Mann,—includes a large number of the original Dickens illustrations in black and white for 'Dombey and Son,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and 'David Copperfield;' a set of droll incidents in the hunting-field; many sketches of Irish character, some in water-colour; and a number of miscellanies, designs of humorous, pathetic, sentimental, or grotesque character; three large oil paintings, and a few bits of landscape in water. The Dickens illustrations are too well known to need comment.

The quick wit and the tenderness of 'Phiz' came out in these, as well as often a fine touch of the terrible. Some are mere outlines, many very rough sketches, others shaded carefully with effective chiaroscuro. The drawing of buildings and interiors is admirable; and it is interesting to note in this connexion that Browne's faculty as a draughtsman of architecture early procured him commission on an illustrated work called Winkle's 'Cathedrals of England and Wales,' published between 1835 and 1838. The subjects which set forth the pleasant humour of the artist, the *Hunting Bits*, that were published in chromo-lithography, and the various Irish sketches, are notably free from the blot of sordid or vulgar feeling. Perhaps one may say of this class of subjects, that with him they are less caricatures than pure drolleries of situation and character with slight exaggeration. A couple of the Irish subjects, the *Wake* and the *Faction Fight*, show remarkable energy in depicting many figures in violent and varied action. The didactic design, *Les Trois Vifs et Les Trois Morts*—three riders confronted by the ghastly skeleton semblances of themselves,—which the artist elaborated in a large oil picture, and also parodied in a modern group, shows a grim use of the supernatural, of good mediaeval flavour. It is stated that Browne had seen no pictures of the subject, and conceived his design after hearsay of some old English fresco. But in any composition of scale, and indeed through his work generally, the want of trained knowledge is perceptible, and the success of the design depends really more upon spirited and genial invention than upon complete artistic expression.

It may be mentioned in connexion with the exhibition of Hablot K. Browne's drawings that a volume is announced by Mr. David C. Thomson, under the title 'Hablot Knight Browne, "Phiz," his Career and Achievements in Art,' to be published by subscription, in large and small paper quarto editions of limited issue, with Memoir by Dr. Edgar Browne, the artist's son, and illustrations from original blocks or in facsimile.

It is stated that Mr. Poynter's designs for the decoration of St. Paul's will not be experimentally fixed in place until next spring.

Albert Hendschel, who died in October last, was known as a popular illustrator beyond the bounds of his native Germany. The photographs from his 'Skizzenbuch,' his inimitable sketches of children, of domestic incidents and street scenes, have long made his name familiar in England.

The first Exhibition of Oil Pictures by the reorganized Dudley Gallery offers no particular occasion of comment. The most noteworthy picture is a fine study of *Ocean and Mist*, by Mr. Walter Shaw, in which the crude and somewhat chilly palette of the painter has been agreeably replaced by careful and beautiful gradations of a wide expanse of heaving green sea, which passes into purple shade beneath a cloud of mist, and shows, where the white spray breaks on the rock, a subtle iridescence.

At the collection of miscellanies exhibited to the public by Messrs. Dowdeswell a point has been made by a group of the vigorous water-colour figure-studies of Mr. Walter Langley, whose recent election into the Institute will prove, we suppose, whether the vivid naturalism of his style and his decisive technical skill are to be limited, as would here appear, by an over-literal attitude of mind. A few strong Venetian sketches in oil by Mr. W. A. Breakspeare, a pupil, it is stated, of Mr. Logsdail, indicate another painter who should make his individual mark.

At the French Gallery in Pall Mall the freshest interest gathers about an original study for the great picture of *Christ before Pilate*, by Michael Munkaczy, a rough sketch with faces and limbs blotted in, the opposite figures of Christ and Pilate only wrought with care for precise attitude and *rapport*, the *chiaroscuro* broadly indicated. The design on this limited scale indicates that want of well-ordered composition which even its extraordinary energy could not conceal in the large canvas. The admirers of Corot have been glad to greet again his *St. Sebastian*, painted more than sixteen years ago, although this impressive picture is not most pleasantly characteristic of the etherial atmosphere and sylvan suggestions which lovers of Corot delight in. This is a careful and rather heavy study of a woodland opening with a group of incidental figures arranged after the fashion of a Pietà. The Exhibition is always much given up to little *genre* pictures of more or less admirable technical merit, among the contributors of which it is to be noted that names of almost every European nationality may be found, with diversities of manner that arise from school training, and not from local inheritance.

Our attention has been called to the most recent productions of the Art Pottery Works at Linthorpe, by Middlesbrough-on-Tees. The ware from this factory has already attracted considerable notice; a collection of selected pieces was shown at the exhibition of modern English pottery organized by the Society of Arts in June of last year, and obtained much admiration for the special qualities attained. These are extreme richness and variety of colour, and a glaze of remarkable brilliance and transparency, also a speciality of marbled or fused enamel, which, whatever may be the opinion as to its beauty, is, from the potter's point of view, a great technical success, obtained only by the utmost care in application of colours and successive firings. We do not ourselves admire these agate effects, but it must be admitted that the application of them, in conjunction with a rich mainground of sonorous, deep tone, has in the Linthorpe ware a certain fantastic splendour. Another specialty is a toned ground, called 'eggshell,' of a soft, semi-granulated texture, on which are arabesques or floral designs in raised enamel highly glazed. A tasteful effect is produced by arabesques in raised ivory-coloured enamel on a dark ground, the whole glazed over together. Some large objects are boldly modelled with ornament in high relief, treated as to colour chiefly with the very fine deep sapphire blue, rich olive green, and sonorous orange-brown. The red and crimson shades obtained are also particularly brilliant in *sang de bœuf* and other tints of Oriental fervency. The glaze used is what potters call so strong that the risk is it will in contraction tear the pottery to pieces, the body of which is only the common red clay of the Cleveland district prepared by assiduous washings. As to design, the forms have for the most part been selected with much sense of the really appropriate and good, and an avoidance of novelty based only on strangeness. Mr. Harrison, the proprietor, and his assistants, Mr. Harry Meyer and others, are glad to avail themselves of any designs sent in from outside, while the workers in the pottery, from the least to the highest, among the men or the women employed, are encouraged to feel that any invention or suggestion they may make will receive notice and due trial. The work is handwork, not machine-made by the thousand, and, with the exception of a few frivolous trifles, really deserves the designation artistic. A collection of assorted pieces has been on view at No. 19 Charterhouse Street, E.C., since the commencement of last month, which, though not exhaustive, gives a just idea of the effects and forms produced.

A correspondent writing from the 'Brasenose Club, Manchester,' begs to correct an inaccuracy in a paragraph of 'Art Chronicle' on the public buildings in Manchester in our last issue. The statement was made that the walls of the large room or hall in the Town Hall are broken by lights only on one side, whereas the treatment of windows is uniform on both sides. Thus the inevitable dazzle complained of in the paragraph in question as interfering with the effect of Mr. Madox Browne's mural pictures affixed beneath the line of windows on the north side will equally affect the series when completed on the opposite wall for the same reason.

The critical and biographical essays which, under the title 'Five Great Painters,' Lady Eastlake reprints from the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews, form a welcome addition to the literature of the Fine Arts. They present in a condensed shape the main points which recent criticism or historic discovery has brought to light about the greatest Italian artists of the hundred years which cover the last three decades of the fifteenth century and the greater portion of the sixteenth: Leonardo da Vinci, M. Angelo, Raphael, Titian. One German, Albert Dürer, is included in the group, the researches of Herr Thausing having in his case induced a somewhat fresh critical

attitude, just as the labours of Signor Morelli ('Ivan Lermolieff'), M. Ravaisson-Mollien, Dr. Jean Paul Richter, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and the Abbé de Bos, Signor Gotti, and Mr. Heath Wilson, have done in regard to the great Italians. The essay on Da Vinci, written in 1876, has for the present issue been brought up to date: investigation into the famous manuscript remains of Leonardo having been pushed in France and England since that year. No one among the group of papers is more distinctly characterised by the especial cast of the essayist's criticism than this. Lady Eastlake's mode is the antipodes to the sentimental, the morbid, the ultra-aesthetic, which have of late with much charm of style gained sway. What strikes her most in the genius of Da Vinci is not mystery, but exact and curious observation, his versatility rather than his fascinating power, his perception of natural laws rather than his manifestation of artistic insight.

A strong picture is drawn here and elsewhere of the time into which Da Vinci was born, and of its influence on his character, and consequently on the other great men his contemporaries, whose lives are dealt with in these Essays. In strong, pithy sentences the writer constantly recurs to the corruption, the luxury, the venality, the cruelty, the grossness of the age which was the blooming time of the arts in Italy and in Germany alike. To meet the difficulty, the apparent contradiction of the facts, Lady Eastlake has her own theory, which reads perhaps less as the outcome of philosophic study than the conviction of a devout thinker. The quotation of a few condensed sentences may best indicate her point: 'The condition which gives birth to art is precisely that under which true civilisation has never yet flourished. The one is no sign or guarantee of the other. Art never attained such perfection as under an elaborately organized Idolatry and a sumptuously supported superstition. Not that either the Greek Pantheon or the Romish ceremonial can be credited with any power of calling her into being: but when once the sacred spark has been kindled the lowest worship or the most worldly aims can fan the flame, though they can do no more. Art is like the light of heaven, which shines equally on the just and the unjust; and, like that light also, she proceeds only from One source, over which neither have the slightest control.' 'That the arts did flourish in Italy, even under the most untoward circumstances, as never before, was simply owing to the fact that God sent great artists, who, favoured by climate, beauty in landscape and man, and classic tradition, ran their appointed course in spite of the times.' While thus attributing the position of Art to the influence of men divinely sent, like the prophets of old, with a mission from heaven, the writer allows that the career of a painter, and therefore his art, is affected by causes from without, historical and moral, which 'dictate the class of subject, restrict the range of expression, and confine him within limits which it is his business to turn to account as best he may.'

Lady Eastlake, as we have said, is not sentimental. She demolishes, with evident gusto, the fictions which have gathered about the persons of great artists. She convicts Vasari of inaccuracies with a fierceness approaching to ingratitude. She accuses Leonardo of want of imaginative faculty, and sees no especial sign of his religious aspiration in *The Last Supper*. She finds both Leonardo and Raphael touched by the time-serving hollowness of their age, sends the libel about La Fornarina to the winds, and restores Timoteo della Vite from the place of pupil to that of early instructor of the youthful Raphael, at a period when tradition and Vasari place him with Perugino. The celebrated Venice Sketch-book, over which, even to this moment, controversy seems as hot as ever, Lady Eastlake, true to the faith which she openly professes in Signor Morelli, assigns chiefly to Pinturicchio, while she appears to accept the last-named critic's favourite mode of investigation, on the 'experimental system,' or study of a painter's individual manner of treating the details of the human form, as conclusive. Following on the lines of Signor Morelli again, we are referred for the historic origin of that sweet and yearning expression, which is commonly called 'Peruginesque,' and is distinctive in the Umbrian school, to the influence of Niccolo Alunno, who received it through Benozzo Gozzoli from Fra Angelico. Likewise through Lorenzo di Fiorenzo, the master of Pinturicchio, a like descent from Gozzoli is traced. It is not within our limits here to raise an opposing voice to such an argument: we adduce it as an instance of the recent phases of evidence on which the able authoress of these Essays lays weight. It is a train of inductive reasoning, however, very similar to much of the criticism for which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are often blamed. The Essay on Titian is chiefly a *résumé* of the material furnished in the bulky volumes of the joint authorship just named, accompanied by certain disillusionising sketches of people and manners, thrown off after Lady Eastlake's strong manner, and by some excellent criticisms. The paper on Dürer reflects the labours of Herr Thausing and the contents of the Flemish Diary, while it gives also that individual kind of portraiture which marks the thoughtful writer. The fame of Dürer's maligned *Hausfrau*, poor Agnes, is redeemed from the blots that Pirkheimer and Sandrart and certain mistranslators have cast on it, and Dürer is rescued from the doubtful honour of sympathy as a henpecked husband. It is a little curious that while drawing a parallel between Dürer and Da Vinci, the essayist recognises to the full the imaginative gift in the German artist which she grudges to the great Italian. The new departure of the Nürnberg master in the art of engraving, whether on wood or metal, is well indicated; the qualities of light, continuity and freedom of line, extraordinary fineness of detail, a result of splendid vision, and accurate touch, the richness of design, the depth of thought. It seems a pity, we may be allowed to remark, that in this, as in another paper, Lady Eastlake should go out of her way to condemn the earnest, if less discriminating, biographical work of the late Mrs. Charles Heaton. There are two ways of condemning a writer's errors of style and statement, and it cannot be said that a gracious or generous way has here been chosen. The most genial essay in this group is undoubtedly that on Michel Angelo, which, while bold and searching in criticism in so far as it deals with the art of the great Florentine, presents in a concentrated form the truest picture of his personal character yet portrayed,—a picture founded on his own letters discovered in the State archives, and in the Casa Buonarroti, but coloured by a reverent and sympathetic insight. We quote the concluding sentence which indicates the general drift:—

'Impetuous, impatient, and indignant he could be, but all in right time and place; but as to the wilfulness and uncontrollability with which he has been charged, his life displays, on the contrary, one course of meek submission of his opinions, wishes, and interests to authority which by any artist worthy the name would now be defied with equal contempt and safety. Far, therefore, from endorsing the character which his biographers have given of him, these letters rather leave the impression of a figure like his own Jeremiah; bowed down with the contemplation of human wickedness and woe—grand, mournful, patient, and weary.'

THE Fine Art Society has issued a large-paper edition, in oblong quarto, of Mr. E. W. Gosse's 'Critical Essay on the Life and Works of George Tinworth,' with a descriptive catalogue, and thirty plates in photogravure by Messrs. Goupil. To the many who visited the Exhibition held in Conduit Street during the past summer this full record of the work of a remarkable man will be welcome.

WE have received an illustrated edition of Gray's 'Elegy,' published in Philadelphia by Messrs. Lippincott and Co., and in London by Mr. John Slark. Quite a company of American draughtsmen and engravers have contributed to the production of the twenty-two woodcuts, and the number of the names is in itself a striking proof of the rapid growth of artistic skill in America. The volume is admirably printed on thick paper, and a limited edition is issued with india proofs and wide margins.

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